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MENT OF FURTHER PROOFS THAT FRANCIS BACON WAS
THE REAL AUTHOR, AND A FULL INDEX

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILOSOPHICAL EVIDENCES.

"God hath framed the mind of man as a mirrour or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." — BACON.

§ 1. BACON A PHILOSOPHER.

FRANCIS BACON had surveyed with the eye of a master the whole field of the Greek Philosophy, and had carried his studies, beyond almost any other of his time and country, into the deepest profundities of human thought. Standing where Plato stood, long before him, and Des Cartes and Leibnitz, immediately after him, essentially, on the solid platform of fact and universal method, he endeavored to instaurate, revive, and renew the higher philosophy as well as physical science. He attempted, not without great effect, to organize the experimental and inductive method of inquiry and a true method of interpreting Nature, and urged them upon the consideration of the world of science as the best, if not the only, means of obtaining that broad and sure "foundation" in observed and ascertained fact, on which alone he considered it possible to raise, in an adequate manner, the eternal superstructure of philosophy itself, which he was also undertaking, as the chiefest concern, to erect and constitute, or at least to initiate; and to this end, he would begin at the fountain head, and constitute one Universal Science as the science of sciences and mother of all the rest, which was to be as the trunk to the branches of the tree. This science he called *Philosophia Prima*, or indeed "Sapience," which had been "anciently defined as the knowledge of all things divine and human": —

"What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal." — *Cor., Act III. Sc. 1.*

He was not a man of physics merely, but understood metaphysics to be one part even of natural philosophy, in theory necessarily preceding physics, and in time and practice necessarily following on physics, the other part, "as a branch or descendant of natural science,"¹ and as affording the only safe passage into that Summary or Higher Philosophy, which he recognized as reigning supreme over sciences as "the parent or common ancestor to all knowledge." He divided all philosophy into three divisions, concerning God, Nature, and Man; and he said there was a "three-fold ray of things; for Nature strikes the intellect by a direct ray; but God, by a ray refracted, by reason of the unequal medium (the creation); and Man as shown and exhibited to himself, by a ray reflected."² He seemed also, in accordance with the ideas and spirit of that age, in some measure to admit "Divinity or Inspired Theology," resting on Scriptural authority, as a department of inquiry distinct from philosophy; and he spoke of divinity as "the book of God's word," and of philosophy as "the book of God's works." "Physique," says he, "inquireth and handleth the material and efficient causes; and the other, which is Metaphysique, handleth the formal and final causes, that which supposes in nature a reason, understanding, and platform"; that is to say, something like the *vous* or intellect of Anaxagoras and Plato. And again he says, "let the investigation of forms, which (in reasoning at least and after their own laws) are eternal and immutable, constitute metaphysics, and let the investigation of the efficient cause of matter, latent process, and latent conformation (which all relate merely to the ordinary course of nature, and not to the eternal and fundamental laws) constitute physics."³

¹ *Adv. of Learn., Works* (Mont.), II. 134.

² *De Aug. Scient., L. III. c. 1.*

³ *Nov. Org., II. § 9.*

He was able to see through physics into metaphysics, and he drew the line between them distinctly enough. Since the giant Kant grappled with these "forms" or laws of the understanding or reason, and began to make a clearer opening into the true nature of Time and Space, his students and successors, more profoundly penetrating the subject, and, especially, Cousin, more thoroughly studying the critical method of scientific thinking taught by Plato, in a masterly elimination of the errors of Locke and Kant, have contributed much toward making Kant's "narrow foot-path" to be in truth "a high road of thought"; and since all together have still further cleared up these "fundamental and eternal laws" of all thinking, divine or human, it has become easier for others to grasp the profound conceptions of Bacon, which, however obscurely expressed, were nevertheless distinctly defined in the vast comprehension of his mighty intellect. "It is best," he says, "to consider matter, its conformation, and the changes of that conformation, its own action, and the laws of this action or motion; for forms are a mere fiction of the human mind, unless you will call the laws of action by that name."¹ That he referred these laws of action to the one thinking substance or essence, "the Mind of Nature," and considered them as eternal and immutable laws of the Divine Mind, thinking a universe, if a little uncertain here, is made plain enough in other parts of his writings. He says again: "Those which refer all things to the glory of God are as the three acclamations: Sancte! Sancte! Sancte! holy in the description or dilatation of his works; holy in the connection or concatenation of them; and holy in the union of them in a perpetual and uniform law. And therefore the speculation was excellent in Parmenides and Plato, although but a speculation in them, that all things by scale did ascend to unity": in himself, it was an absolute belief, and in this author's Malcolm

¹ *Nov. Org.*, I. § 51.

declining to be King, we may discover some inverse and oblique appreciation of the same doctrine : —

“ Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on Earth.” — *Macb., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And so, “in the entrance of philosophy,” he continues, “when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause : but when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature’s chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter’s chair.” The same doctrine is more distinctly expressed in his interpretation of the fable of Pan, thus : —

“The Horns represent the world as broader below, but sharp at the vertex. For the whole of nature is pointed like a pyramid. Inasmuch as the individual things, in which the basis of nature is extended, are infinite ; these are gathered into species which are themselves manifold ; species again rise into genera, and these also in ascending are contracted more and more into generals ; so that, at length, nature appears to pass into unity ; which is the signification of that pyramidal figure of Pan’s horns. Indeed, it is no wonder that the horns of Pan even touch the heavens ; since the highest parts of nature, or universal ideas, do in a certain manner pertain to divine things. Therefore, that chain (of natural causes), which Homer sung, is said to be fastened to the foot of Jupiter’s throne ; and every one (as it would seem), who has withdrawn his mind for a while from particulars and the flow of things, and treated of metaphysic and the eternal and immutable in nature, has at once fallen into Natural Theology ; so near

and ready is the transition from that top of the pyramid to things divine."¹

To his Summary Philosophy he had assigned the "principles and axioms" which were common to the several sciences, and "likewise the inquiry touching the operation of the relative and adventitious characters of essences, as quantity, similitude, diversity, possibility and the rest" (which, he said, might be called "Transcendental"), as being the common ancestor to all knowledge; but to Metaphysic, the inquiry of the formal and final causes, as being the descendant of natural science; whence it would seem that the two, so far as different, stood, in his scheme, in the relation to one another of the beginning to the end, which was to be philosophy itself, when the wheel should come full circle. But these matters were to be "handled as they have efficacy in nature, and not logically"; that is, as they really exist and operate in nature, and not syllogistically only, as if a world could be made out of categories; for it was manifest to him "that Plato, as one that had a wit of elevation situate as upon a cliff, did descry, *That forms [laws] were the true object of knowledge, but lost the real fruit of his opinion by considering of forms as absolutely abstracted from matter and not confined and determined by matter, and so turning his opinion upon theology, wherewith all his natural philosophy is infected.*"² Here, in respect of forms abstracted from matter, and not determined by matter, there is probably some misconception of Plato's doctrine, though in accordance with some received interpretations of his philosophy; and this seems to have been the great error of Kant; but Bacon knew that "there was no small difference between the idols of the human mind, and the ideas of the divine mind, that is to say, between certain idle dogmas and the real stamp and impression of created objects as they are found in nature."³ Plato, he said, "was without doubt a

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, Lib. II. c. 13.

² *Adv. of Learn.*

³ *Nov. Org.*, II. § 23.

man of loftier genius" than Aristotle, and "aimed also at the knowledge of forms, and used induction universally, not for principles only, but also for middle propositions; and these things were truly divine; but he grasped at abstract forms, drew his matter of induction from common and obvious things only, and, on the whole, adulterated nature as much with theology as Aristotle with logic, and, to say the truth, approached as near to the province of the poet as the other to that of the sophist."¹ His opinion of Aristotle and the Greek philosophers generally was, on the whole, "that such systems and theories were like the different arguments of dramatic pieces, moulded into a certain keeping with nature." But he agreed with Empedocles and Democritus, "who complain, the first madly enough, but the second soberly, that all things are hidden away from us, that we know nothing, that truth is drowned in deep wells, and that the true and the false are strangely joined and twisted together; and therefore, let all men know that the preferring of complaints against nature and the arts [*i. e.* making strict inquiry and examination] is a thing well pleasing to the gods, and draws down new alms and bounties from the divine goodness."²

It was not the dialectic method of Plato in itself, which was nothing less than critical and scientific thinking, and used induction universally, that is, as an actual interpretation of nature, nor his metaphysical theory of the universe, that Bacon objected to in him, but the too exclusively metaphysical phase of his philosophy and the theological direction which it had given to the studies and contemplations of men, to the utter neglect of any scientific study of nature. It relied too much on "discourse and doctrine": Plato, he says, "extolleth too much the understanding of man in the inward light thereof."³ But besides this royal

¹ *Int. of Nat., Works* (Mont.), XV. 26-7.

² *Prometheus, Works* (Boston), XIII. 150.

³ *Filum Labyrinthi* (Boston), VI. 427.

metaphysical road to a knowledge of God and the universe, which only such men as Plato, if indeed they, could pursue with safety, he saw that there was another path, more practicable and certain for the minds of men in general, more abounding in practical fruit, more powerful for progress, and more sure to furnish in good time a solid foundation for the higher metaphysical philosophy, and more certain to lead finally to the same end, a true knowledge of the universe and of the order of Divine Providence in it. Plato had "subjected the world to his contemplations, and Aristotle, his contemplations to terms," and the studies of men, verging toward "logomachies and disputations," had left "the way of the severer investigation of truth." Some of the ancients had penetrated more deeply and acutely into nature than Aristotle. This was the very thing to be done. Democritus, by reason of his skill in nature, had been deemed a Magician. His townsmen, taking him to be insane, sent for the great physician, Hippocrates, who found him to be, after all, the most sane man in all Abdera. Men should return to the other and better path. He would fix their attention upon the atoms of Democritus, "who more openly than any one else asserted the eternity of matter, while he denied the eternity of the world."¹ In short, at that point in the history of philosophy, this path had been abandoned. Democritus seemed to ascribe to atoms "a heterogeneous motion," not less than "a heterogeneous body and power"; but in reality, he did not; on the contrary, he distinctly intimated that atoms "were like nothing that falls under the observation of sense," and he held them "to be of a dark and secret nature," and invisible, needing further investigation. Democritus himself had got no further on, and had terminated his inquiries in some vague idea of necessity. For Bacon, in this same direction lay the true line of search for "the last and positive power and law of nature," and the continuity of that chain of causes,

¹ *Fable of Cupid* (Phil.), I., 438.

which must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair. At bottom, there is a near resemblance, an essential identity of doctrine, between these invisible atoms of Democritus and Bacon and the monads or invisible points of Leibnitz; only that the conception is further cleared up in Bacon and Leibnitz, and the analysis attempted to be carried on to the end in the last and positive power and cause of nature; that is, as they both understood, in the thinking power of God. Democritus had not been understood, and he "had been ridiculed by the vulgar; but neither the opposition of Aristotle (who was solicitous that posterity should not doubt his dogmas) could effect by violence, nor the majesty of Plato effect by reverence, the demolition of this philosophy"; but Genseric, Attila, and the barbarians had been the ruin of it.

It was not so much the philosophy of Democritus as he left it, as his method, the direction of his search, that Bacon commended. As to the origin and cause of nature itself, he agreed with the ancient Fable of Cupid rather than with Democritus. He interprets this fable as an allegorical representation of the first matter and cause of all things. Cupid, that is, the ancient Cupid or Love, "the most ancient of the gods," born of an egg over which Night brooded, and coeval with Chaos, was "introduced," he says, "without a parent, that is, without a cause."¹ The fable relates to "the cradle and infancy of nature, and pierces deep." "This Love I understand," he continues, "to be the appetite or instinct of primal matter; or to speak more plainly, *the natural motion of the atom*; which is indeed the original and unique force that constitutes and fashions all things out of matter. Now this is entirely without parent; that is, without cause. For cause is as it were parent of effect."² And the parent, first cause, and primal essence of things, must be a self-subsistent person and a finality as the one

¹ *Fable of Cupid. De Aug. Scient., L. III. c. 4.*

² *Wisdom of the Ancients; Works (Boston), XIII. 122.*

and all of being, God ; " for," says he, " there cannot be in nature (for we always except God) any cause of the first matter, and of its proper influence and action, for there is nothing prior in time to the first matter." The first matter is the thinking essence or power of God, and, as such, is older than time itself. This person, and first essence of all things, is represented in the fable as born of an egg. This birth was a mere figure of speech, and it had reference to " the proofs," the mode of thinking out the fact of the existence of such person. The egg was the whole problem. Night represented " the negatives and exclusions " ; Light, " the affirmatives " ; the brooding, " the mature incubation," was the true method and process of philosophical inquiry ; and Cupid was to be at last the hatched conception of the all of being, God, in the complete antithesis of light against darkness ; affirmation against negation ; being against non-entity ; all actuality against all possibility ; that is to say, an essential living power of the nature of the power of thought itself, a thinking essence, a thinking person, and the All.

In Plato, the same conception, dropping somewhat of the poetical dress of the fable, stands forth in the more naked form of philosophical expression. According to him, the Divine Soul, the primal existence, comprehending under itself " motion and standing " all in one, is " that which moves itself," is " the beginning of motion," is " the oldest and most divine of all things," is " nothing else but power " (of the nature of thinking power), and " imparts an ever-flowing existence," in the perpetual work of creating a universe.¹ " The mode of this thing which is uncaused," continues Bacon, in the Fable of Cupid, " is likewise very obscure, which indeed the fable elegantly hints in Cupid being hatched beneath the brooding wing of Night." The inspired philosopher had felt the same difficulty, when he

¹ *Phædrus*, *Works of Plato* (Bohn), I. 321 ; *Sophist*, *ib.* III. 151-8 ; *Laws*, *ib.* V. 543.

said, " God hath made all things beautiful in their seasons : He hath also set the world in their heart, yet so that no man can find out the work that God worketh from the beginning unto the end. For the great law of essence and nature cuts and runs through the vicissitudes of things, (which law seems to be described in the compass of the words, *the work which God wrought from the beginning even to the end.*) the power lodged by God in the primitive particles, from the multiplication of which, the whole variety of things might spring forth and be composed, may indeed just strike, but cannot enter deeply the mind of man." But the philosopher must constantly bear in mind that Cupid is without parents, and endeavor to grasp the whole fact as a universal perception and conception and the final all, not permitting "his understanding to turn aside to empty questions," and must therewith rest satisfied ; for, as he says again, " it would argue levity and inexperience in a philosopher to require or imagine a cause for the last and positive power and law of nature." Precisely herein lies the difficulty, that in attempting to grasp "universal perceptions of this kind, the human mind becomes diffusive, and departs from the right use of itself and of its objects, and whilst it tends toward things more distant, falls back upon those that are nearer." And when, through its own limited capacity, "it stretches itself toward those things, which, according to experience, are for the most part universal, and, nevertheless, is unwilling to rest satisfied, then, as if desiring something more within the reach of its knowledge, it turns itself to those things which have most affected or allured it, and imagines them to be more causative and palpable than those universals." And in the Wisdom of the Ancients, he says again : "Nor need we wonder that Pan's horns touch heaven ; since the summits, or universal forms of nature, do in a manner reach up to God ; the passage from metaphysic to natural theology being ready and short " ; that is to say, these universal

forms, or conceptions, and laws of thought, must be referred to the Divine Mind itself. Again, interpreting this same myth, he says, that Pan, as the name itself imports, represents the Universe or All of Things; and after giving the threefold narration of the ancients concerning the creation of Pan, he concludes by saying, that "the story might appear to be true, if we rightly distinguished times and things; for this Pan (as we now see and comprehend him) has his origin from the Divine Word, through the medium of confused Matter, (which is yet itself the work of God,) Sin (*"Prevaricatio"*) creeping in, and through it Corruption."¹ So also Plato taught that God created, first, the primary forms of matter; though it would seem that Bacon here supposed that Plato, like Aristotle, believed in a primal matter "wholly waste, formless, and indifferent to forms" (a sort of dead substratum?) on which God worked; an opinion, to which the *Phædo* alone might seem to give some countenance, if it did not distinctly appear otherwise in other parts of his writings; and perhaps they all three really contemplated this waste and formless matter, as being, like the Scriptural matter that was "without form and void," the secondary condition of matter only, which was then under consideration.

But returning to the method of Democritus, we should proceed in a rigidly scientific manner by negatives and exclusions on the one hand, and by affirmatives on the other, until both should be exhausted, when the all of truth would stand forth clear to the comprehension as bounded over, as it were, against sheer blank nothingness; the whole actuality against all possibility. But until Cupid should be thus fully "sprung from Night," some degree of ignorance must attend the side of exclusions, and to us it would continue to be "a kind of night" as to what of actual truth remained included still under that ignorance. Democritus had remarked "that it is requisite that the elements in the

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 13.

work of creation should put forth a secret and dark nature, lest any contrarious and opposing principle should arise." But when the elements should be brought out of ignorance into the light of truth, that "secret and dark nature" would be reduced to nothing, would vanish and disappear, leaving only a certain blank region of mere possibility beyond ; and it would then be seen, that no "contrarious and opposing principle" actually existed other than such blank possibility. Democritus was still struggling with the heterogeneous character of atoms, almost like another Dalton, and vainly endeavoring to ascend to "the primitive motion" and cause of all atoms ; but he had not attained to it, and his philosophy had been overwhelmed by the barbarians. Bacon would still pursue it with "the parable." Night was not to brood over the egg forever : the inquiry must not stop. But, he continues, "it is certainly proper to the Deity, that in an inquiry into his nature by means of the senses, exclusions should not terminate in affirmatives" ; that is, should not stop short in any incomplete body of affirmations, but "that after due exclusions and negations something should be affirmed and settled, and that the egg should be produced by a seasonable and mature incubation ; not only that the egg should be brought forth by Night, but also that the person of Cupid should be delivered of the egg : that is, that not only should an obscure notion upon this subject be originated, but one that is distinct." And he adds : "I think in accordance with the parable."

It is clear enough that to the mind of Bacon the Cupid of the fable represented the First Cause and essence of all things, the one substance, neither an abstract matter nor a dead substratum, but a living, thinking essence and power, a personal God and Creator of the Universe, as cause running through the links of Nature's chain, as essence cutting and running through the vicissitudes of things, in the creation which God works from the beginning to the end, not stopping with any six days' works ; cause eternally passing

into effect and subsisting in it as unity in variety ; the one and the many ; the particulars and the whole ; being against nonentity ; actuality against possibility ; thinking on the one hand, and forgetting on the other ; creation and destruction ; remembrance and oblivion ; for, as he says, again, " it is most evident that the elements themselves, and their products, have a perpetuity not *in individuo*, but by supply and succession of parts. For example, the vestal fire, that was nourished by the virgins at Rome, was not the same fire still, but was in perpetual waste, and in perpetual renovation."¹ And so, it would seem that he had arrived at that last outcome of all philosophy, ancient or modern, wherein it is found that God exists as a necessary fact, and a truth which is to be intellectually observed and seen by all those having eyes to see, resting for proof, not on any few petty Paley-evidences merely, but on all evidence at once, not as learning, but as " sapience," and as a power of the nature of the power of thought, eternally thinking a universe, and being thus the first cause of all created things and the ultimate fact of all actuality, bounded over, as it were, against all possibility, — motion and standing in one ; beyond which it would be absurd to inquire for a further cause, or a more ultimate fact : — there being no need of another gun to shoot this gun.

In this Fable of Cupid, he speaks of three opinions concerning the nature of matter : first, that which held an original chaos of unformed matter, " stripped and passive," but subsisting of itself from the beginning. This kind of matter he considered as " altogether an invention of the human mind " : and next, a second, that " forms existed more than matter or action," so that the primitive and common matter seemed as it were an accessory, and to be in the place of a support to them ; but every sort of action only an emanation from the form, — thus wholly separating action or power from matter as something distinct from it ;

¹ *Works* (Boston), XV. 39.

and hence, also, a third, which "derived the kingdom of forms and ideas in essences by the addition of a kind of fantastic matter," — an "abstract matter," together with "abstract ideas and their powers." This last was a mere "superstition," and this "troop of dreamers had nearly overpowered the more sober class of thinkers." But in his view, "these assertions respecting abstract matter were as absurd as it would be to say the universe and nature were made out of categories and such dialectic notions." He agreed with the more ancient philosophy, that "the primitive matter (such as can be the origin of things"), the first entity, "ought no less to possess a real existence than those which flow from it; rather more. For it has its own peculiar essence, and from it come all the rest." In a word, there was no matter distinct from the causative thinking essence itself; and this only had a real existence. "Almost all the ancients," says he, "Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, Democritus, though disagreeing in other respects upon the prime matter, joined in this, that they held an active matter with a form, both arranging its own form, and having within itself the principle of motion." Thus it clearly appears, that matter was to be considered as power of the nature of the power of thought in perpetual activity, producing motion, moving itself, giving form, and being the only real substance, — a thinking essence; — all matter else being a mere figment of the brain.

But cloudy logomachies and visionary mystifications were to cease. Empty categories and syllogistic sophistries were to be swept away. Theological haze was to be cleared up. As touching Aristotle and the Church, the question between him and the ancient was not of "the virtue of the race, but of the rightness of the way": it was only "part of the same thing more large." He would have men return to the study of nature in a scientific manner, well knowing, doubtless, whither that course would lead them in the end. Physics and metaphysics were to go hand in hand together

as inseparable parts of natural philosophy. And when, in the course of time, a sufficiently ample foundation should be laid in a thorough knowledge of nature, the loftier superstructure of the *Philosophia Prima*, the Science of Sciences, Philosophy itself, might be raised and completed. He seems to have contemplated some statement of the final result in the Sixth Part of the Great Instauration ; but he tells us that it was " both beyond his power and expectation to perfect and conclude it." He might make " no contemptible beginning "; and " men's good fortune would furnish the result ; such as men could not easily comprehend, or define, in the present state of things and the mind." Nor was it to treat " only of contemplative enjoyment, but of the common affairs and fortune of mankind, and of a complete power of action." This part was not written, but enough appears in his writings to show, that it would have been no materialistic science of dead substratum, no economic science of practical fruit merely, nor any sort of machine philosophy.

§ 2. THE PHILOSOPHER A POET.

In the midst of these abstruse considerations of the nature of cause and form, we fall upon this passage in his discussion of the opinion of Parmenides, in this same Fable of Cupid, " That the first forms and first entities are active, and that so the first substances also, cold and heat ; that these, nevertheless, exist incorporeally, but that there is subjoined to them a passive and potential matter, which has a corporeal magnitude," and that " there are four co-essential natures, and conjoined, . . . light, heat, rarity, and motion ; . . . for a true philosopher will dissect, not sever nature (for they, who will not dissect, must pull her asunder), and the prime matter is to be laid down joined with the primitive form, as also with the first principle of motion, as it is found." And so, in the play, Hamlet is made to say of the ghost : —

"His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

A commixture of studies as of law, nature, poetry, philosophy, may sometimes very curiously introduce similar ideas, illustrations, and language into very different writings of the same author, and that, too, perhaps all unconsciously to himself. In his dedication of his "Arguments of Law" to the Society of Gray's Inn, this idea of severing nature is introduced thus: "Nevertheless, thus much I may say with modesty, that these arguments which I have set forth (most of them) are upon subjects not vulgar, and therewithal, in regard of the commixture that the course of my life hath made of law with other studies, they may have the more variety and perhaps the more depth of reason: for the reasons of municipal laws severed from the grounds of nature, manners, and policy, are like wall-flowers, which, though they grow high upon the crests of states, yet they have no deep roots." Again, he lays it down as a rule in physics, "that the connexion of things should not be severed," as it "tends to preserve the fabric of the universe." And so Albany is made to say of the unnatural daughters of Lear: —

"That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use." — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

And the same idea underlies these beautiful lines of the "Othello": —

"but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

And Lear himself may very well be supposed to hold this colloquy with the designing Gloster and the good Edgar,

without being considered positively mad, only mad in craft, thus : —

"Lear. First, let me talk with this philosopher. —
 What is the cause of thunder?
 Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into th' house.
 Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. —
 What is your study?
 Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin. . . .
 Glo. I do beseech your grace, —
 Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir! —
 Noble philosopher, your company.
 Edg. Tom 's a-cold. . . .
 Kent. This way, my lord.
 Lear. With him:
 I will keep still with my philosopher." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

The philosopher, in the age of Shakespeare, had to sail sometimes under a cloud as dark as the disguise of Edgar, or the madness of Lear, or the world might be as dangerous to him as was that awful night of cataracts and hurricanes,

"Sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,"

to the singed white head of Lear. Nevertheless, would Francis Bacon, in his more private and secret studies, still keep company with his first and last love, the Noble Philosopher. And he says, in the *Essay on Goodness and Goodness of Nature*, "This of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest; being the character of the Deity: and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing; no better than a kind of vermin." And surely this must have been the same philosopher that founded the College of Universal Science, or Solomon's House, the very end of which was "the knowledge of Causes"; which question of the cause appears frequently in the plays, as again thus : —

"Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?" — *Act III. Sc. 6.*

Bacon had studied the works of Plato, which, as they had never been translated into English, must have been for the

most part a sealed book to William Shakespeare. There are distinct traces of this study, in both the writings of Bacon and the plays, not merely in the idea and doctrine, but sometimes even in the expression. Plato relates a story of a learned philosopher of the ancient Thebes, who was consulted for his wisdom by the king of Egypt; and in the *Phædo* of Plato, the learned Simmias is addressed in the dialogue as "my Theban friend." It is, of course, not at all certain, but very easy to believe, that the writer of the play had this story in mind, when he put these words into the mouth of Lear:—

"I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."

For another instance, take this from Bacon: "Plato casteth his burden and saith, That he will revere him as a God, that can truly divide and define: which cannot be but by true forms and differences, wherein I join hands with him, confessing as much, as yet assuming to myself little."¹ And thus it stands in the "*Hamlet*":—

Osr. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing. . . .

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory."—*Act V. Sc. 2.*

And again says Bacon, in the same work:—

"But I found myself constructed more for the contemplations of truth than for aught else, as having a mind sufficiently mobile for recognizing (what is most of all) the similitude of things, and sufficiently fixed and intent for observing the subtleties of differences, and possessing love of investigation, patience in doubting, pleasure in meditating, delay in asserting, facility in returning to wisdom, and neither affecting novelty, nor admiring antiquity, and hating all imposture."

Plato alludes to the "weaving a kind of Penelope's web the reverse way"; Bacon, several times, uses the same simile of "Penelope's web doing and undoing"; and in the second part of the "*Henry VI.*" there is an allusion to

¹ *Int. of Nat., Works* (Phil.), I. 90.

this same untwining of "Parca's fatal web." *Toss* is a favorite word with Bacon and Shakespeare, and it is used by Plato in the same way. "And I often tossed myself upwards and downwards," says Plato; "the word, the bread of life, they toss up and down," says Bacon. Plato's "prop of a state," appears oftentimes in Bacon, and frequently again in the plays. *Top*, as "tops of judgment," "tops of mountains," is a favorite metaphor in both writings; and Bacon quotes Pindar's "tops of all virtues." The simile of the mirror or glass, several times occurring in Plato, is a favorite one with Bacon, and it is often repeated in the plays. Plato speaks of "seeing nothing with the mind's eye"; Bacon, of "fixing the mind's eye steadily"; and Hamlet answers: "In my mind's eye, Horatio." In Plato's "Laws," we find this expression, "while begetting and rearing children, and handing in succession from some to others life, like a torch, and ever paying, according to law, worship to the gods"; to which Bacon probably alludes, when he calls his method of delivery to posterity "the Handing on of the Lamp." So, in the "Measure for Measure," it is said:—

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves."

In the "Cratylus" of Plato, there is an allusion to the Æsopo-Socratic fable of the ass in the lion's skin, thus:—
"But, however, since I have put on the lion's skin, I must not act the coward"; and the same reappears in the "King John," thus:—

"*Const.* Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

In the "Banquet" of Plato, we have this passage:—
"Thus, Phædrus, Love appears to me to be, in the first place, himself the most beautiful and the best, in the next, to be the cause of such like beautiful things in other beings"; Bacon says of the tuning of instruments, that it is

not pleasant to hear, "but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards"; and so, Falstaff: "I am not only witty in myself, but a cause that wit is in other men."

Not much can be safely founded on resemblances of this kind, standing alone; but even straws may show which way the wind blows; and when these authors are read together and compared, in respect of their whole thought and manner, remembering that Bacon derived not a little of his deeper philosophy from the study of Plato, even these and the like similitudes may be admitted to have some significance. But he was himself one of those imperial thinkers that recognize no master but one; for he was accustomed, not merely "now and then to draw a bucket of water" out of "a deep well," as some others had done, but habitually to visit "the spring-head thereof."

§ 3. UNIVERSALS.

There are many passages in the writings of Bacon, which indicate that his opinion was, that the primal cause or essence itself gives the form of things; and this can scarcely be conceived otherwise than as the essential power of thought, in creation, giving both the substance and the form to particular things, the active power being the only substance or matter, and being of itself by its own nature self-acting and self-directing cause: wherefore it had been laid down, that the first essence, or Cupid, was without parents. He then proceeds to the discussion of the "mode of this thing which is uncaused"; for, as he says in the Advancement, "one must seek the dignity of knowledge in the archetype, or first platform, which is in the attributes and acts of God, as far as they are revealed to man, and may be observed with sobriety, not by the name of learning, but by that of wisdom or sapience, for in God all knowledge is original." Lear, in his madness, supposed his philosopher, Edgar, to possess something of this sapience: —

*"Lear. I will arraign them straight.
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; — [To EDGAR.
Thou sapient sir, sit here." — Act III. Sc. 6.*

It was likewise very obscure. Not so much with any idea of making the matter more clear, as for the better understanding, if possible, of the general scope and result to which his views and doctrines tended, let us suppose him to have expounded, in more modern phrase and in some what fuller outline, the following

APHORISMS OF UNIVERSALS.

1. God is to be conceived as an eternally continuing Power of Thought, and, as such, the only essence, substance, or matter, the last power and cause of all Nature, a Divine Artist-Mind, eternally thinking, that is, creating, a Universe; being, in fact, no other than "the order, operation, and Mind of Nature."¹

2. The existence of such Power of Thought, in an eternal state of living activity, as self-acting and self-directing cause, is an ultimate and final fact, beyond which, to inquire after, or to attempt to imagine, a further cause, or a more ultimate fact, would be contradictory to the laws of all thinking, and to the fact itself, which stands forth self-evident to the mental vision, whenever it is looked for, comprehended, and seen, by the true Interpreter of Nature having eyes to see; and therefore, any attempt at such further inquiry would be in itself absurd, as it would be an inquiry after a non-existent fact, and an inconceivable thing.²

3. The Infinity of God consists in the exhaustless possibility of his continuous existence as such Power of Thought.

4. The Eternity of God consists in his ever-continuous activity as such existent Power of Thought, in thinking, — conceiving, remembering, and forgetting (voluntarily ceas-

¹ *Nov. Org., Introd.*

² *Nov. Org. I. § 48*

ing to remember) ; that is, in creating, upholding, and destroying. and continuing to uphold and create, a universe in Time and Space.

5. His Omnipotence consists in the unlimited possibility of his own continuous existence as a Power of Thought in such continuous activity, and not in any power to transcend, or contradict, the nature of his own being as such existent actuality, or the necessary laws of all thought, under which alone existence and thinking, that is God and creation, are at all possible ; nor in his limited power, in accordance with the nature of his being and under the necessary laws of thought, so to create, uphold, and destroy, and continue to uphold and create, a universe in Time and Space.

6. His Omniscience consists in his knowing his own existence, nature, power, necessary laws, and possibilities, — his self-consciousness, and the whole present state of his thought, existing in that consciousness as the present existent universe in Time and Space.

7. With God, to think and know is to create ; and his thought is reality ; and therefore, any foreknowledge of what is yet unthought and uncreated, or any foreordained plan of the creation, beyond this extent of his omniscience, is an inconceivable thing, an impossibility, and an absurdity.

8. The Providential order and plan in the creation, so far as it has existed, now exists, or ever may exist, or can be conceived to exist, consists, and must consist, in the existence, nature, power, laws, and possibilities of God, together with the actual order and plan of the present existent created universe in time and space, so far only ; and hence the only possible foreground for us of what the certain, the possible, and the probable continuation thereof will be, in any future or other Time and Space.

9. What the plan will actually be, in the future continuity of time, in respect of the particular details and total order thereof, is impossible to be foreknown, or to be conceived by man to be foreknown, to God himself ; for, with

him, to conceive and know it, would be, to bring it into present actual existence as a part of the existent universe of fact and reality.

10. The Freedom of God consists in the dependence of the existent created and remembered universe, and of any future universe, for what it shall be, in time and space, in the particular details and total plan thereof, upon his Free Will, which is Liberty.

11. With God, in the continuity of his thought, is the continuity of Time and Space, that is of ideas ; and as the whole present state of his thought is, in each successive instant, present to his consciousness, being held, and, as it were, carried forward in his remembrance so far as it is remembered, and so sustained in the continuity of time : therefore, with him, it is an everlasting Now and Here, bounded only by the eternal possibilities of his thinking existence ; that is, of creating, remembering, and forgetting (ceasing to remember).

12. The Perfection of God consists in his absolute wisdom, justice, goodness, and love, and in the beauty of his nature and being, as such existent Power of Thought, and not in any perfection of the created universe merely, wherein there can be no more perfection, goodness, and beauty possible in the particulars than as much as may consist with the total order and plan of the whole given creation, as a universe of variety in unity ; nor more in the total plan thereof than what may possibly consist with the existence, nature, power, laws, and possibilities of God himself.

13. The Immortality of any finite soul, or the endless continuity of its existence in future time and space (for in time and space only can a created soul possibly exist), is a possibility, and a probability, only, depending for the fact, like the rest of any future universe, on the divine nature and free-will in the future order of his providence.

14. Therefore, the Immortality of any given soul can

neither be foreknown to God, nor revealed to man, nor in any manner predicated for certain fact.

15. Oblivion (or Nonentity) is the possibility of God's forgetting (ceasing to remember), that is, destroying and annihilating the created forms and substances of particular things as such by change of his thought in the same time and the same space, — totally withdrawing the power of his thought from that thing; — the reality of oblivion as such possibility being necessarily subsumed and included in the existent fact of a First Cause of the nature of a Power of Thought in action, thinking a universe; and not in any possibility of forgetting, totally annihilating, the creation and himself; which would be an inconceivable thing, an impossibility, and an absurdity.

16. The Infinity of Substance as the activity of such Power of Thought consists in the endless possibility of finite forms of substance, that is the possibility of the power of thought being exerted in special particular ways under the limitations of Time and Space, which are in themselves merely necessary laws of all thought, divine or human, giving form; and thence the particular substances of all created things and their forms, and the modes of power, and motion, absolute or relative, which is produced by the power of thought in active movement, — the possibility of difference in totality.

17. That Will Absolute consists in the possibility of the Divine Existence in fact as such self-moving Power of Thought and self-directing cause, or Soul, measuring the total fact, the total amount of power, which, as such, is not absolutely free, but a fixed fact and a necessity: unlimited freedom for such Power of Thought could take place only at the exact point of total rest, wherein would be utter extinction and annihilation of all existence; which is impossible, a contradiction, and an inconceivable absurdity.

18. Free-Will, or Liberty, when distinguished from self-moving power, is only one of the possibilities of thought

and consists in the limited possibility of the total amount of power being exerted under all the necessary laws or principles of thought in co-action with one another, in special ways and particular directions (in Time and Space); that is, the possibility of self-moving Power, or Soul, giving law and limitation to itself in the process of creation of conceptions or things, and in the determination of acts, in thinking and doing; wherein is the possibility of Time, Space, and Position, or times, spaces, and places, giving the forms and places of conceptions or things, or of acts and doings, in all creation or thinking, — the possibility of duality, plurality, multiplicity, diversity, change, and difference; opposition, co-ordination, and involution of particulars, — ideas, conceptions, things, or acts; that is, of the involution, as it were, of the Divine Soul upon itself in thinking; giving thus a progressive and flowing universe of variety and change in the unity of totality.

19. Eternity consists merely in the possibility of time, or times in succession.

20. Immensity consists merely in the possibility of space, or spaces in succession.

21. Infinity, in reference to Time, Space, and Place, consists merely in the possibility of time, space, and position, or times, spaces, and places.

22. Time, Space, and Position are in themselves merely necessary principles or laws of all possible thinking, giving the forms of ideas, conceptions, things, or acts, and their place and the correlation of places.

23. Place, position, or mathematical point, expresses the exact point of beginning of creation of an idea, conception, thing, or act, where the finite begins to be bounded out of the infinite, into time, space, and position; these three laws of thought giving thus the form and the place of the idea or thing or act.

24. Personality is constituted in the totality of the thinking subject: neither Time, Space, nor Position can be at

all predicated of the absolute thinking subject, or Divine Soul, otherwise than as such laws of thought, but only of the finite thinking person, among other created things, whether as an individual, physical object, or as a metaphysical subject.

25. The Continuity of Time, for us, consists in the permanence and persistence of created things, which may be eternal, or have an end, at the will of the Creator; or rather, in the continuity of the work of creation in the Divine Mind.

26. Mobility consists in the possibility of change of direction of the power of thought in thinking, that is, of movement in creating and forgetting, and in changing the order of relation of ideas or things to one another.

27. Motion consists in a change in fact of the power of thought, producing change of form, or change of relative place, or relative mode of power, that is, change of the power of thought exerted in time and space, whether immediately, or through mediate instrumentation; continuous change, if in successive times and through successive spaces; sudden, if in one time, producing change of space; instantaneous and total, if in the same time and the same space, as in oblivion or annihilation by forgetting, passing from activity to rest in that particular thing; as also in total new creation, passing from rest into activity in that particular thing; and partial and progressive in continuous change of relative place and mode, in the gradual and continuous change of old idea into new; and at the precise point where the annihilation of the forgotten old conception, or creation, begins and ends, in the old time and space, there begins also necessarily at the same point and in the same instant of time, and continues, the creation of the new conception, or the new creation, in the new time and space; and so on, through the successive instants of change in the perpetual flow of creation.

28. Speed measures the amount of change of the power

of thought, giving the extent of change of form, or of relative place, or mode, in a given time, in the work of change in the creation of new or in the destruction of the old forms, or order of things.

29. Equilibrium measures that degree of exertion of the power of thought in the same space and in one time, or through a continuous series of times in the same space or series of spaces, which is necessary in order to keep the thought continuously in one and the same state for any given length of time, in respect of the whole, or any part of it; and this is Remembrance, wherein is the stability of the universe so far as it is stable, and its permanence in so far as it is permanent: and equilibrium takes place at the exact point of median stationary balance between movement and rest, between creating and forgetting; and hence that law of gravitation of all bodies toward each other with a degree of force directly proportional to the mass, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance, whereby in conjunction with a projectile impulse giving orbits of revolution, the heavenly bodies are held in their places and orbits in more or less permanent universal stability, in the perpetual flow of the Providential order.

30. Absolute or Total Rest would take place only at the exact point wherein the activity of the divine thought should wholly cease, ending in a flat contradiction to the necessary and self-evident fact of an existent Power of Thought eternally in action without rest: any such supposition would be an inconceivable thing, an impossibility, and an absurdity.

31. Necessity consists in the fact of the existence of God as such Power of Thought eternally thinking a universe; and the term *Power* comprises under it what Cousin denominates "a triplicity in unity"; that is, Cause, Effect, and the Relation of causality subsisting between them.

32. Causality consists in the power of thought passing

into movement and a creation in time and space as the actual thought of the Divine Thinker or Creator, the term *Relation* merely expressing the fact of the sustained continuity of the activity of this power, which is in itself by its own nature a self-acting and self directing cause of the nature of the power of thought (it being of the very nature of Soul to move itself), and, as such, the ultimate fact of all actuality.

33. The truth of this necessary Fact, and the actual existence of such Being as all actuality bounded over, as it were, against all possibility, as Cupid bounded out of the brooding Night, can no more be denied than a man can deny his own existence, or that of the universe around him; and it is the last miracle that disappears from the mind of the philosopher, when he comes to discover and see, with Bacon, "that the knowledge of causes only can resolve the miracle of the thing, and clear up the mental astonishment";¹ and indeed that all things are alike miraculous and not miraculous, at once and alike natural and supernatural; that it is the last fact of all science and a credible object of firm belief, — not an imaginary faith in an incredible dogma and an inconceivable vision of the uncritical fancy, but the undoubting faith of direct and immediate knowledge, or Sapience, and the final haven of rest for the soul; as when the explorer, ascending the meridian from the equator, reaches the highest actual and possible verge at the pole, he rests, and is satisfied, seeing and knowing that no higher is, or can be, but that all attempt to go further must needs descend again toward whence he came.

34. The Mind or Soul of man, or animal, as far down in the zoölogical scale as any appearance of a self-directing cause, moving itself, can be traced by the eye of science, is to be considered as a special exhibition of the same divine power of thought exerted in a special way and in a particu-

¹ *Delineatio, Works* (Boston), VII. 46.

lar direction under limitations greater or less, but identical in fundamental essence, differing only by limitation ; itself likewise by virtue of such identical nature self-acting and self-directing cause so far, coming in from the direction of the supernatural, and rising by gradations in amount of power from the lowest point and last dividing line of mere instinct to the highest grade of human intelligence ; and the body of man, or animal, is but a structure-built exhibition of the same power, proceeding from the opposite direction, as it were, of the physical and natural, and ascending by corresponding gradations of structure from the lowest to the highest type of animal organization, investing and closing in the soul, which also comes in from underneath and within the physical web itself as a special stream of power of the nature of the power of thought.

Thus, in this convolution of soul and body, is constituted the individuality of the man as physical object, and his personality as metaphysical subject, and between these foldings in of the divine thought upon itself in the special constitution of a finite soul, there arises therein a certain limited sphere of practical action and effect on the physical and other world external to the soul, and a certain possibility of thinking existence for the soul itself, which is yet that same all possibility in which the universe itself is created ; in which limited sphere the finite soul has a certain narrow range of liberty, creative play, and scope of free will, or choice, and a certain given amount of power of thinking and doing, under a special consciousness of its own ; all beyond this sphere of liberty and limitation being the order of divine providence in the universe, and, as such, absolute fate (which is also Providence, says Bacon) for this soul : and in the collision of the external powers or forces coming in through the senses against the soul, so constituted, as a power acting in an opposite direction against and upon the physical phenomena in these external powers, takes place all sense-perception ; and in the crea-

tive play of the soul as a special power of thought and a special creator, within its given sphere of liberty and with its given amount of power, take place all its own intellectual conceptions and artistic creations, — its inner thought and knowledge, — and all its own doings, under its own consciousness, and on its own personal responsibility so far, with a certain definite and proportionate accountability for consequences both to itself and to the Higher Power; first, physical, then juridical, then moral, then æsthetical, and lastly, religious; proceeding in this in the direct order of necessity and in the inverse order of dignity and excellence to the highest perfection of a finite soul; all its acts and doings being the work of the power as cause, done under the direction and in the conscious presence of the thinking person, within the constituted sphere of his liberty; at one time, or in one instance, shrinking down to the instinctive point of bare existence as soul, and at another time, or in another instance, swelling and expanding to a faculty of comprehension, capable of conceiving the known worlds and all conceivable worlds, being in its highest exhibition in man, according to Bacon, “as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world.”

And so it is actually true, that in soul and body,

“We are such stuff
As dreams are made of.” — *Temp., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

The difference is not so much in the stuff as in the dreamer. The universe itself is but the best waking dream of Him that never sleeps; while our dreams are nothing but the fantastic creations of a soul half awake; and for the most part our waking dreams are not much better: —

“True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air.”
Rom. and Jul., Act I. Sc. 4.

All that which is past, says Bacon, "is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking." And Poesy, we remember, was "the dream of knowledge," and "was thought to be somewhat inspired with divine rapture; which dreams likewise present." And thus speaks Imogen in the play:—

"*Imo.* I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so:
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments blind.
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt."
Cymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.

§ 4. CUPID AND NEMESIS.

In Bacon's discussion of the Fables of Cupid and Nemesis, is to be found the whole philosophical foundation of the "Romeo and Juliet." One main object of the play was, to exhibit as in a model, under the dramatic form of artistic creation, the essential nature and character of love, and that Juliet that was "the perfect model of eternity," as being the executive beneficence of the creative power; for, says he, "love is nothing but goodness put in motion or applied,"¹ or again, "the original and unique force that constitutes and fashions all things out of matter, it being, next to God, the cause of causes, itself without cause";² or, as a more modern philosopher states it, love is "the essence of God," and "the idealism of Jesus" is but "a crude statement of the fact, that all nature is the rapid efflux of goodness executing and organizing itself";³ the Platonic and Christian love, or Milton's

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate";

¹ *Int. of Nature.*

² *Wisd. of the Ancients, Works* (Boston), XIII. 122.

³ *Emerson's Essays*, I. 183, 281.

and the same that turns Dante's heaven, and rains its virtue down : —

" E questo Cielo non ha altro dove,
Che la mente divina, in che s' accende
L' amor che l' volge e la virtu ch' ei piove";

or, as Romeo defines it : —

" O, anything, of nothing first create! "

and Juliet, thus : —

" *Jul.* And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

Not only the philosophy, but even the very language and imagery of these Fables of Cupid and Nemesis, as related by Bacon, are distinctly traceable in the play, as in this passage : —

" *Jul.* Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

This is the same brooding wing of Night under which Cupid was hatched and born, in the complete antithesis of something and nothing, affirmative and negative, light and darkness; and the same ideas and imagery pervade the following lines : —

" *Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews." — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

And again, thus :—

*“ King. O, paradox ! Black is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night;
And beauty’s crest becomes the heavens well.”*

Love’s L. L., Act IV. Sc. 3.

And thus the Sonnet, with a color of the same inspiration :—

*“ Therefore my mistress’ eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited : and they mourners seem
At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should do so.” — cxxvii*

In like manner, the language and imagery as well as the leading ideas of the fable of Nemesis may be traced in many passages toward the end of the play : the following instances will explain themselves without further comment.

In the interpretation of this fable, in the Wisdom of the Ancients, Bacon says :—

“ They say she was the daughter of Night and Ocean. She is represented with wings and a crown : an ashen spear in her right hand : a phial with Ethiops in it, in her left ; sitting upon a stag The parents of this goddess were Ocean and Night ; that is, the vicissitude of things, and the dark and secret judgment of God. For the vicissitude of things is aptly represented by the Ocean, by reason of its perpetual flowing and ebbing ; and secret providence is rightly set forth under the image of Night.”

And thus it begins to appear in the play :—

*“ Rom. Love is a smoke rais’d with the fume of sighs ;
Being purg’d, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes ;
Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with lovers’ tears.” — Act I. Sc. 1.*

*Cap. How now ! a conduit, girl ? What ! still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In a little body
Thou counterfeit’st a bark, a sea, a wind.
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-toss’d body.” — Act III. Sc. 5.*

Again : —

"Nemesis is described as wing'd; because of the sudden and unforeseen revolutions of things":

and in the play, this sudden revolution and change of things is introduced in these lines : —

"*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral,
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

And again, the story continues : —

"Nemesis is distinguished also with a crown; in allusion to the envious and malignant nature of the vulgar; for when the fortunate and the powerful fall, the people commonly exult and set a crown upon the head of Nemesis";

which shows itself in the play, thus : —

"*Nurse.* Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal Earth." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

The story proceeds : —

"The spear in her right hand relates to those whom she actually strikes and transfixes. And if there be any whom she does not make victims of calamity and misfortune, to them she nevertheless exhibits that dark and ominous spectre, in her left: for mortals must needs be visited, even when they stand at the summit of felicity, with images of death, diseases, misfortunes, perfidies of friends, plots of enemies, changes of fortune and the like; even like those Ethiops in the phial."

And the play makes use of all this even to the phial full of Ethiops, spectres, and images of death, thus : —

"*Jul.* Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to bear them told have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love. . . .
Fri. Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Jul. My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
 Come, phial. —
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place, —
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fester'ing in his shroud; where as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort." — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

"And certainly," continues Bacon with the fable, "when I have read that chapter of Caius Plinius in which he has collected the misfortunes and miseries of Augustus Cæsar, — him whom I thought of all men the most fortunate, and who had moreover a certain art of using and enjoying his fortune, and in whose mind were no traces of swelling, of tightness, of softness, of confusion, or of melancholy, (insomuch that once he had determined to die voluntarily,) — great and powerful must this goddess be, I have thought, when such a victim was brought to the altar."

And of this swelling, tightness, softness, confusion, melancholy, and voluntary dying, and the splendid victim of this powerful goddess brought to the altar, we have some unmistakable exhibition in this play; and these misfortunes and *miseries* of Nemesis appear again in Romeo's speech to the Apothecary, all these several topics falling in at the proper time and place, and in such form as the course of the drama requires: —

"*Rom.* Art thou so base and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.¹
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

But Nemesis more particularly represents the dark and secret judgment of God; and, continues Bacon, in the fable: —

"This Nemesis of the Darkness (the human not agreeing with the divine judgment) was matter of observation even among the heathen.

Ripheus fell too,
 Than whom a juster and truer man
 In all his dealings was not found in Troy.
 But the gods judged not so:" —

which difference of the divine and human judgment creeps into the end of the play thus: —

"*Fri.* Lady, come from that nest
 Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
 A greater Power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.

.
Prince. See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love."

Act V. Sc. 2.

"*Fri.* Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all;
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
 But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to the church;

¹ This play seems to have undergone considerable emendation subsequently to the quarto of 1597, which, in place of this and the preceding line, reads as follows: —

"Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
 And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

See White's *Shakes.*, X. 182; Notes, 189.

For though fond Nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

§ 5. SCIENCE OF MATTER.

The general scope of Bacon's theory of universals was essentially and at bottom the same with that of the higher modern philosophy: its end was to be Philosophy itself. His discussions concerning the nature of cause and form make it clear that he had arrived, substantially, at the transcendental conceptions of both. Forms, as anything separate and distinct from the real essence of things and those fundamental and eternal laws of thought under which essence takes form, were mere fictions of the imagination; and matter, as anything distinct from the last and positive power and cause of nature, was simply a fantastic superstition. "His form and cause conjoined" in the ghost exactly illustrate the metaphysical conception of the true nature of matter and form, cause and effect, *noumena* and *phenomena*, and the mode and manner of action and operation of that uncaused power that creates all things; that is to say, that it is, in fact and reality, a power of the nature of the power of thought, wholly, as the only actual substance, essence, or matter, eternally in activity, under laws which are necessary laws of all possible thinking, divine or human, and in reference to the divine mind, identical with the laws of nature or physics so far, and in the modes of thought only, giving therein the substances of all created things and their forms, together with the order, particular distribution, movement, and total plan, moral fitness, perfection, and artistic beauty, exhibited in the entire providential scheme and purpose in the creation of any universe, past, present, or future: whence comes for us, in the study and contemplation of the past and present universe that lies open before us as the book of God's works so far, a foreground and promise of the certain (so far as certain), the possible, and the probable continuation thereof in

the future ; — an uncreated thinking Power, thinking His universe. And so he imagined it possible for the Creator to bring the disembodied spirit or ghost into view of the physical eye of Hamlet. Not that this was possible in actual human experience, but that by a certain poetic license, the thing might be conceived in the mind as possible in the artistically creative manner in which the imagination works. A strictly scientific observation of facts in external nature clearly proves that it would be utterly impossible for the human eye, organized and constructed as it is, actually to see and perceive any object, substance, or thing whatever so thin and ethereal in its nature as the spiritual form of a disembodied soul must be ; though such a spiritual creation, on the metaphysical principles which Bacon had laid down and expounded, and in accordance with exact scientific thinking, too, might have a real existence in nature as a finite created object, or subject, and a substantial thing, existing in time and space as a part of the existent universe, though invisible to mortal eyes : —

"Ham. *Touching this vision here, —
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you."* — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

Nevertheless, even Hamlet himself was not quite sure of him : —

"Ham. *The spirit that I have seen
May be the Devil: and the Devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King."* — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

The natural eye, when the sunlight streams in at a window, or some small crevice, can see very fine particles of dust floating in the air, which are wholly invisible beyond the stream of light : yet this dust is a gross cloud of solid particles, compared with the air itself, which, though

a fluid mass of atoms, is yet utterly invisible to human sight, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope. The blue sky that we see is not so much the air as the totality of a stratum forty five miles thick ; whilst the substance of any spiritual body must be infinitely more subtil than the air, else it might be bottled like a gas, and examined by the chemist. Nevertheless, we can easily imagine an eye to be so constituted as to be capable of seeing such an object ; but it would necessarily be a superhuman eye. Such an eye and such a form are supposed in the "Tempest," when the supernatural magician, Prospero, says to his invisible Genius, Ariel —

"Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea ;
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible
To every eye-ball else." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

In truth, modern science ascertains that all matter that we know of, even the most solid rocks of the mountains, can be melted down and resolved into gases more invisible than the air we breathe. Some gases are so thin as to be scarcely ponderable in any balance that can be constructed by human art. The ether that fills interplanetary space, retards comets, is the medium of transmission of the radiating waves of light and heat, and is supposed to pervade, or to traverse, the most solid bodies, escapes all scrutiny of scientific instruments and experimentation. Electricity, though appearing in some respects to act like a fluid, and imagined by some to consist of infinitesimal globules, is certainly so subtil and ethereal as to be utterly imponderable by any means yet known ; but, if a stroke of lightning could be caught in a pair of scales, its weight, that is, the degree and measure of force with which it struck, in that particular instance, might be exactly ascertained and set down in figures ; and it is questionable whether electricity can come under any scientific theory of atoms, or equivalents, at least, otherwise than as just so many strokes of it as have been so weighed and set down : in short, whether it

be not some more direct exhibition of the creative power and itself a pure totality of power, with only a certain polarity and a certain duality of positive and negative. And motion, a something still further removed from what is commonly understood by matter, may be the mere result and consequence of a more or less immediate and direct exhibition of that same pure power.

One year, an astronomer raises a new telescope to the heavens, that sweeps nine or ten times as much space as the largest one did, the year before, and while he and his telescope are whirling through the circumference of the earth, in a day, and the earth, through its orbit, in a year, and the solar system itself is making 17,000 miles or so, in an hour, on a circle of the heavens so immeasurable that the length of the arc travelled over since the beginning of astronomy cannot be distinguished from a straight line, he looks across the astronomical history in time and space of whole solar systems, and sees, at the remotest reach of his new sight, what appears to be a vast nebulous cloud gathering to a centre, catches it, perhaps, in the first half turn of its spiral winding, and reveals a new wonder of creation to the eye of physical science. The true philosopher beholds with awe this work of the creative power, proceeds with reverence to observe and study the mode, manner, and method of the proceeding, searches for the cause and law of it, and endeavors to penetrate even to the point of origin of the new phenomenon ; for he sees it to be at all events the work of Him whose thought is reality. A machine philosopher resorts to new observation, calculation, and experimentation, seeking only to find out the physical laws and forces and "the properties of matter," whereby this apparent ethereal cloud may condense itself into a solar system of revolving globes, thinking, perhaps, that physical laws and forces and a cloud of matter should explain the whole affair without more. Empedocles had got as far as this about twenty-three centuries ago.

The microscope resolves all vegetable and animal structures into architectural compactions of cells, globules, and particles ; and it discovers that whole strata of the earth's crust are made up of the dead shells of microscopic molluscs. The geologist takes the earth itself to pieces, layer by layer, as an antiquarian would unroll a mummy, down to the "flinty ribs" and molten lavas of the inner bowels ; a Gregory Watt will hew a block of basalt out of a mountain, melt it back into lava, and, in the cooling, by various manipulation, crystallize it again into all sorts of primitive rock ; and the chemist will take all the rocks and minerals of the earth and blow them into invisible and imponderable airs, until "the great globe itself" under our feet would seem to dissolve, —

"melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

or into a nebulous cloud, under our very eyes, and

"Leave not a rack behind," —

not a reek, not so much as an ethereal cometary vapor, through which a telescopic star might shine with undiminished lustre, or even into an invisible, intangible, imponderable, all-pervading ethereal medium ; or rather, not into a dew, nor a cloud, nor a reek, nor an ethereal medium, but into inconceivable "airy nothing," unless we are to take laws and forces, power and law, cause and effect, and living, thinking soul, to be something worth investigation also, and study metaphysics as well as physics.

Scientific men consider it established, that light is an electrical phenomenon of a luminous body (or another mode or degree of one and the same force) ; but electric action must be taken as the mediate instrument rather than as the primal source of the power. The spherical concentric waves travel throughout this undulating ethereal medium which is so thin as to be, not only invisible, and unexamined by scientific instruments, but not even to

reflect light ; but nothing travels but motion or power : the medium merely vibrates in place, and the motion which travels on the waves is merely transmitted power, as if it were a flash of thought travelling along a telegraphic wire. That travelling force strikes the eye, pursues the optic nerve, reaches the mind, and in the collision, delivers its message in a sense-perception ; and the modifications of the vibration, as breadth of wave, or rapidity of stroke, — the differences, — are recognized by the perceiving soul for difference of brightness, or of color, or of heat, or of chemical force, or mechanical power ; for the lighting, heating, chemical, and mechanical properties of the sun's rays would seem to depend, in like manner, upon certain merely instrumental modifications and differences in the mode of action of the one active power. So of sound and hearing, touch, taste, and smell : indeed, all sense-perception is of like nature.

It is said, that the French astronomers resisted for a time the Newtonian theory of the celestial mechanics, for the reason that he was supposed to maintain the idea of *attraction* at a distance, and used that term, instead of *gravitation* or *weight*. The objection, as M. Auguste Comte thought, was doubtless a good one ; but *gravitation*, or *weight*, as a last cause, or as any final account of the matter, would seem to be no better than *attraction* ; for *gravitation* supposes one body to have the faculty of pushing itself toward another body, while *attraction* supposes one body to have the power of pulling another toward itself from a distance, whenever it should happen to come sufficiently within its reach. And so many seem to think. Mr. Faraday, however, more lately, recognizing the principle of the conservation of force, claims to be on the side of Newton himself in rejecting the idea of attraction at a distance, and seems willing to include *gravitation* in the same category with light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and other modes of force, as being probably but another modification

of one and the same total force, or original active cause, proceeding from a common centre of unity;¹ and Berkeley, long ago, as well as Bacon and others before him as far back as Plato at least, clearly saw, that the manner of this tendency was not (in the language of Berkeley) "by the mutual drawing of bodies," but rather by "their being impelled or protruded," and that it might as well be termed "impulse or protrusion as attraction": rather better; for the doctrine of protrusion may admit of a single protruding power, or unity in the first moving cause. Bacon proposed to determine this thing by experiment: "whether the gravity of bodies to the earth arose from an attraction of the parts of matter towards each other, or was a tendency towards the centre of the earth." (*Nov. Org.*) Again he says, in the "Intellectual Globe": "For as to what is asserted of a motion to the earth's centre [on the theory of attraction], that would be a sort of *potent nothing* dragging to itself such large masses; whereas body cannot be affected except by body." Nevertheless, the commonly received notion would do well enough for poetic metaphor: —

"Cress. Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the Earth,
Drawing all things to it." — *Tro. and Cress., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

But while denying that mere empty place, or an imaginary mathematical point, could be supposed to have any power to draw a distant body toward itself, he seems to have conjectured, at least, that "a dense and compact mass, at a great distance from the Earth, would hang like the Earth itself, and not fall, unless thrust down"; that is to say, if it moved at all, it would necessarily have to be moved by some protruding force. Indeed, it is wholly inconceivable how the heavenly bodies, or any other, can be drawn towards

¹ *Correlation and Conservation of Forces*, by Youmans. New York, 1865, p. 378-381.

each other by any force going forth out of one to lay hold of another at a distance, and draw it toward itself: the very idea would seem to be absurd, and fit only for the department of theological incomprehensibilities. They gravitate toward each other, undoubtedly, and by virtue of a power acting from within, or from a common centre, outwardly, a pushing, not a pulling power. In fact, all powers in nature would seem to act from within outwards, as Herder observed.

Prof. Airy, it is said, has ascertained, by the experiment of weighing a body at the depth of 1260 feet in a coal-pit, that this gravitating tendency of one body toward another (according to the law of inverse proportion to the square of the distance) was greater by the $\frac{1}{15000}$ part, when the centres of gravity of the two bodies were thus brought so much nearer together than they were at the surface: whereas on the pulling theory, it should have been less. Those who still follow the supposed doctrine of Newton, imagine this attracting power to be "always existing around the sun and thence reaching forth through space to lay hold of any body that may come within its reach; and not only around the sun, but around each particle of matter that has existence."¹ As this is a fundamental point in our whole business, let us stop to consider it.

Now, if this were true, the attracting power that so goes forth from around all the particles of matter which compose that portion of earth 1260 feet thick, that lies above the body weighed at that depth, and which, on this theory, must draw toward themselves from all directions, would tend to lift up the weighed body, counteracting so far the pulling force of the mass on the other side of it; and it would weigh less than at the surface: whereas by the experiment it actually weighs more.

On the other theory, that of a power acting from within outwards in every body and in every particle of matter, and

¹ *Annual of Sci. Dis.*, by Wells, 1856.

tending to drive or approach them toward each other, at all distances, but still directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, we have a power the effect of which is, necessarily, to keep all the particles of a body compacted together toward the centre of gravity of the body with a force sufficient to maintain the particular form and constitution of the body itself, while increasing in each particle with proximity, and tending to produce greater density toward the centre; but this tendency toward the centre is at the same time restrained, resisted, and limited by that power from within each particle which gives it existence as a particular form of substance; thus producing an equilibrium of stationary balance among all the particles of the body, wherein is the stability and permanence of the body as a whole, and the actual density and form of the body: hence every variety of form.

Certain experiments of M. Mosotti on the Epinian theory would seem to prove the existence of a force in bodies, as he says, "repulsive at the smallest distances, a little on, vanishing, afterwards attractive" [or, as he might as well have said, protrusive] "and at all sensible distances attracting [protruding] in proportion to the inverse square of the distance"; as when a comet is driving toward the sun, a repulsive force in the sun, at a certain distance, drives back the ethereal vapor into a long tail or streamer, while nucleus and tail still hold a course together toward the sun. But over and above that exhibition of force which is necessary in order to constitute the given body itself, there must still be exerted from within the whole body, or upon it, outwardly, that certain overplus of force, which is necessary in order to give the body its motion of translation, or change of relative place, and which moves or drives it toward another distant body. This force, as well as the other, may always be inversely proportional to the square of the distance, and may always be taken, mathematically, as a force acting at and from the centre of gravity only:

and hence the stability of a body, a sun, a solar system, a stellar system, and an entire universe of systems.

In short, there being no such thing as an attracting or pulling power in the stratum of earth above the weighed body, in this experiment, but only a protrusive power and motion in the whole Earth as one body, the body weighed is left free to tend toward the centre of the Earth by the same force and law as at the surface; and the Earth as a whole body has a tendency toward the weighed body, by virtue of that controlling overplus of protrusive force which is to be taken as acting, on the whole, from the centre of gravity of the Earth; and so the body weighs more because the two centres of gravity, the two bodies, are nearer to each other, and by virtue of one and the same original impelling power.

This unphilosophical idea of attraction as a pulling power has tended to perpetuate a narrow and perverted use of the inductive method, and almost to blind the eye of science to any true vision, or comprehension, of the Baconian induction, which was to be a rational method for the true interpretation of Nature. The ancients had concluded that nothing could be certainly known; Bacon, that nothing could be certainly known, without the right use of the senses and the intellect; and the disciples of attraction and of the properties of dead substratum have assumed that nothing can be known but by the senses, sensible experience, and instrumental experimentation, without much help from the intellect. The inductive method as used by them is good enough for certain purposes and within limits; but it can never arrive at a philosophy of the universe, until it be used "universally" with Plato and Bacon, and for the actual interpretation of all Nature; for all the particular facts and phenomena together, that are within the possible reach of the senses and experimental observation, can never constitute a universe, but only, at best, a sort of Humboldtian cosmos. By that way alone, the inquirer

can never arrive at any conception of the unity of the whole creation ; at least, not until his observation should be extended to all the facts of the universe, metaphysical as well as physical, and be made to comprehend intellectual as well as sensible truth, ascending by the scaling ladder of the intellect into the very loftiest parts of nature, and diligently and perseveringly pursuing the thread of the labyrinth. To the man of mere physical science the universe will always be the particular mass of facts, which have been observed by the senses and experiment, together with some sort of hazy and superstitious theology, or what is worse, some kind of materialistic atheism ; and for such a man, the idea of a pulling power, or a self-driving power, in each heavenly body, and in every particle of matter, will explain the observed phenomena well enough for all his purposes, and perhaps sufficiently answer the received mathematical formulas. The real mathematician, however, has, in all ages, come nearest to being a philosopher ; for his field lies in the world of pure reason, — mathematics being, at bottom, a science of the laws of thought and of the dynamics of thinking power. The mere physicist, like Democritus, is apt to stop short with atoms ; as if atoms were some self-existent living monads, in a state of universal disintegration, and endowed each with a sort of long feeler and claw, wherewith to reach forth into immensity and seize upon whatever came within its reach, in order to drag it to itself ; or as if each particle of matter were an independent self-acting cause, capable of driving itself toward any other particle, of its own mere motion : — “ nay,” says Bacon, “ even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion ; that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus : for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds, unplaced, should have produced this order and

beauty without a divine marshal." And when the true philosopher has once found these atoms to be merely secondary forms of substance, deriving their own existence as such as well as all the powers that are active within them from the primary and total substance of all substances and power of all powers, lying underneath, behind, and within, all forms of substance of whatever kind, then is it seen, that all power must proceed, and go forth, from one centre of unity, as a pushing, driving, developing, sustaining, upholding, and creating power; and so, that power is not primarily exerted from as many original and distinct centres as there are bodies, or atoms, in nature, as so many drawing, or as so many driving, ultimate forces; as if all being began and ended with atoms! — "*Ac si quicquam in Universo esse possit instar insulæ, quod a rerum nexu separatur*"! ¹ — or, as if some imaginary being, outside the universe, had, in some inconceivable way, created the atoms out of nothing, endowed each with a special power of its own, and then left them to push, or pull, for themselves! Berkeley exposed the absurdity of this sort of science long ago: — "*Patet igitur gravitatem aut vim frustra poni pro principio motus.*" ² So says the Phædrus of Plato: "The beginning of motion is that which moves itself; and this is the very essence and true notion of soul"; or, as St. Austin (according to Burton ³) expounded out of Plato, "a spiritual substance moving itself."

§ 6. SCIENCE OF SOUL.

The motions of the planets and of the sidereal spheres, as far into the depths of immensity as the remotest visible nebula, and down to the slightest irregularity of motion, so far as yet observed and studied, are found to be reducible to a geometric science of the dynamics of power and the

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 13.

² *De Motu, Works* (Dublin, 1784), II. 125.

³ *Anat. of Mel.* (Boston, 1862), I. 219.

statics of equilibrium, in exact accordance with mathematical laws. The phenomena of electricity, magnetism, light, heat, sound, chemistry, and indeed all physics, art, design, and beauty, admit of numerical expression and a mathematical nomenclature, in accordance with the laws and formulas of mathematical science ; for mathematics is nothing else but a science of the laws of thought, divine or human, so far as these laws have ever fallen within the special domain of any mathematician. Nothing is more moral than science ; and all science is mathematical. All possible creation must be, and is, mathematical : even miracles are mathematical. That all bodies should be gravitated, weighed, or impelled, toward each other, directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, is evidently necessary to the stability of the universe, in order that there may be a Cosmos, instead of a Chaos, or rather a total oblivion and nonentity of all things, if that were conceivably possible ; for, as in the play, —

“ The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order ” ;

[*Tro. and Cr., Act I. Sc. 3.*]

as Bacon says of true justice in the law, that it is “ *sum cuique tribuere*, the law guiding all things with line of measure, and proportion ” : —

“ *Mar.* *Sum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.”

[*Tit. And., Act I. Sc. 2.*]

Apply any other law, and the planets would

“ In evil mixture, to disorder wander.” — *Tro. and Cr., Act I. Sc. 3.*

Chaos is a negative term, expressive of the absence of that order which is necessary to produce a cosmos ; that is, a partial absence of form and order, not a total negation of all form and substance, in the whole, or in any particular thing ; for that would be oblivion or annihilation of that

whole, or of that particular. The popular idea of matter as a sort of dead substratum, possessing of itself certain inherent and essential qualities, properties, and laws of its own, and, as such, being self-subsistent from eternity, as a something distinct from the thinking essence of God, though co-eternal with Him, or as subsisting without God, and thereby moulding itself into a universe, as if it were unnecessary to have any other Creator at all, is a mere illusion of unscientific knowledge and uncritical thinking. Take a solid block of ice, for instance, and (what is equally true in general of a block of basalt, granite, porphyry, or any other solid in nature, though every solid may not admit of all the stages of form), apply heat, and it becomes liquid water, without any change in the quantity of matter; wherein we see that solidity is not an essential quality of matter, but an accidental quality, that is, merely a certain temporary state of equilibrium of stationary balance in the atoms of the mass, at a given temperature. Raising the temperature, that equilibrium is overcome, by the applied force of heat, and the solid takes on the liquid form. Apply a greater degree of heat, and the liquid water becomes an invisible gaseous vapor: wherein we see again that liquidity is not an essential, but an accidental, quality of matter, being only another state of temporary equilibrium of stationary balance in the atoms of the mass, though having a less degree of fixity and permanence of form than the solid ice, and an equilibrium, as a whole, which is disturbed on application of the slightest degree of external force. Apply a higher degree of heat to this invisible vapor, and it is resolved into two distinct gases, without any change again in the quantity of matter. There is a great variety of these gases, or gaseous forms of substance, natural or artificial, each having its own peculiar properties and qualities as such, which are doubtless neither less accidental, nor more essential than solidity, liquidity, gaseousness; but are merely so many other forms of tempo-

ary equilibrium of stationary balance in the given quantity of matter, in the whole and in the parts; until, at last, we arrive at the stage in the forms of substance, in which it presents itself to our senses and to all our instruments of observation no otherwise than as invisible force, or power in activity, under laws which are reducible to a mathematical science of the dynamics of force, laws of motion, and statics of equilibrium; at which point all our common notions of dead substratum have absolutely vanished, and science is compelled to drop the expression "*indestructibility of matter*," and to substitute in its place that of "*the conservation of force*;" mathematics, again, in reference to all external nature, being, at bottom, a science of the laws and power of Thought, and a metaphysics of creation, remembrance, and oblivion, in the Divine Mind. And so, according to science, as Plato said,¹ matter in itself is without Figure, without Quality, and without Species; it is neither a body nor without body, but is the total substance, wherein is the possibility of substances or bodies; and solids, liquids, gases, particular minerals, plants, and animals (in respect of their bodies), are but temporary and transient forms of "stored force," more or less fixed and permanent. Let new conditions happen, and other forces, or new chemical reactions, overcome that fixity, or let the vital or sustaining power be withdrawn, and this stored force is withdrawn, or is set free, and passes into other forms of substance, reaching therein again, perhaps, a temporary equilibrium of stationary balance; but the mineral, plant, or animal, that was, thereby vanishes into oblivion, and ceases to be as such. So force ascends, or rather descends, through all the stages of form and equilibrium, from thinking power to atom, nebula, solar system, globe, stratum, mineral, spore, cell; and from spore to tree and fruit, and from germ-cell to full-grown animal; and thence back again from animal to plant, to mineral, to nebula, to atom,

¹ *Works of Plato* (Bohn), VI. 280.

to thinking power, in the eternal cycle of creation ; for, as in the play : —

“ Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.”

Tro. and Cr., Act III. Sc. 2.

This hypothetical chaos of matter without form and order, presenting nothing but a certain amount of dead substratum and mathematical physics, is that same fantastical superstition which Bacon attributed to the ancients, and that same “stupid thoughtless somewhat” and “unthinking substratum,” which Berkeley, that “altogether fine and rare man,” as Herder called him, than whom a greater philosopher has not lived in England, perhaps, since Bacon down to our time, endeavored to exorcise as a visionary phantasm (and it ought to have been effectually and forever) out of all philosophy. Like Bacon himself, Berkeley was not so much a visionary idealist as a Platonic realist. This same fantastic superstition still beclouds the imaginations of men of science as well as theologians. Nor will any system of dynamics and statics ever account for a universe which is a cosmos, until it shall rise to a comprehension of the dynamics of the Divine Power of Thought thinking a cosmos, and those statics of equilibrium, which amount to the Divine Remembrance, wherein is the stability of the universe so far as stable, and its permanence in so far as it is permanent. But over and above the mathematical dynamics and statics of mere physicists and “positive” science, there is seen by all that look, having eyes to see, that order, plan, purpose, artistic design, and divine beauty in the creation, which are nowhere in nature, nor anywhere else but in the absurd fantasies of men, the work of anything but artistically creative thought.

Humboldt, setting forth the Aspects of Nature with scientific reference to physical laws and forces, and noting everywhere a certain conformity of the vegetable and animal kingdoms to existing physical conditions, dwells

with the admiration of the poet upon the singular beauty of the palm, towering far above the surrounding forest, in the valley of the Amazon ; and he enters into an elaborate consideration of the physical forces acting from within the plant, outwardly, against the opposing external forces, under natural laws and physical conditions, and in accordance with mathematics, in the exact balance of which, the tree at length stands forth a Palm. But there is observable here, also, what is apparent in that balance of forces, this striking fact, that the tree with its foliage, flowers, and fruit, (which might have taken many other and perhaps ugly shapes, under these same conditions, and in an exact balance of forces, too,) in fact, comes forth in just that outline which makes it an object of exquisite beauty, exhibiting an artistic form and a design so admirable that the most skilful human artist is unable to surpass it, in his conception, or on the canvas. And at the same time, under the same general laws and conditions, and in varying particular conditions, come forth, also, all the artistic variety and beauty of an Amazonian forest ; as if not a mere mathematician, much less a blind, accidental balance of forces, but a mathematical artist, had done it ; for it is essentially, from the first germ-cell to the full-grown tree, Artist-Mind work.

If an artist will sculpture an Apollo, he first conceives the idea, or image, of an Apollo in his mind. If another man were endowed with a faculty of vision to see into his mind, as he actually sees into the mind of the Creator, he would behold the Apollo standing therein as a fact as indubitable as the palm on the banks of the Amazon. The artist can hold the imaged conception there as long as he can keep his mind fixed on thinking the object ; that is, as long as he can actually remember it. If he change his thought, and let the conception vanish, he may by recollection re-create it, or he may create another in its place ; or, if he please, he may, with his chisel, transfer and fix his

creation upon a block of marble. The absolute Artist-Mind needs no marble, nor other substance, on which to stamp and maintain his creations, than the divine Remembrance and that same stuff, of which the human artist's Apollo was made, when it stood forth, like a dream, in his conception only, — the power of thought in action, which is substance giving form to itself, and material enough for the works of the Creator.

There is a difference between Remembrance and Memory, as there is, also, between Memory and Recollection. All created things, that is, all ideas or conceptions, must be coördinated in Time and Space. Coördination in reference to space is in one space, or in a series of spaces, out of all possibility of space. Coördination in reference to time is in one time, or in a serial succession of times, out of all possibility of time. There may be a space, or a series of spaces, in one time; and a time, or a succession of times, in one space. By no possibility can there be a serial succession of spaces in one and the same space and time, nor a succession of times in one and the same time and space; in either case, there would continue to be exact identity, with no possibility of change or difference. As touching the divisibility of any conceivable space, or time, however small, the possibility of such supposed divisibility would cease precisely at the point where the given space and time (for there can be no space without a time, nor any time without a space,) should begin to be bounded out of immensity and eternity, the possibilities of space and time; that is to say, at the point of no space and time, or non-existence of the conception, which is exactly the point of commencement of the activity of the power of thought in giving existence to the conception as a creation in time and space, in the work of thought in the creation of a particular thing, or of a variety of things coördinated in the unity of the creating power. But a succession which was in many successive times, and in one and the same space, or series

of spaces, or in a changing series of spaces, may be transferred, — shifted round, as it were, — in the mind into a serial successive order of as many spaces, or series of spaces, in this one time, now, as there were times and their spaces in any past time, or in the whole succession of times ; and this is Memory. All the facts and events, perceptions and conceptions — the whole thought — of a man's life, have had existence in space, either in his mind alone, or in external nature and his mind, and succession in time in his consciousness. If he bring them up in his mind in one view, at this one time, now, the series will stand in his conception as a serial order of as many spaces as there were times of the facts and events, perceptions and conceptions, and their spaces, in the succession of time in the course of his life ; and his mental vision will see the whole in one view. Remembrance proper is the power to do this effectually and continuously ; a power, which no finite mind fully possesses. In the work of memory, we conceive or create a space, or series and successions of spaces, in the mind, in the present time, corresponding to those which were in nature and fact, or in our previous thought, in a past time, or times in succession, and contemplate them anew ; for Time and Space are but laws of thought giving the forms and outlines of conceived, created, and remembered conceptions or things. If a space, or series of spaces, which was in any past time, as a house seen twenty years ago, be merely thus re-called, re-created, and re-produced in the mind, in this present time, the space or series of spaces, giving or constituting the form of the house, which existed then as a part of the phenomena of the existent universe external to himself, (or if, of his own thought and in his own mind only, as his former ideas,) will now stand in his conception as so many corresponding ideal spaces in his present view ; and this is simple Recollection.

Now, if, in either case, the mental view be directed upon the whole series at once, the mind sees and remembers the

whole as such ; and if the attention, that is, the finite and particular power of thought, which constitutes the soul, be directed upon any particular portion of the series, out of the whole field of the finite thought and knowledge, he remembers, or recollects, that portion only ; the rest stands not re-created, not seen, and therefore, forgotten, and, for the time being, as if it never had been. The want of power to bring up the whole array, or any particular portion of it, is a want of memory of that whole, or that portion, which has thereby passed into irretrievable oblivion. And herein lies the strength, or weakness, of the memory : it depends upon the habit and continuous intensity of the power of thought itself, first, in observing, that is, perceiving and conceiving accurately and distinctly the things to be remembered ; secondly, on frequent re-creation, re-production, and contemplation of them, with the aid of association and all other aids ; and, thirdly, on the given power of thought itself, wherein, at last, is the faculty of re-creation of conceptions, and recognition of their correspondence and identity with what has been in the mind before, and perhaps never lost entirely out of remembrance. In total oblivion, all is absolute nonentity and as if it had never been ; being vanished into "airy nothing." If this faculty of memory were as powerful in man as in God, human memory would rise to the absolute power and continuity of the Divine Remembrance, and all things which he should desire and determine to remember and keep in existence in his thought and contemplation, out of all the facts and events, perceptions and conceptions, — the thought and knowledge of his life, — would be ever present and clear to his consciousness. Omniscience belongs only to the Creator.

The mastodon has ceased to exist : his bones only remain. They, only, continue to be remembered, and so held and carried forward in the divine remembrance, in a certain changing permanency, as fit material for the construction of a rind of globe, while at the same time furnishing a suffi-

cient record for our reading. The animal that was is otherwise vanished utterly into oblivion. We may gather up the remembered relics of him, together with the remaining traces of his time and country, and, out of these materials and such analogies as can be drawn from whatever else we know, re-create him in our own minds as nearly as we can, as a Cuvier approximately re-constructs and restores an extinct fauna of a buried age. The difference between the pictured human creation as restoration and the living reality of past time, being a sort of imperfect reminiscence, may help us to realize how vast, and of what nature, is the difference between the human and the divine creator.

Again, let superficial science take the animal kingdom now existent on the surface of the globe, and arrange the whole on a horizontal base-line, in a linear branching series, according to the order of ascent and succession in the scale of being of the ideal types, in a true and complete zoölogical classification (and it will be all the same, whether embryology, with Agassiz, or the nervous system, with Owen, be taken as basis), from the lowest cell-animalcule up to man, placing the animal cell toward the horizon; and then let deep science turn the distal end, of the series downward to a right angle in the direction of a radius to the Earth's centre; suppose it to reach through a complete series of all the geological formations that have anywhere been laid down, so as to represent a continuous zoölogical province, even from that lowest fossiliferous stratum in which the first animal cell came into existence (and you may be sure there is such a stratum, though no geological observer has ever yet found in it any fossil remains of such primitive animalcules); and you will find, on comparison, that there is a very exact correspondence, if not absolute identity, in the order of succession, or setting in, of the more general ideal types (as of Branch, Class, Order,) between the superficial series of zoölogical classification and the fossil branching series of actual nature in geological time; that is,

between the series of this one time now, and its serial succession of spaces, and that of the serial succession of times past, and their accompanying spaces on the successively existent surfaces of the globe. So we have in space here, now, what was in time there, then ; and this, for us, is a kind of reminiscence after the manner of Plato and Bacon.

You will observe, also, a general correspondence, or resemblance, in the more general types themselves, but with differences increasing in amount, more and more, in the direction of the lesser and subordinate types (as of genera and species), distributed throughout the whole branching series, and running out into final extinction in the lesser types of genera, species, and individuals. The identity or resemblance may be said to measure the continuity of the divine remembrance, in respect of these ideal types. The differences exhibit the amount of change in the divine mind, or oblivion of old and creation of new, in that vast series of times and in that almost infinite series of terrestrial spaces successively existing in these times ; in which, a few of the more general types, many of the lesser, and nearly all genera and species down to the later periods, have, from time to time, vanished into oblivion, while many new types, especially the lesser, have come into existence. Indeed, only one, the most general type of all, the cell, wherein is the unity and starting-point of the whole, spans the entire series in absolute continuity ; for, in that, the divine remembrance has been continuous from the very beginning. And it matters not, that the work of creating new cells, or that new (sometimes called "spontaneous" generation of new individuals of the lowest forms of animal life, has continued to run along down the base of the pyramid of the animal kingdom from the beginning of animal life to the present day ; for the ideal type in them, for the most part, continues the same, and the innermost laboratory of God and Nature is never closed. And so have continued

the types of branches since they once began, or of classes, or orders, or, it may be, of some genera, and even of some species, in a continuous and unbroken line of linear descent. An exact and complete natural history, that should be, like that contemplated by Bacon, "a high kind of natural magic,"¹ would exhibit to our view the actual course of the divine thought in the creation of an animal kingdom: and this, again, would be a kind of reminiscence in us.

In like manner, let superficial science take the existing human races, down to the anthropoid apes, and arrange them in one linear branching series, somewhat as in a lineal tree of family descent, according to ideal type and rank in the scale of being, as if you should place in line a large family of children in the order of their ages, from the man of twenty-one down to the child creeping on all fours; and the deep science of actual nature will show that the series truly represents in general the order of succession and distribution in which the several races or types of men have come into existence on the earth; for, the races, like the children of a family, and indeed the whole animal kingdom, may be said, at last, to be strung on the great umbilical cord or branching ideal thread of embryological evolution; along which takes place the gradual transition of type, or what Bacon calls "a transmutation of species."² The Apes begin to appear in the Eocene; Man has been found near the beginning of the Pleistocene, and doubtless existed in the Pliocene, and may possibly yet be found as far back as the Miocene. Actually observed facts are not yet sufficient to enable us to assign the exact order of the fossil succession in actual nature, but enough is known, already, to warrant the conclusion, on the whole, which is also borne out by the analogies of all the rest of the fossil zoölogy and the known principles of living zoölogy, that the race which is lowest in the scale of creation, on the present surface of the earth, is likewise the oldest in geological

¹ *Nat. Hist.* § 93.

² *Nat. Hist.* § 525.

time. The older and inferior races run out into extinction and disappear, as the newer and superior come forward: in the order of divine providence, the old passes into oblivion as the new appears.

Says Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, "I take care not to lend to God any intention: I pretend only to the character of the historian of *what is*." It is not probable that the Creator has occasion to borrow intentions from any mortal. It may be, that in searching for "final causes" men have looked, as it were, through the wrong end of the telescope: through the direct scope of intellectual vision (Sapience), the primal efficient and essential cause is seen to be intelligent, divine, and enough. What we have to do, is, undoubtedly, to observe the fact, and to open our eyes that we may see; for, as Bacon says, "the Wisdom of God shines forth the more wonderfully, when Nature does one thing, and Providence elicits another, as if the character of Providence were stamped upon all forms and natural motions."¹

§ 7. ALL SCIENCE.

Physical science cannot help being also metaphysical science. Most scientific methods and men seem to ignore metaphysics altogether; and but few scientific societies admit a department of metaphysics into their constitution; — as if metaphysics and moonshine were synonymous terms. But in all ages as now the greatest men of science have been also metaphysicians, who have recognized the truth, more or less clearly, that all physical inquiry leads directly into that realm of universals and pure metaphysics, wherein the universe has to be contemplated as the actual thought of a Divine Thinker. Says one of these (not among the least distinguished of our time): "The true thought of the created mind must have had its origin from the Creator; but with him, thought is reality;"² and again,

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, L. III. c. 4.

² *Address of Prof. Peirce*, 1854.

"It seemed to him the only way for us to understand the organization of the universe was that by which we must understand any human work. We would not understand a play of Shakespeare, until we tried to construct it over again for ourselves. Then and then only could we understand how all the parts of the play belonged together. So with regard to the work of the Deity ; it was not possible for us to understand this as an organization, until we looked at it from the point of view of the Creator."¹ Another distinguished light of science discourses concerning animals, thus : "The very nature of these beings and their relations to one another and to the world in which they live exhibit thought, and can therefore be referred only to the immediate action of a thinking being, even though the manner in which they were called into existence remains for the present a mystery ;" and again, "This growing coincidence between our systems and that of nature shows further the identity of the operations of the human mind and the Divine Intellect."² Again, speaking of the entire animal kingdom, "When we came to the conviction that this whole was the combination of these facts in a logical manner, and as whatever intelligence we had was derived from Him and in His image, that coincidence made it possible for us to understand his objects."³

That coincidence must be considered, of course, as extending to all the fundamental and eternal laws of artistically creative thought. These laws and modes of action being the same for all thought, and soul or thinking power being everywhere essentially identical in nature, created objects in nature are transferred to our minds as copied conceptions, as it were ; and the copy is formed in the mind, on the data given in sensation, by a power of the same nature, acting under the same laws and in the same modes

¹ Prof. Peirce on *Analytic Morphology*, *Ann. Sci. Disc.* 1856.

² Agassiz ; *Contrib. to Nat. Hist. of N. Amer.*, I. 13-23.

³ Agassiz (*Ann. Sci. Disc.* 1856).

as that by which the original is itself conceived and created, differing only in degree of power and in extent and scope of conscious intellectual vision, as the finite and special must differ from the infinite and absolute; and the copied conception will be as accurate, true, and complete as the observation is thorough, particular, and exact, and the sense-perception distinct, and no more so. And these conceptions will be as lasting and permanent as the power of memory is intense and the will strong. Hamlet must have understood the matter much in the same way, when he said:—

“Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.” — *Act II. Sc. 5*

Observation by the senses and by instruments in aid of the senses, actual sensible experience, necessarily has a limit; but that limit by no means ascertains and fixes the bounds of all certain and scientific knowledge. The mind, by its own original power of thought, is able not only to grasp the laws and modes of its own special activity, in a critical analysis of the mental phenomena as facts, and in a sound psychology, but also to arrive at a knowledge therein of the true nature of cause or power, of matter or substance, of thought itself, and by that means to transcend that limit of sensible experience, and to advance beyond the field of physical inquiry into the region of purely metaphysical fact and universal laws, and by the study of these further facts and laws as a matter of intellectually observed truth, to attain to a rational comprehension of the true nature of that uncaused power that creates the universe; and, at last, to see, that the whole must, and does, exist as the actual thought of a Divine Thinker, and not otherwise.

As Bacon expresses it, "all learning is knowledge acquired, and all knowledge in God is original"; that is, with him, thought and knowledge are one; and so, that "the truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one."¹ Plato, Philo Judaeus, Boethius, Thomas Aquinas, Bruno, Spinoza, Hooker, Berkeley, Swedenborg, and many others of the olden times as well as of these later days, seem to have conceived the matter much in the same way. So Bacon must have understood the creation: in fact, this is precisely what he meant, when he said he trusted his philosophy, when fully unfolded, "would plainly constitute a Marriage of the Human Mind to the Universe, having the Divine Goodness for bridesmaid."² In no other way, perhaps, was it ever possible for any man to arrive at any comprehensible philosophy of the universe. Without such a philosophy, the observed facts of experimental science can present nothing to human intelligence but an incongruous, heterogeneous, and incomprehensible mass of particulars — a world of facts tumbled together pell-mell; and hence all those absurd systems, theological, or atheistical, which have, in all times, beclouded the understandings of men. The English Astronomer Royal reports his magnetical and meteorological observations as obtained "with the utmost completeness and exactitude"; but he is absolutely "stopped from making further progress by the total absence of even empirical theory." His case may be hopeless; but he is certainly entitled to credit for not undertaking to make headway in that business by the help of any theory to be derived from Biblical theology, the properties of dead substratum, Comtean positivism, or any Queckett-figuring of probabilities, or other sort of Babbage-machine philosophy, however useful such machinery may be in other matters.

Even the sixty-two or more simple "undecomposable substances," of which, thus far, the globe appears to chem-

¹ *Praise of Knowl., Works (Mont.), I. 251.*

² *Delineatio, Works (Boston), VII. 56.*

istry to be constructed, being to the eye of mere physical science more or less dense compactions and crystallizations of the supposed final elementary atoms into certain mathematical forms, proportions, and equivalents, called bodies, under the processes of analysis, are increasing in number in the chemical catalogue, or sometimes diminishing, some of them being from time to time resolved into other elements, as nitrogen is reported to have been, lately; thus diminishing, or increasing, the number of simples, until we are left in absolute uncertainty whether the sum total will finally diminish to unity, or increase to infinity; and all these simple substances, if no further resolvable into kinds, are yet divisible into parts, as some electricians decompose electricity into infinitely little spheres, that spontaneously take on a motion of rotation on an axis, and divide each sphere into axis, poles, equator, centre, circumference, tropics, parallels, meridians, hemispheres;¹ but, admitting the spheres, we have only arrived at a more primary stage of the proximate materials of construction, being as yet only secondary forms and modes of substance, even in the invisible, imponderable, indecomposable, indivisible ethers. And here ends, it would seem, the entire scope of physical science, for the present, as to these materials. But then we have, further, light, heat, electricity (according to some), magnetism, nervous force, gravitation, and mechanical power, which are neither ethers, gases, nor clouds of ethereal spheres, at all, but, as it seems, merely correlated and convertible forces — “exponents of different forms of force,”² say the Academicians, — that is, we may suppose, degrees and modes of power, which yet acts under laws which are found to be mathematical, and, for that matter, identical with the laws of power as thought; and the power itself would seem to be identical in nature with the power of thought as cause. And so, in the last physical analysis,

¹ De La Rive's *Treatise on Electricity*, by Walker, London, 1856.

² *Trans. Roy. Soc.*, Lond. 1850, p. 62.

and at the last stage of the forms and modes of substance, the resolvability, as well as the divisibility, of matter is found passing into an actual totality of power, at the point of beginning of creation, at the very top of Pan's pyramid, where the transition is so easy to things divine; and that power, into which all matter is thus resolved, is found to be of the nature wholly and absolutely of the power of thought as the primal thinking essence and cause of all created things. An actual experimental resolution of these simple elements into this next stage of degrees and modes of power, and these, again, into the still further and last stage of the totality of all power, has not as yet been quite effected, perhaps, by physical science alone; though some late experimentation would seem to amount almost to a sensible demonstration that the fact must be so. The demonstration is rather by the methods of metaphysical science, which transcends the limits of sensible experience, rises into the region of this totality of all power, and beholds the subject from the point of view of the one Eternal Power of Thought; for man can do this, being the image of his Maker, and his soul being so framed as to be "capable of the image of the universal world."

And so, going out with Bacon through physics into metaphysics, we arrive, at last, in the unity and continuity of all science, at Philosophy itself, and at the Divine Soul of the universe, in an eternal state of living activity in the perpetual distribution of variety in the total unity of the creation, in the universal flow of the Providential order; for, says Bacon, "the matter is in a perpetual flux," or as Plato says, again, "Soul is the oldest and most divine of all things, of which a motion, by receiving the generation [taking on generation], imparts an ever flowing existence."¹ Certainly, nothing less than this can give any rational and conceivable philosophy of the universe. All science leads directly to such a philosophy; all facts prove its truth; and

¹ *Laws, Works* (Bohn), V. 543.

this comprehensible conception is, at least, better than any incomprehensible absurdity that ever was, or can be, invented. The Baconian caution is a good one: that we are not to give out "a dream of our fancy for an exemplar of the world," but rather, "under divine favor, an apocalyptic revelation and true vision of the tracks and ways of the Creator in Nature and His creatures."¹

§ 8. SCIENCE IN POETRY.

That the author of these plays had arrived at a similar view of the constitution of the universe, is made clear in many passages. How else can we understand those remarkable lines of the "Tempest," in which, having brought upon the stage a scene among the gods, and made Juno, Ceres, and Iris enact a play before mortal eyes, when all at once they vanish at the bidding of the magician, Prospero, he makes him say: —

"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

For, this vision of a world and this vision of the stage are made essentially in the same manner and of the same stuff, are both alike substantial; and yet, they may vanish, like an insubstantial pageant, into oblivion, at the bidding of the Great Magician, when his time shall come.

Again, says Bacon, in the *De Augmentis*, "This Janus of the imagination has too different faces; for the face towards reason hath the print of truth, but the face towards action hath the print of goodness"; an expression, which

¹ *Lectori, Works* (Boston), VII. 161.

appears again in a letter, in which he prays that, living or dying, "the print of the goodness of King James" may be in his heart ;¹ but all Calibans, or other human monsters,

"turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low," —

and all Stephanos and Trinculos, "abhorred slaves," that "steal by line and level," and

"Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill,"

this magician, by the help of his invisible Ariel, would soundly hunt out of his kingdom, when his "Genius" should have "the air of freedom"; and his labors would not cease until all his enemies were laid at his feet. And he was able to make this speech : —

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. — But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

The "Tempest" was nearly the last play written, or perhaps

¹ Letter of July 30, 1624, *Works* (Philad.), III. 24.

the last but one or two ; and his *look* would seem to have been drowned for a long time, and buried so deep as to be beyond the reach of any but a "Delian diver."¹

Well might these deep-sounding revelations and true visions of the traces and stamp of the Creator on his creations wake up whole books in the soul of Jean Paul Richter ! These all-comprehending conceptions could come only from the philosopher, the student of Nature as well as of Plato, whose thought had fathomed the depths and hidden mysteries of the universe, and discovered that "God hath framed the mind of man as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." For, as he says, again, "that alone is true philosophy, which doth faithfully render the very words of the world, and it is written no otherwise than the world doth dictate, it being nothing else but the image or reflection of it, not adding anything of its own, but only iterates and resounds."² In his scheme, philosophy is the text, and the universe is the book of plates, — the illustration and the proof so far ; that is, as far as it is visible and knowable to observation and experience : beyond all the scopes of physical science, it is, as it were, the book without the plates, and for illustration, the reader must, like the mathematician, construct his own models, charts, and diagrams. Some men, like children, see nothing but the plates, and continue all their lives to be dazzled with the pictures, scarcely conceiving that there is any text at all ; being capable of nothing but miraculous child's fables, mystic revelations, airy charms, and various kinds of spirit-playing and spirit-rapping. Things which fly too high over their heads must be drawn down to their senses. Some others advance to the end of the plates and stop there, finding no more proof of any fact, and so thinking that they have arrived at the land's end, because all around appears to be open sea ; while some others, again,

¹ *Timæus* of Plato, 71 ; *De Aug. Trans.*, Works (Boston), IX. 22.

² *Wisd. of the Ancs.*, Works (Mont.), II. 2.

stretch onward, constructing their own plates, charts, compasses, scopes, being born pilots, and finding no end to the universe of fact but in the limits of their own lives and labors; sometimes too safely denying more land than they can discover. Still others, by the light of superior genius shining within them and reflected in the world without them, industriously, perseveringly, and fainting not, hold still onward, believing yet with such as Bacon, or Columbus, that "they are but ill discoverers who think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea"; — until they run against Fate: —

"*Othello*. Who can control his fate? — . . .
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

Bacon understood how "knowledge is a double of that which is," and that "the truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one." He considered that "the sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge," as it is beautifully prefigured in the Prospero of the "Tempest," and he recognized "the happy match between the mind of man and the nature of things, and the science or providence comprehending all things"; as Hamlet saw, that there was "a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." He looked upon the universe as the book of God's works, and he frequently quotes Solomon as saying, "That it is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the glory of a king to find it out, as if, according to the innocent play of children, the Divine Majesty took delight to hide his works, to the end to have them found out";¹ and he says, again, "The spirit of man is the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth the inwardness of all secrets."² And so says the Soothsayer in the play: —

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act I. Sc. 2.*

Nor did he think it was, in Nature,

"A juggling trick, — to be secretly open." — *Tro. and Cr., Act V. Sc. 9*

¹ *Advancement.*

² *Works (Mont.), XVI. Note 66.*

It is no wonder that Goethe, finding that his own "open secret," as well as many other things, for the means of comprehending which, he was, as he in some degree acknowledges, much indebted to the philosophies of Plato, Spinoza, and Kant, had been known to Shakespeare as well, should pronounce this wonderful Bard of Avon the greatest of modern poets. Modern transcendental moralists and poets have discovered many new wonders in Shakespeare. They have much to say about man being "a microcosm," though not always particular to mention that the doctrine is as old as Plato, or the fable of Pan, nor that Bacon fully comprehended the meaning of that wise saw, as any one may see in his interpretation of that fable; but he frequently speaks of the "ancient opinion that man was *microcosmus*," and of "the spirit of man, whom they call the microcosm"; and we have it in the play thus:—

"*Men.* If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too?" — *Cor., Act II. Sc. 1.*

In the style of poetry, but not less according to the truth of philosophy, Goethe images forth the visible universe as the "garment" of God:—

"*Spirit.* Thus, at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave the garment which thou see'st him by."

Bacon, in like manner, interpreting the Fable of Cupid, as being intended to shadow forth some conception of the Divine Person under the image of Cupid born of the egg, hatched beneath the brooding wing of Night, and coeval with Chaos, speaks of the primary visible matter as being "the vest of Cupid"; and a like philosophy seems to underlie this passage from the Othello:—

"*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency." — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

and this, again, from the "Merchant of Venice":—

"Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

And the same idea appears in plain prose thus : —

"For though we Christians do continually aspire and pant after the land of promise, yet it will be a token of God's favour towards us in our journeyings through this world's wilderness, to have our shoes and garments (I mean those of our frail bodies) little worn or impaired."¹

And surely the author of the "Cymbeline" was not far from the same conception, when he wrote concerning Jupiter's tablet, delivered down out of his "radiant roof," thus : —

"[*Ghosts vanish. POSTHUMUS wakes, and finds the Tablet.*]

Posth. What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.

[*Reads the Tablet.*]

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy." — *Act V. Sc. 4.*

Again, Prospero says to Miranda in the "Tempest" : —

"Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:
Lie there, my art." — *Act 1. Sc. 2.*

Materialistic science, on the one hand, and unphilosophical theology, on the other, have, in all times, come equally short of comprehending the great truth here indicated. One thinks there is nothing but the garment, or, at least, that the garment covers nothing: the other thinks likewise that the garment covers nothing nobler than itself; but that the Maker of it, when it was finished and pronounced good, plucked it from him and hung it in the heavens, and that he has ever since sat apart on a throne above his "radiant roof," contemplating and judging his

¹ Dedication to the *Hist. of Life and Death.*

handiwork, only occasionally delivering down a miraculous tablet; but that his art lasted six days, and ceased altogether some six thousand years ago. As that book, that "rare one," has been more worshipped, in our "new-fangled mansions,"¹ than what of truth it contains and reveals, so, on the other hand, has the physical garment been held nobler than that it covers. The ancients knew better than this; for they held with Bacon, Shakespeare's plays, Berkeley, Goethe, Jean Paul, and many more modern disciples of the Higher Philosophy, that the visible world was but the vest of Cupid, the visible manifestation of the Invisible Essence, which is eternally weaving the web of His physical garment, in the Roaring Loom of Time and Space. Indeed, the hieroglyphic Sacred Books of the ancient Egyptians seem to read much to the same effect, as deciphered by Seyffarth:—"I am that I am. I weave the garments (bodies) of men. I am the shining garment of the sky. I have fashioned the verdure of the earthly pasture. I have woven the hosts of worlds,—the High and Holy God. Songs and anthems of praise to the Master Architect, who made the world, who made it for the habitation of man, the Creator's image."² As the highest ancient, so the highest modern voice, still exclaims:—"O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling-place of the *Unnamed*; and thou articulate-speaking Spirit of Man, who moulded and modelled that Unfathomable Unnameable even as we see, — is not there a miracle!"³

Time and Space, as necessary laws of thought, divine or human, as fundamental principles or conditions of ideas, or things, and those complex keys which alone unlock the door of the inner sanctuaries, have tasked the brains of the deepest thinkers from Plato and his cave down to Kant, or Cousin; and this author, too, seems to have understood

¹ Bacon's *Theory of the Firmament*.

² *Summary* (N. York, 1857), p. 65-8.

³ Carlyle's *French Rev.*, I. 344.

something of their nature. He knew that Time carried a wallet at his back wherein he put alms for oblivion; and Imogen, at the departure of Posthumus, watched him, —

“ till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air.” — *Cymb., Act I. Sc. 4.*

And Belarius, leaving his companions at the cave, to ascend the mountains, says to them: —

“ Consider
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off.”
Ibid. Act III. Sc. 3.

He understood, too, how things appear great or small to mortal eyes, without much reference to what they really are in themselves, and that the truest greatness is sometimes scarcely visible at all to common senses; as when Belarius says to his boys of the forest and mountain: —

“ And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle.” — *Ib., Act III. Sc. 3.*

Which may remind the reader of Jean Paul in search of happiness, now soaring above the clouds of life, and again sinking down under a leaf in a furrow of his garden, or rather, again, alternating between the two; or of Emerson, who says: —

“ There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all.”

But unto “poor unfledged” boys of the forest, that have “never wing’d from view o’ the nest,” it is

“ A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor, that dares not
To stride a limit.” — *Ib., Act III. Sc. 3.*

“The common people,” says Bacon, “understand not many excellent virtues; the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no

sense or perceiving at all ; but shows and *species virtutibus similes* serve best with them ” ; and so, according to Hamlet, the groundlings were, for the most part, “capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise.”

§ 9. REMEMBRANCE AND OBLIVION.

The doctrine of Plato, that human knowledge is but reminiscence, seems to have taken strong hold of Bacon's mind. In the way in which this doctrine is generally stated and received, it would appear that Plato conceived the human soul to have had an existence, as such, previous to its birth into this world, and that, in that former state of existence, it was in possession of all knowledge ; and so, that the acquisition of knowledge in this world was simply a process of recollection or reminiscence of what had been better known before. So Origen and some learned fathers of the Church seem to have understood him. Burton expounds him thus : “ Plato in *Timæo* and in his *Phædon* (for aught I can perceive) differs not much from this opinion, that it [the soul] was from God at first, and knew all, but being inclosed in the body, it forgets, and learns anew, which he calls *reminiscentia*, or recalling, and that it was put into the body for a punishment.”¹ It may be doubted whether Plato has been correctly interpreted in this : his expression is somewhat obscure. Bacon states the doctrine a little differently, thus : “ That all knowledge is but remembrance, and that the mind of man by nature knoweth all things, and hath but her own native and original motions (which by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body are sequestered) again revived and restored.”² Here the idea is, that it is the nature of the mind to know all things, and what is wanting is, that its native and original powers, for a time overshadowed and repressed, should be restored to activity, whereby the strangeness and dark-

¹ *Anat. of Mel.*, I. 217 (Boston, 1862).

² *Adv. of Learn.*, *Works* (Mont.), II. 4.

ness of the tabernacle might be cleared up and ignorance disappear. Something of the sound and quality of this statement may be discovered as a sort of ground-swell rolling underneath the dialogue of the Bishops concerning young Henry V., the late wicked Prince Hal, who had all at once begun to reason in divinity, and debate of commonwealth affairs, war, and any cause of policy :—

Canst. Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Canst. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected." — *Hen. V., Act I. Sc. 1.*

And when Prospero is sounding the youthful Miranda as to her remembrance of her origin, we have this dialogue :—

Pros. Canst thou remember
A time before we came into this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'T is far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

This is more in keeping with Bacon's statement, and contains an implied negation of the received interpretation as teaching a former existence of the human soul as such ; for, certainly, if a man could remember anything before he came here, he might also remember how he came. There is a certain ambiguity in Plato himself as well as in Bacon, Berkeley, and some more modern writers, on this point, which arises from the circumstance that they do not always clearly and expressly distinguish, when treating of the soul, whether they intend to speak of the human soul, or of the Divine Soul ; and hence comes the misconception. The dialectic method of Plato, pursuing the logical path and process of scientific thinking, endeavored to arrive at all science in a critical exegesis of those fundamental laws of all thought, divine or human, which are the same for all souls. All science can be in the divine mind alone ; but the human mind as partaker of the universal reason, and being endowed with a certain scope of intellectual vision and a certain power of thinking, might, by the exercise of that power, its native and original motion, in a critical analysis of that reason, and in a thorough contemplation of nature, approach, if not quite attain to all science, by coming thus to a conscious knowledge of all Nature and of the laws and modes of creative thought, so be only it were crescive in its faculty ; and this method of attaining, or rather reviving, knowledge in the soul, was a mere process of recollection or reminiscence of what had been known before, — not by any means by the human soul in any previous state of finite existence, but by the divine mind itself, in which is all knowledge always ; as when, in another place, speaking of the finite mind only, Plato says, that "recollection is the influx of thoughts which had left us."¹ Again, he says, "The whole of nature being of one kindred, and the soul [*i. e.* the Divine Soul] having heretofore known all things, there is nothing to prevent a person [*i. e.* a human soul],

¹ *Laws, Works* (Bohn), V. 151.

who remembers — what men call learning — only one thing from again discovering all the rest ; if he has but courage and seeking faints not. For to search and to learn is reminiscence all.”¹ And so, he says, again, “This is a recollection of those things which our soul formerly saw, when journeying with deity [*i. e.* when identical with the Divine Soul itself, and previous to any existence as a special soul], despising the things which we now say are, and looking up to that which really is”;² for while the divine mind contemplates only real existence and the actual truth of things, the human soul, sequestered as it is under the veil of wildness in the darkness of the tabernacle, in the short-sightedness of weak intellectual vision, and in the half-delusive purblindness of sense-perception, is, on all sides, limited, baffled, deceived, confused, and confounded, by mere appearances and illusions, and still more, by the fantasies of its own creation. Not, by any means, that it is impossible for the human mind, by pursuing in a scientific manner either the dialectic method of pure metaphysics, or the experimental, inductive, and interpretative method of physical science — by travelling either road — to compass, at length, “the order, operation, and Mind of Nature,” and to arrive, at last, at a scientific knowledge of the actual constitution of the universe and of the order of divine Providence in it, in a sound and true philosophy, which shall amount to universal science, or Sapience. But in this the inductive method must be understood in Bacon’s way ; for, with him, it was not any form of syllogism, nor any system of logic, nor any mere experimentation, observation, or experience of isolated and heterogeneous facts, with endless descriptions and catalogues, but a method for the actual interpretation of nature, using both the senses and the intellect, by the help of which the observer should get to see the facts, whether by the senses, instruments, experi-

¹ *Meno, Works* (Bohn), III. 20.

² *Phaedrus, Works* (Bohn), I. 325.

ments, analyses, scopes, or in any other way, and then should be enabled to read, conceive, understand, comprehend, and know, what they are, and what they mean; in which he would have need of the faculty of intellectual vision and metaphysical insight, if he would expect to become a true Interpreter of Nature. He takes especial care to make the distinction everywhere between nature considered in reference to the human observer, and nature in reference to the divine mind creating nature:—

“There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating Nature”;—

and he cautions the student against “that grand deception of the senses, in that they draw the lines of nature with reference to man and not with reference to the universe; and this is not to be corrected except by reason and universal philosophy.”¹

But in either way, illusions must be distinguished from realities, appearance from essence, sophism from logical thinking, truth from falsehood, external fact and eternal truth from the visionary creations of the uncritical fancy, until the intellectual eye shall come to see all science correctly, or until the eye of science and sense-perception, by thorough and complete observation, searching matter and phenomena to the bottom, shall come to see all the difference between reality and appearance, cause and effect, living substance and dead substratum (the last illusion that will vanish), and arrive at last by that road at a true knowledge of “the last and positive power and cause of nature,” that self-existent and uncaused power that creates the whole and is all in all; when these physical eyes shall discover that they have been, or can be, nothing more than helps to the intellectual vision, which alone can clearly see, with Plato, that “all existences are nothing else but power,” and power of the nature wholly of that power of thought, or

¹ *Works* (Boston), VIII. 283.

soul, which moves itself, and imparts an everflowing existence, thinking a universe.

And here it is, upon this common platform, that the two roads meet. Royal Societies and National Institutes are beginning to find, after some centuries of busy search and experimentation, that there is nothing left of matter but "laws and forces"; that these are mathematical; and that the great powers in nature are but "exponents of different forms of force," or modes of power: wherein the swelling waters of our sea of science begin to approach the same level to which they had risen in Plato, with a fair prospect that they may finally reach, with Bacon, the spring-head and fountain source of all philosophy. For physicists and metaphysicians are like two ships' companies sailing on a great circle around Bacon's Intellectual Globe, starting off in opposite directions, but sure to meet at the antipodes in one and the same land of promise, when

"The wheel is come full circle." — *Lear, Act V. Sc. 3.*

Nor did either Bacon, or Plato, imagine it was possible for all men, by either method of procedure, to attain to a complete understanding of all science, much less to a perfect knowledge of God and divine things. "A matter of that kind," says Plato, "cannot be expressed by words, like other things to be learnt, but by a living intercourse with the subject, and living with it a light is kindled on a sudden, as if from a leaping fire, and being engendered in the soul, feeds itself upon itself."¹ No more would Bacon repeat the offence of Prometheus against Minerva, and incur danger of the penalty of a perpetual gnawing of his liver, — being no other, says he, than "that into which men not unfrequently fall when puffed up with arts and much knowledge, — of trying to bring the divine wisdom itself under the dominion of sense and reason: from which at-

¹ Epistle to Dionysius, *Works* (Bohn), VII. 524.

tempt inevitably follows laceration of the mind and vexation without end or rest.”¹

At any rate, the statement of Bacon would seem to admit of a construction something like this: that previous to the first appearance of the soul in a finite body and form, (at whatever precise point in the flow of the physical stream, that may take place,) it was identical with the infinite soul itself, and, as such, possessed of all knowledge: in other words, the finite soul is a special exhibition of the one divine power of thought itself, invested for the time being in a visible physical body, or as it may very well be, also, hereafter, in a spiritual or ethereal invisible physical body, and limited in that manner on the physical side so far only as to give the exact objective individuality of body, and in a special way on the side of its own origin, and in such manner as to give the exact subjective speciality, — “soul and body compounded”; the definite personality arising in the concurrence of the two kinds of limitation. Then, as to the divine power of thought itself (for, says Bacon, speaking of this power, “knowledge is a power whereby he knoweth”), remembrance would be co-extensive with the existent creation and identical with knowledge in God; and ceasing to remember and know would be oblivion, or annihilation of what was so forgotten. And so, likewise, says Plato, “do we not call this oblivion, Simmias, the loss of knowledge?”² What the finite mind could remember and know would be its own creations and acquired knowledge, whether it were acquired by the dialectics of scientific thinking, or by observation and experience; and so, what the human mind can come to know, would be, for the man himself, acquired knowledge, though, when speaking in relation to the universal soul, it might be called a kind of reminiscence. So far, then, as human knowledge may go, it may be called knowledge, or reminiscence, as

¹ *Prometheus*, *Works* (Boston), XIII. 155.

² *Phædon*, *Works* (Bohn), I. 77.

we speak with reference to the one mind or the other. All knowledge is, and must be, in remembrance. Beyond this extent of human knowledge, all is oblivion, and as if it were not, for the finite man; and beyond the whole present state of the divine thought, which is the existent universe, and beyond the eternal continuity of the divine Existence and his power to think and create, all is oblivion and utter nonentity. "It is an effect of one and the same omnipotency," says Bacon, "to make nothing of somewhat as to make somewhat of nothing"; that is, to think something into existence which did not exist before as such thing, or to let it vanish again into oblivion, according to the "twin propositions: nothing is produced from nothing, and nothing is reduced to nothing." But in this, we must all the while keep in view the essence, the very substance, of the thing, and not merely the temporary form: the substance is withdrawn, and the form vanishes.

The acquiring of knowledge, then, in man, is not exactly a process of reminiscence or recollection of what he ever knew before as a special soul: more strictly, for him, it is a process of getting to see, understand, and know, so far, what is remembered, thought, and done, in the divine mind; and, if possible, that he himself exists, and how, and that God and the universe exist, and in what manner; all which, by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body, has been very much sequestered. As to the finite mind, its own remembered creations constitute a part of its knowledge, and they are created in that same blank region of All Possibility, in which the universe itself is created, and its forgettings are added to that same dark blank of oblivion into which all forgotten things go, and which the ancients endeavored to figure to their imaginations under the form of that boundless shadow, the brooding wing of Night.

That something like this was Bacon's conception of the nature of remembrance and oblivion, is evident in numer-

ous passages in his writings. Here is one : — “ Solomon saith, *There is no new thing upon the earth.* So that as Plato had an imagination, *That all knowledge was but remembrance,* so Solomon giveth this sentence, *That all novelty is but oblivion.* Whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below.” He cites further the opinion of “ an abstruse astrologer,” that “ if it were not for two things that are constant (the one is, that the fixed stars ever stand, and never come nearer together, nor go farther asunder ; the other, that the diurnal motion perpetually keeps time), no individual would last one moment ” ; and, he adds, “ certain it is that the matter is in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay.” In the Pythagorean doctrine of *Palingenesia*, souls went from one body into another, first having drunk of the water of Lethe, — “ *epotâ prius Lethes undâ.*”

This same Lethæan doctrine of strangeness, darkness, and oblivion appears very often in the plays also. The ghost coming up from below, where the river of Lethe runs under ground, says to Hamlet : —

“ I find thee apt ;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this : now Hamlet, hear.”
Act I. Sc. 5.

And this saying of Solomon may be traced in the following lines from the Sonnets : —

“ If there be nothing new, but that which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguill'd,
Which laboring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child ? ” — Son. lix.

And again, in these : —

“ No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.”
Son. cxxiii.

The strangeness as well as the darkness of the tabernacle seems to have been borrowed from Plato, who says, "what is strange is the result of ignorance in the case of all"; and the play repeats it thus:—

"*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog."—*Twelfth Night, Act IV. Sc. 2.*

And the forest home of Belarius's boys was to them

"A cell of ignorance."

And this same doctrine of novelty and oblivion underlies, no less subtly, these passages from the "Measure for Measure":—

"*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. [*In disguise.*] None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

"*Duke.* [*In person.*] O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it, To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion."—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

Again, it appears thus:—

"Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist,
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd."

Son. cxxii.

It must have suggested the imagery of these lines:—

"When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty States characterless are grated
To dusty nothing."—*Tro. and Cr., Act III. Sc. 2.*

And the careful student will discover numerous and very significant traces of this strangeness and darkness of ig-

Who in his circumstance expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,) Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in th' applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, and renders back
His figure and his heat." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

"It is an excellent invention," says Bacon, expounding the fable of Pan, "that Pan, or the world, is said to make choice of Echo only above all other speeches or voices for his wife; for that alone is true philosophy which doth faithfully render the very words of the world; and it is written no otherwise than the world doth dictate, it being nothing else but the image and reflection thereof, not adding anything of its own, but only iterates and resounds"; — [*Iterat et resonat*"] — which may just as well be translated *renders back* and *reverberates*. And this subtle doctrine of reverberation and echo, as well as the marriage of the mind to the universe, must needs go into the piece, though the verse should halt for it. Again Ulysses continues: —

"*Ulys.* A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man — how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

After this touch of sequestration, strangeness, marriage of the mind to things, or of Pan to Echo, and this reverberation and reflection of the world's image, he proceeds to fold up and veil, "as with a drawn curtain," his doctrine of oblivion, thus : —

Achil. What! are my deeds forgot?
Ulys. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, —

A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

And the discourse winds up thus : —

"For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the new comer." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

And again, thus : —

"*Agam.* Understand more clear,
 What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks
 And formless ruin of oblivion." — *Act IV. Sc. 5.*

The verdict of the Shakespeare Society upon the whole traditional biography of William Shakespeare is, that he was a jovial actor and manager, not much differing from other actors and managers. "I cannot marry this fact to his verse," says the learned critic and philosopher. No; nor anybody else. This marriage of mind to the universe, this deep river of Lethe, running as well above ground as below, this perpetual flux of remembrance and oblivion, in which all that appears is like the foam on the roaring waterfall, every instant born, and every instant dead, living only in the flow, — these subtle riddles running underneath the two writings, — will marry to nothing but the truth of Nature, or to the prose and verse of Francis Bacon : —

"Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast."

§ 10. MIRACLES AND IMMORTALITY.

With the skill of a god to conceal what it may be the glory of a king to find out, and with infinite art and beauty, the deep-seeing genius of Goethe endeavors to shadow forth the manner in which the myths of tradition have

grown into miracles of divine revelation ; and, at the same time, by sounding through the latest depths of science, to exhibit all Nature as no less than miraculous. With the aid of science and the keys of Kant, more potent than the keys of St. Peter, he was able to unlock and explore the inner secrets of the universe, and to attain to that "wit of elevation situate as upon a cliff," where Plato, Bacon, Leibnitz, Berkeley, and the like of them, had stood more or less clearly before him, upon that "topmost summit" which affords "room only for a single person"¹ in an age, and

"Where one but goes abreast."

In like manner, Bacon has much to say of this uppermost height and narrow strait:—

"Is there any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have the prospect of the order of nature and the errors of men?"

And again he says: "Science rightly interpreted is a knowledge of things through their causes"; and that knowledge, he continues, "constantly expands and by gradual and successive concatenation rises, as it were, to the very loftiest parts of nature"; but "the man, who, in the very outset of his inquiries, lays firm hold of certain fixed principles in the science, and with immovable reliance upon them, disentangles (as he will with little effort) what he handles, if he advances steadily onward, not flinching out of excess either of self-confidence, or of self-distrust, from the object of his pursuit,"—if he has but courage and seeking faints not,—may "mount gradually" and "climb by regular succession the height of things like so many tops of mountains." Lear's philosopher standing on the top of this same high cliff, and looking into the abysmal depths below, exclaims:—

"How fearful,
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low."

¹ Carlyle's *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, ch. xiv.

And the blind Gloucester, after the fearful leap had been taken, though "ten masts at each" made not "the altitude" which he "perpendicularly fell," was yet not clearly certain whether he had "fallen or no"; but one thing he did certainly know, the fiend was gone:—

"Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honour
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee."

And so he learned the lesson:—

"I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough'! and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 't would say,
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that place,"—

Act IV. Sc. 6.

that height above the confusion of things, whence the fall is so deep, perpendicularly down, to him, who shall be too blind to see and keep his step, or be unable to distinguish a man from a visionary personification of evil; or who has no way, and therefore wants no eyes, having stumbled when he saw; but to the open eyes of the wise man and the seer, it is the clear safe sunshine of the empyrean, and the highest happiness of a human soul, wherein men's impossibilities become divine possibilities: that is to say, if he shall, with Bacon, deeply study and "intently observe the appetences of matter and the most universal passions, which are in either globe exceeding potent, and transverberate the universal nature of things, he shall receive clear information concerning celestial matters from the things seen here with us";¹ as when the veil of wildness was lifted from Prince Hal as he became more and more crescive in his faculty, and (as King Henry V.) became "a true lover of the Holy Church," and

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

¹ *Works* (Mont.), XVI., Note 22.

Leaving his body as a paradise
 T' envelop and contain celestial spirits."

Henry V. Act I. Sc. 1.

And he must proceed upon those physical reasons "which make inquiry into the universal appetites and passions of matter, and the simple and genuine motions of bodies. For upon these wings we ascend most safely to these celestial material substances."¹ In short, he must be able not only to see through this globe, but even to penetrate "the globe above."² It was just so, in the "Lear":—

Old Man. Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

Glos. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
 I stumbled when I saw.³ Full oft 't is seen,
 Our means secure us; and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities.

Edg. Bless thee, master!

Glos. Is that the naked fellow?

Old M. Ay, my lord.

Glos. Then, pry'thee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
 Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
 I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,
 Whom I 'll entreat to lead me. . . .
 Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plagues
 Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
 Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
 Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
 So distribution shall undo excess,
 And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glos. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
 Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
 With something rich about me: from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
 Poor Tom shall lead thee."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

¹ *Works* (Boston), VIII. 497.

² *Speech, Works* (Phil.), II. 274.

³ *Soph. Antigone*, 1341-3; *Ed. Tyrannus*, 1334-5.

This Gloster is on the road that conducts the traveller "to places precipitous and impassable"; but once arrived at the brink of the precipice, he will need no further leading from fiend or philosopher; for, at that point, a man shall rise, or fall, by his own weight in the universal scheme of things. And when he has ceased to swear by devil, or by demigod, he will be ready to exclaim, with Gloster: —

"O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce." — *Act IV. Sc. 6.*

For, this height is "above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errours and wanderings of the present and former times. Yea, in some cliff, it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divination of times to come." Surely, this Lear was written by a man, who was, as Bacon says of Solomon, "truly one of those clearest burning lamps, whereof himself speaketh, in another place, when he saith, *The spirit of man is as the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth all inwardness.*" Heming and Condell say, in the Preface to the Folio, speaking for the author, that they would "leave you to others of his friends, whom, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others." Doubtless the writer of this well knew, that there was a height of human culture, from which the reader would "no leading need," — being himself one of those

"clearest gods, who make them honour
Of men's impossibilities."

And it is further not improbable that Gloster's idea of precipitating himself over the cliff of Dover was partly suggested by the story, which Bacon relates in his "Experiment Solitary touching flying in the Air," thus: "It is reported that amongst the Leucadians, in ancient time, upon a superstition, they did use to precipitate a man from a high cliff into the sea; tying about him with strings, at

some distance, many fowls ; and fixing unto his body divers feathers, spread, to break the fall.”¹

Again, says the Essay on Death : “ The soul, having *shaken off her flesh*, doth then set up for herself, and contemning things that are under, shows what Finger hath enforced her.” This rather singular metaphorical use of the word *finger* makes its appearance again in the Cymbeline, thus : —

“ *Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace.*” — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

And Hamlet, considering of the subject, very much after the manner of both Plato and Bacon, soliloquizes thus : —

“ To be, or not to be ; that is the question : —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? — To die : — to sleep, —
No more : and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep : —
To sleep ! perchance to dream : — ay, there 's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have *shuffled off this mortal coil*,
Must give us pause.” — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

And when he comes to his sudden end, which Horatio announces “ to the yet unknowing world ” as an upshot —

“ Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads,” —

his last words are, —

“ The rest is silence.”

Thus ended the pause ; and in such manner as to leave room for doubt, whether his final conclusion may not have been something like that of the Socratic poet, Euripides, when he says : —

¹ *Natural History*, § 886.

"The souls of dying men indeed live not,
But surely have immortal knowledge all,
Into th' immortal ether falling:" — *Helene*, 1014-6.

or, as in Clarence's dream, —

"but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air."

. *Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 4.

or, as again, in the "Measure for Measure," thus: —

Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Clau. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be, worse than worst,
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine, howling! — 't is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death." — *Act III.* Sc. 1.

But silence is not necessarily death for the soul. That the soul may still live, after the dissolution of the body, on the soundest logical and scientific principles, must be considered as metaphysically possible; but if so, necessarily in time and space, and therefore necessarily under some form of its own, with or without a bodily investment, however thin and ethereal it may be, and in some place where-soever in the boundless universe of God. And it must have continuity in time, which may have an end, or be eternal. But identity with the infinite soul must be the extinction and end of the finite soul. The indestructibility of the fundamental essence of the soul is one thing; that of the finite soul, as such, is quite another thing. In view of the entire course of Providence, as it may be gathered from the

scientific history of the past and present universe, sacred scriptures, all the records of tradition, and what little we can read

“In Nature’s infinite book of secrecy,” —

or in “the infinite and secret operations of Nature,” according to Bacon’s “Cogitations concerning Human Knowledge,” — on all that we can get to see and know of the ends of Providence in the universal order, and according to what we are able to discover and understand and comprehend of the total plan and probable continuation thereof in the future purposes of the Creator, we may believe with Plato, Jesus, Paul, Cicero, Boëthius, Bacon, and many others of the most learned and wise, greatest and best, and most divine men of all ages, that the immortality, that is, the eternal continuity of the soul, in time, is in the highest degree probable; but for the fact, whether any given soul will be thus immortal or not, — that must, from the very nature of the thing, rest in the divine will of the Eternal Father, in the future course of his providence. Therefore must it be forever impossible to be foreknown to God, or revealed to man, for certain fact. And whether any finite soul will be continued in that eternally continuing providence as a fit part of the divine plan, — whether it will be saved or lost, remembered or forgotten, — may depend, at last, very much on the fact, when the time shall come, or indeed at any time, whether such soul be worth remembering and saving, or not: —

“How would you be

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are? O, think on that!”

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.

From this same elevation, Goethe’s wanderer in the mountains descends all at once into a microscopic community of common human affairs; or sees, in a sort of magical perspective, a world of transactions in a small box; or looks across a vast chasm, and beholds a fellow-being so

far removed, that communication would seem to be, as it were, between two souls in different worlds,

"Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye."

3 Hen. VI., Act III. Sc. 2.

So intent, for the moment, was this wanderer on his dear object, that he was just on the point of jumping sheer over the gulf between, when a wiser companion, seizing him by the skirts of conscience, drew him back. Macbeth, looking another way, hesitated and considered, —

"that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come." — *Act I. Sc. 7.*

With Goethe as with Bacon, raised upon this high cliff, all the miracles of tradition, verbal or written, sink into painted walls and tapestries for the edification of children of the mountains, with their new Joseph and Virgin Mary, in comparison with the boundless miracle of the actual universe, that lay an "open secret" to them, though for the most part invisible to the eyes of men in general. Says Bacon: "I had rather believe all the fables of the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it."¹ But, he continues again, there were some also that stayed not here; but went further, and held that if the spirit of man, whom they call the microcosm, do give a fit touch to the spirit of the world, by strong imaginations and beliefs, it might command nature; for Paracelsus and some darksome authors of magic do ascribe to imagination exalted, the power of miracle-working faith. With these vast and bottomless follies men have been in part entertained." Yea; and so they still are, vastly, and

¹ *Nat. Hist., Works (Mont.), IV. 488.*

In many respects most perniciously entertained; for the truth is, as Bacon declares in his *Sacred Meditations*, thus: "Now every miracle is a new creation, and not according to the first creation"; and he says, again, "as for the narrations touching the prodigies and miracles of religions, they are either not true, or not natural; and therefore, impertinent for the story of nature." Very like was the opinion of Von Hardenberg, that "miracles, as contradictions of Nature, are amathematical. But there are no miracles in that sense. What we so term is intelligible precisely by means of mathematics; for nothing is miraculous to mathematics"; — that is, to the science of the laws of creative thought. So Bacon says, again, "that kings ruled by their laws, as God did by the laws of nature, and ought rarely to put in use their supreme prerogative, as God doth his power of working miracles."¹ Nothing but the power of Heaven could command nature; as when King Henry's conscience

— "first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, in certain speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayonne," —

and the question, whether his daughter were legitimate, entered the region of his heart "with a splitting power," he is made to say, —

"First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead." — *Hen. VIII., Act II. Sc. 4.*

Nevertheless, Bacon's elevation to the woolsack was, in the style of popular eloquence, at that day, as seen in his speeches, "the immediate work of God" and the King, and "their actions were no ordinary effects, but extraordinary miracles;" and the plays adopt the same style: "Exceeding miracles!" — "A most most high miracle!" — though

¹ *Adv. of Learn., Book II.*

even a Bishop ventures to say, in the play, "miracles are ceased." And the idea seems to have become so common and popular as to get into the comedy of "All's Well that Ends Well," thus:—

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right as 't were a man assur'd of a—

Laf. Uncertain life and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in—
What do you call these?—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange; that is the brief and tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven."—*Act II. Sc. 3.*

And as early as 1594, we find the philosopher writing a Masque for the Christmas Revels of Gray's Inn, in which he makes the second counsellor, "advising the study of philosophy," address himself to the Prince of Purpoole in these words:—

"Thus, when your Excellency shall have added depth of knowledge to the fineness of your spirits and greatness of your power,—

["Or those that with the fineness of their souls

By reason guide his execution."—*Tro. and Cres., Act I. Sc. 3.*]

then indeed shall you be a Trismegistus; and then when all other miracles and wonders shall cease by reason that you shall have discovered their natural causes, yourself shall be left the only miracle and wonder of the world."

The fault still is, not so much in inflating plain things into marvels, or in making modern and familiar, things that are supernatural and causeless, as in attempting to conceive of things both natural and supernatural, not only as not naturally caused at all, but as supernaturally caused in a sense contradictory to all reason, the known laws of thought, the very nature of things, and what we know of the divine nature and the order of divine providence in the universe; as for instance, considerable question is made, as well by men of science as theologians, of what is called the Development Theory as against various theological theories of the Six Days Works: whereas the true theory might be better stated thus: The whole is, visibly, to the eye of the philosopher, a compound order of development, evolution, and new creation, in radiated linear branching descent, in directions in time from centre to circumference, on which is the distribution in space at a spheroidal right angle to a universal radius, in zöological provinces, which are ever carried forward on the line of lapsing time over changing surfaces in space, with successive evolution and continuous new creation of artistic type of form in the continuous destruction and extinction of old types of form (individuals, species, genera), giving, coördinated always in time and space (which, we must remember, are merely laws of thought creative or destructive), in variable succession of creative progression and destructive retrogression, under perpetual geological oscillation and almost constant change of physical condition, under the laws of physics (also those same laws of thought creative or destructive) — sea, shore, and land; water, air, earth, and tree; hot, tropical, temperate, and cold; — first, the fundamental unity of type in the primordial cell, and thence the kingdom, sub-kingdoms, branches, classes, orders, families, genera, species, individuals, — unity and difference, — according to the Transcendental Architectonic of the Divine Idea; at once, a natural and a supernatural order, the two

being so far one and identical ; for it is a work of thought in the order of "immortal providence." And so of the vegetable kingdom, and indeed of all forms of matter, down to the last atoms of the atomic theories ; and thence further on, with the metaphysician and philosopher, who is able to see through physics into metaphysics, quite through the last forms and modes of substance, — light, heat, electricities, motions, powers, — into the totality of all substance as the Divine Power of Thought itself in activity by the necessary fact of existence, artistically thinking, creating, the universe ; and who is able to grasp all that, reducing at once the greatest of all marvels to a plain thing. And so, whether the phenomena of creation be to be called natural and caused, or supernatural and causeless, depends mainly on this : whether we look at it from the physical or the metaphysical side, and with the natural or supernatural eye. In reality, it is all the same thing in either case ; — "a natural perspective that is, and is not";¹ — or like "perspectives that show things inward when they are but paintings";¹ except that the whole materialism of *dead substratum*, and a great deal of the old theological fog and mere moonshine, should be cleared at once from our minds and swept sheer off into oblivion, whither it is fast going, and there an end of it ; for, "as the poet said of the creation of the world," according to Bacon's speech : "*Materiam noli quærere, nulla fuit.*"

This dark cloud of superstition may never be entirely swept away. It is as old as the human race ; and, in various changing shapes, it has hung over mankind like an incurable incubus, laden for the most part with awful terrors and diabolical horrors, and with severe but perhaps necessary discipline, for the poor children of men. And it seems destined to be as perpetual as that dismal cloud-belt that perennially overhangs the equatorial ocean. But the skilful navigator, if he cannot disperse the cloud, may yet

¹ *Nat. Hist.*

escape from underneath its dark and tearful shadow. He will inevitably sleep in equatorial dead calms, or dance his weary life out in the lugubrious doldrums of the Horse-Latitudes, if he do not. Happier winds may take him more prosperously on his life-voyage, if he can but reach them; and, if he can also keep clear of the Arctic night of unmetaphysical physics and orthodox theology, he may have temperate sailing, on an endless parallel, in the eternal radiance of the true Pole-star of the universe; but otherwise, never.

Nor need there be any fear of anything being done, in the entire universe, without a cause; nor that all mankind will adopt the phrenologico-biology and perpetual-motion machine theories of M. Auguste Comte, Harriet Martineau, and George Henry Lewes, nor the childish vagaries of dreamy spiritual rappers; at least, until all shall have sunk into that degree of intellectual stupidity, or superstitious folly, wherein the knowledge of causes, the true nature of cause, and the mode of that thing which is uncaused, is completely ignored, and all attempt to know it summarily renounced. On the contrary, a very large portion of mankind may be presumed to be still capable of appreciating what Bacon made the first and foremost article of his plan of Solomon's House, or a College of the Universal Science, thus:—"The End of our Foundation is the knowledge of Causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging the bounds of Human Empire to the effecting all things possible"; or, as he says, again, the true end of knowledge "is a discovery of all operations and possibilities of operations from immortality (if that were possible) to the meanest mechanical practice."¹ He well knew, that "in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause." There were

¹ *Valerius Terminus.*

also to be in this Solomon's House, "houses of deceits of the senses ; where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions ; and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe that we that have so many things truly natural, which induce admiration, could, in a world of particulars, deceive the senses, if we could disguise those things, and labor to make them seem more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures and lies. These are, my son, the riches of Solomon's House." ¹

¹ *New Atlantis.*

CHAPTER VII

SPIRITUAL ILLUMINATION.

Περὶ τὸν πάντων Βασιλέα πάντ' εἰς, καὶ ἐκείνου ἕνεκα πάντα, καὶ ἐκεῖνο αἷτιον πάντων τῶν καλῶν. — Concerning the King of all, all things are, and for his sake are all things, and he is the cause of all the beautiful.—*Plato's Epist. II. to Dionysius.*

"The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit." — *Bacon's Essay of Truth.*

§ 1. THE TRUE RELIGION.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT, setting out upon an investigation into the origin and progress of all religions, with a purpose of showing that Christianity was only one of the many superstitions of the world's history, becomes himself convinced that there is such a thing as religion in itself, resting on an eternal foundation of divine truth, and recognized more or less distinctly in all phases of human experience, and in all forms of human society, from the lowest barbarisms up to the highest degree of civilization; and Goethe, no less learned in historical criticism, and perhaps a still deeper philosopher, finds that there are at least "three Reverences" and "one true Religion," which stand upon such eternal foundation. Morell, writing a philosophy of religion, finds, also, that all religious opinion and belief must come to man through his own reason only; and that there can be no revelation to men of things altogether above their comprehension. These and many other learned writers and scholars, both ancient and modern, take religion to be something universal and necessary, founded in the very nature and constitution of the soul of man,

ley, Penn, Cranmer, Luther, St. Augustine, St. Paul, St. Peter, or even of Jesus of Nazareth, nor the decree of any Church council, but rather the true religion of holy men. It is not exactly philosophy; but it presumes a true philosophy of the universe to be already established in the mind of the true believer. Christianity would seem to proclaim the fact by authority of miracle, all the miracles of the universe, no less than some few, and the universal revelation therein, that God, the creator and preserver of all created things, reigns in and over all His universe, judges the quick and the dead, and raises, if He will, the soul to life, light, and immortality. Philosophy unfolds the past and present order of His providence in the known and knowable universe of fact and truth, and endeavors to explain, as far as man can comprehend, how it is possible for God and Nature and Man to exist as they have existed, and do in fact exist, and in what manner, and how it is conceivable and credible that He can create and destroy, remember and forget, govern, judge, and make souls immortal. Christianity is religious culture and worship: philosophy is the science of sciences, the Universal Science. Philosophy is to Christianity what Plato was to Jesus Christ. There must be a Plato before there can be a Jesus, and a philosophy before there can be a Christianity. Every man's Christianity will be according to his philosophy, whether he knows it or not. And when he has advanced his philosophy and his Christianity together to a knowledge of God and His providence in the universe, he will be sure to find them one, — but two names for "the same thing more large." Religion is the live worship of the living God. "It is not without cause," says Bacon, "that the Apostle calls Religion the Rational Worship of God;"¹ and again he says, "As to seek divinity in philosophy is to seek the living amongst the dead, so to seek phi-

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, Lib. IX.

osophy in divinity is to seek the dead amongst the living": —

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 2.

He was one of the men, or rather the man of that age, for whom "this approaching and intruding into God's secrets and mysteries" had no terrors; nor, as it is even now with some, was he "unjustly jealous that every reach and depth of knowledge, wherewith their conceits have not been acquainted, should be too high an elevation of man's wit, and a searching and ravelling too far into God's secrets"; on the contrary, his spirit was rather that of Lear in the play: —

"Lear. So we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news; and we 'll talk with them too, —
Who loses and who wins; who 's in, who 's out; —
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon." — *Act V. Sc. 3.*

But, in a Latin fragment, never printed until lately, he takes care to distinguish the true limits of sobriety in the approach of sense-perception merely to things divine; "for if we attempt an impudent flight, on the ill-glued wings of sense, as if audaciously to explore more nearly the nature, ways, will, rule, and other mysteries of God, certain downfall awaits us. The summary law of Nature, which is like the vertical point of the Pyramid, in which all things come together into unity, — this, I say, and nothing else, is withdrawn from the human intellect . . . Nor let any one fear that the Faith can be more diametrically opposed by Sense than by what is now believed by virtue of divine inspiration ["*afflatus*"]; such as the creation of the world out of nothing; the incarnation of God; the resurrection of the body. But for me it is perfectly clear, that Natural

Philosophy, which is (next after the word of God) the most certain remedy for superstition, is also (what may seem wonderful) the most approved aliment of faith; and the more deeply it penetrates, the more profoundly is the human mind imbued with religion."¹

Allusion is frequently made in the plays to the ebb and flow of the sea and the action of the moon; this was a new theory of the tides, at that day, and Bacon had particularly studied the subject; and he wrote a treatise "Of the Ebb and Flow of the Sea," in which the action of the moon is curiously discussed, and the doctrine laid down very much as in the play: —

"*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon." — *1 Hen. IV., Act I. Sc. 2.*

Having lived in a world-prison, taking all knowledge for his province, from the beginning, when walled prisons were not far off, he was fully aware of the dangers which a philosophical writer had to incur from these same "packs and sects of great ones." They appear to have infested all ages: Anaxagoras had to flee from them; they made Socrates drink hemlock, and sold Plato into slavery; Aristotle had to escape through a back door into Thessaly; Jesus was crucified, Bruno burnt, Ramus massacred, and Campanella tortured; John Selden had to apologize, and Des Cartes, to hide his book; Spinoza was terribly excommunicated, and Locke banished; Kant had to stalk, Fichte, to resign, and even Cousin, to take refuge in Germany. Bacon, remembering that one of the uses of poetry was "to retire and obscure what is taught or delivered," and that "the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, and philosophy" might be involved in fables, chose a more cunning way, and got safely through by wearing a mask. But the Great Instauration itself, strictly scientific in character, and steering as clear as possible of any direct conflict with them, and full of paren-

¹ *Cogitationes, Works* (Boston), V. 435.

thetical savings of the established theologies, even though it flew too high over men's heads in general to be understood by them, drew down on him some animadversion from the current orthodoxies ; so much so, that his friend, Mr. Tobie Matthew, deemed it worth while to give him an early caution on that head ; to which Bacon replied : " For your caution of churchmen and church matters, as for any impediment it may be to the applause and celebrity of my work, it moveth me not. . . . But the truth is, that I at all have no occasion to meet them in any way, except it be as they will needs confederate with Aristotle, who, you know, is intemperately magnified by the schoolmen. . . . Nay, it doth more fully lay open, that the question between me and the ancient is not of the virtue of the race, but of the rightness of the way. And to speak truth, it is to the other but as *Palma* to *Pugnus*, part of the same thing more large." ¹ In the *Advancement*, he gives a general view of his scheme of all knowledge, which he divides into Divinity and Philosophy. By Divinity, he appears to have understood, or at least to have included in it, " Inspired Theology," or the revealed religion of the Bible : it might not have been safe for him altogether to have omitted it, at that day. This department of inquiry, however, he places beyond the pale of philosophy, and being thus summarily disposed of, it no longer disturbs his philosophical investigations. In the *Novum Organum*, he ventures to say, that the corruption of philosophy, by the mixing of it up with superstition and theology, is of a much wider extent, and is most injurious to it, both as a whole and in its parts. . . . Against it, we must use the greatest caution ; for the apotheosis of error is the greatest evil of all, and when folly is worshipped, it is, as it were, a plague-spot upon the understanding. Yet some of the moderns have indulged this folly, with such consummate inconsiderateness, that they have endeavored to build a system of natural philos-

¹ Letter to Matthew.

ophy on the first chapter of Genesis, the book of Job, and other parts of Scripture, seeking thus "the dead amongst the living." He is considering the Scriptures here, in the popular way, as the source of that living divinity, compared with which philosophy is, as it were, dead science. Doubtless if he had written in another age, or even in this, though to a wide extent still, the authority of Prophets, Law-givers, Kings, Messiahs, Apostles, Teachers and Workers of Miracles, and even the very letter and text of what they said, or wrote, the old poetic genesis of creation, books of ancient Law, Histories, Chronicles, Prophecies, Proverbs, Lamentations, Songs, Psalms, Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, in prose and verse, in Hebrew and Greek, are allowed to have more weight, and are more devoutly revered, than living divinity itself, —

"and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words," — *Ham., Act III. Sc. 4.*

he would have reversed the order of the expression, without changing his own meaning, and said, *seeking thus the living amongst the dead!* But "to turn religion into a comedy or satire . . . is a thing far from the devout reverence of a Christian"; and so long as "the church *is situate as it were upon a hill*, no man maketh question of it, or seeketh to depart from it"; but "*there be as well schismatical fashions as opinions*," and some appropriate "to themselves the names of zealous, sincere, and reformed; as if all others were cold minglers of holy things and profane, and friends of abuses. Yea, be a man endued with great virtues and fruitful in good works, yet if he concur not with them, they term him (in derogation) a civil and moral man, and compare him to Socrates or some heathen philosopher: whereas the wisdom of the Scriptures teacheth us contrariwise to judge and denominate men according to their works of the second table; because they of the first are often counterfeited and practised in hypocrisy. . . . And St. James saith,

This is true religion, to visit the fatherless and the widow, etc. So as that which is with them but philosophical and moral, is, in the phrase of the Apostle, *true religion* and Christianity.”¹ Indeed, when it is considered with what desperate pertinacity and dire perversion of all reason and sense the modern mind still persists in looking for living light only in the dead works of past history, taking old phosphorescent gleams for the veritable divine fire of the universe, one might almost be persuaded it would be a thing scarcely to be regretted, if a certain African Society of London should actually succeed in carrying the Bible into Africa.

In what is expressed in his writings concerning the revealed religion of Biblical theology, it appears that his views were of a liberal, comprehensive, and elevated character. The Prayers and Confession of Faith, which he put in writing, exhibit a sublime conception of the Divine Nature, the subtlest metaphysical theism, and a profound reverence for divine things. Nowhere does he descend to the level of a narrow bigotry, a contracted dogma, or any childish superstition. On the one hand, distinguishing “the faith” from science, he handed it over to the ministers of inspired theology: while on the other, he took care that God and religion should not by his aid be narrowed down to the set formula of any established church, dwarfed into the compass of any extant orthodox reason, nor circumscribed within the limits of any present state of knowledge. “Out of the contemplation of nature, or ground of human knowledge, to induce any verity or persuasion concerning the points of faith,” was, in his judgment, “not safe;” nor ought we to attempt to draw down or submit the mysteries of God to our reason; but, contrariwise, to raise and advance our reason to the divine truth.”² And so, also, “in the true inquisition of nature, men should accustom them-

¹ *Controversies of the Church*, I. Spedd. *Letters and Life*, 80-91.

² *Adv. of Learn., Works* (Mont.), II., 129.

selves by the light of particulars to enlarge their minds to the amplitude of the world, and not reduce the world to the narrowness of their minds.”¹ On the contrary, the interpreter of nature rising from particulars and expanding his mind to the breadth of the universal world, and the human reason, searching into the mysteries of the Divine Being by the light of faith, and, with sapience, advancing to the full comprehension thereof, must both at length arrive at the same spring-head and fountain of all science, and find themselves standing together, at last, upon the same universal platform.

In philosophy, he considered that “the contemplations of man do either penetrate unto God, or are circumfered in nature, or are reflected and reverted upon himself”; whence he divided knowledge into three kinds; first, Divine Philosophy or Natural Theology; second, Natural Philosophy, including Metaphysics; and third, Human Philosophy or Humanity, including all that pertains to the mind and the practical life of man. But over and above all, he thought “it was good to erect and constitute one universal science, by the name of *Philosophia Prima*, or Summary Philosophy, or as he sometimes calls it, Philosophy itself. The grounds and scope of this Summary Philosophy are merely indicated, rather than systematically and at large expounded in his works. Enough, however, appears, to show that he comprehended it in the full depth, breadth, and significance of a universal philosophy; and it was nothing less than realism and idealism all in one, — an identity-philosophy. The fundamental difference between cause and effect, substance and phenomena, being and appearance, universals and particulars, degrees and differences, unity and variety, he draws as clearly and in almost the same language as the best of the moderns. “Logic,” says he, “considereth of many things as they are in notion, and this philosophy as they are in nature; the one in appearance, the other in

¹ *Nat. Hist.*, § 290.

existence"; but he had found this difference "better made than pursued."¹ He comprehended the necessary relation of cause and effect as consisting in essential continuous activity, or living power; and he had some adequate conception of the true nature of the First Cause, as "the last and positive power and cause in nature," and of "the mode of this thing which is uncaused." There is no extended exposition of this Higher Philosophy in his writings, and it may be admitted that his expressions are somewhat general and vague; but the outlines are there. He did not dwell here. Metaphysical thinking, from the time of Plato down to his own time, and especially in the centuries next preceding him, had degenerated into mere cloudy logomachies and dreamy mystical vagaries, and the great need was, then, that the human mind should be turned about and confronted with actual Nature, and drawn into the surer methods and safer paths of physical inquiry as the best, if not the only, means of escape from the bewilderment of mysticism, the wordy stupidities of scholastic logic, superstitious ignorance, and the all-deadening torpidities of orthodox theology. Nor is it to be supposed that mere beginners in the study would very easily make it out in his writings alone. But such as have been made masters in this hidden science by the study of the great transcendental teachers of it, from Plato downward to our time, will be apt to conclude, that the whole view lay open to him, and that he was at least able to be a master in poetry, which, according to a great modern critic and philosopher, is "the essence of all science, and requires the purest of all study for knowing it."¹

In the general upshot, divine philosophy ascends up to God; natural philosophy is circumscribed in nature; and human philosophy, or humanity, comprises all possible human culture, in which philosophy itself has its end and use for man, whose life begins in the sphere of physical

¹ *Advancement.*

² Carlyle's *Misc.*, I. 321.

nature, in the midst of the woods, thorns, and briers of the earth and the mere necessities upon it, and ascends upward by the several and successive degrees of ascent to the highest tops of mountains and uppermost elevations of nature, reaching, at last, "the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill" of the Muses, through the entire range of human culture, from the fundamental plain of nature up to the height of the divine philosophy, taking for "rule and guide," that "all knowledge is to be limited by religion, and to be referred to use and action." Philosophy itself, however, having its source at the spring-head of the highest cause, and beginning at one pole, as it were, of the Intellectual Globe, descends through the metaphysics of universals downward into actual nature; but the most successful way of studying it is, to begin in the field and sphere of physical nature itself, and, as it were, at the other pole of the Intellectual Globe, and to proceed by the paths, methods, and instruments of natural philosophy, taking metaphysic as handmaid and guide, until this second philosophy shall reach the height of the first philosophy, and the two become one, when the globe is completed, in a thorough comprehension of God, Man, and Nature, and in a perfect knowledge of the universal science and all philosophy. Then, the descent to all the practical arts would be perfectly easy, and the highest human culture would be attainable; but the end was not to be merely "contemplative enjoyment," but "a complete power of action." And so, in a true sense,

"the art and practice part of life
Must be mistress to this theoretic."—1 *Henry VI., Act I. Sc. 1.*

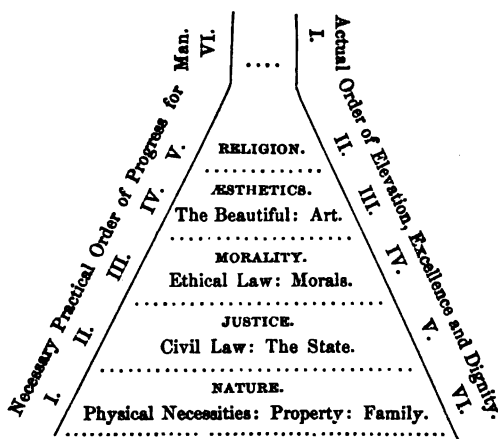
For it is laid down, that "nothing can be found in the material globe, which has not its parallel in the crystalline globe or Intellect; that is, nothing can come into practice, of which there is not some doctrine or theory."¹

¹ *De Aug., Scient., Lib. VIII., Works (Boston), III. 90.*

And so, Jupiter, in the "Cymbeline," descends, sitting upon an eagle, and ends his speech thus : —

"Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline." — *Act V. Sc. 4.*

As touching the moral order in this business, it is (as it were) reverted on itself, the necessary practical order of progress for man ascending ever upward, while the actual order of elevation, excellence, and degree, stands eternally fixed and immovable ; and in the course of human culture, the soul, seeking "to climb Heaven" by the Hill of the Muses, or the Pyramid of Pan, in this Intellectual World, must proceed in a sort of inverted tunnel, thus : —



For, according to Bacon, "knowledges are as pyramids, whereof history and experience are the basis. And so of Natural Philosophy the basis is Natural History : the stage next the basis is Physic ; the stage next the vertical point is Metaphysic. As for the cone and vertical point (the work which God worketh from the beginning unto the end, namely, the summary law of nature) it may fairly be doubted whether man's inquiry can attain to it. But these

three are the true stages of knowledge ; which to those that are puffed up with their own knowledge and rebellious against God, are indeed no better than the giant's three hills : —

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,
Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum :—

(Mountain on mountain thrice they strove to heap,
Olympus, Ossa, piled on Pelion's steep;) —

but to those who abasing themselves refer all things to the glory of God, they are as the three acclamations : Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! For God is holy in the multitude of his works, holy in the order or connexion of them, and holy in the union of them. And therefore the speculation was excellent in Parmenides and Plato (although in them it was but a bare speculation) *that all things by a certain scale ascend to unity.*"¹

But a divine man must needs have more faces than Vishnu, and be able to see all ways at once ; not forgetting that there is higher law for higher regions, and lower law for lower regions. One face must look to physical nature, that he may make sure of life and health ; another face must look to property and family, that life may be comfortable here, with a hope of posterity coming after ; another face must look to justice and the civil law, that he may have safety in civilization, and keep his life, his liberty, his property, and his family ; another must see to good morals, that the soul may have rest and be at peace with the world and itself ; another must have an eye to the beautiful, that he may find heaven and be glad he is alive ; and another must pierce deep, quite through the natural into the supernatural world beyond, reaching even unto God and religion, in such manner as to see, that all, anywhere, now or hereafter, must necessarily depend upon the all-seeing divine providence, himself helping, or at his peril not helping, with all his might. For no man need expect to see

¹ Trans. by Spedding ; *Works* (Boston), VIII. 507.

God, before being able to see the beautiful ; nor the beautiful, before good morals ; nor good morals, before justice ; nor even justice, before being clear of physical necessities. Nevertheless, it will not do, to look after physical comforts, this year ; justice, the next ; morals, the next ; and religion, on the death-bed. The vision of the mind's eye must stretch always and at once from top to bottom, from equator to pole, and take all latitudes into one view. Until a man reach this height, and begin to lead a divine life in heaven, he may be sure he is not yet out of hell : through being of the elect the days of affliction are cut short : being once clear, he will then be also ready, either to go or to stay. But concerning the day and the hour, no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only. Be therefore awake. And then, — “we defy augury : there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all.”¹

For the rest, it may be left, with Bacon, to “God's providence, that (as the Scripture saith) reacheth even to the falling of a sparrow.”²

The mind is the man. His power of thought, and the doings of his thought are himself. His material limitations and bodily investment are changing in every instant, in the constant flow of the physical stream : the soul only is his continuous self. “A man is but what he knoweth,” says Bacon. So, too, God is the eternal mind of nature, continually thinking a universe. His power of thought and the acts and creations of his thought are himself ; the eternal course of his thought measures the perpetual flow of the providential order ; and so, the student of nature and philosophy, ascending, or rather, as it may be, descending, through particulars to the knowledge of the present existent universe and all its past states and conditions, so

¹ *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2.

² *Nat. Hist.* § 737.

far as ascertainable and knowable, comes thereby to know Him so far, and by the contemplation of the entire scientific order and whole history of nature, in all its kingdoms, and man in all the streams and phases of his development, civilization, and culture, and the order of necessity, justice, good, beauty, and purpose therein, to comprehend something of the mystery of his providence. But He is something over and above and beyond any existent universe, or present state of his thought: He is the eternally continuing Power of Thought and "Immortal Providence,"¹ whose mind's eye sees all things; as when, in the "Measure for Measure," the reigning Duke, being about to absent himself from his dominions, devolves the government upon his substitute, but immediately returns himself in the secret disguise of a friar, in order to see how things will be managed by his deputy; and then, a chapter in human affairs is enacted in his presence, as if to draw down to the senses of the theatre some conception of an all-seeing eye. And when, on his return in person, it became apparent to the delinquent and erring deputy, that the Duke had been "a partaker of God's theatre," and that all his acts were known to him, he submits thus:—

"Angelo. O, my dread lord!
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes."—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

"For," says Bacon, "if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest;" and again, that "men ought to look up to the eternal providence and divine judgment":—

"Miranda. How came we ashore?
Pros. By providence divine."—*Temp., Act I. Sc. 2.*

This is that same "Deity, which is the author, by power and providence, of strange wonders."² And again he

¹ *Tempest, Act V. Sc. 1.*

² *Nat. Hist., § 730.*

says : "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth" : —

— "arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below." — *Jul. Cæsar, Act V. Sc. 1.*

And the strangers, that arrived in the island of Bensalem, in the New Atlantis, finding that the Governor knew all about them and their country, while they had never before heard of him or his island, were lost in wonder, not knowing what to make of it; for that it seemed to them "a condition and propriety of divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen of others, and yet to have others open and as in a light to them." Among other very admirable observations upon the ideal in Shakespeare, Gervinus makes this happy remark : "This ideality shows itself, also, in the high moral spirit, which in Shakespeare's plays controls the complications of fate and the issues of human actions, in that spirit, which develops before us that higher order, which Bacon required in poetry, indicating the eternal and uncorrupted justice in human things, the finger of God, which our dull eyes do not perceive in reality."¹ Indeed, throughout both these writings, the universe, human affairs included, is contemplated as being moved, governed, and directed by an all-pervading and immanent divine providence; a fact, of which the mere materialist, or politician, who imagines that states and peoples, lives and fortunes, are to be manipulated by cunning and manœuvre, like machines that go by wire-pulling and money, is not supposed to take much note, any more than certain politic church-building priests, but of which Hamlet seems to have been fully aware; as when, at the grave, taking up the skull that had been "knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade," he speculates thus : —

"This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?" — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

¹ *Shakes. Comm.*, by Prof. Gervinus, II. 582 (Lond. 1863).

The world known to us may be but a small part of the whole existent creation : as far as we may come to see and know it, we may know Him and no further. So far as we are able thus to discover and see the course and ends of providence in the known and knowable universe of mind within us and mind without us, extending our view around us, and with the eye of prevision forward into the certain, the possible, and the probable future, as well as with the eye of science backward into "the abysm of time," back through the whole historical and traditional line, and thence backward through the archæological and ethnological lines, extending far into geological epochs ; and thence still backward through the entire zoölogical scale of ascending types of created forms and the stratified leaves of the geological record to the cooling crust of the molten globe ; and thence still backward, through the astronomical order, even to the time when the first forms of substance began to be created and gathered by the creative power into a spiral nebula, perhaps, to form a world, — when time and chronology for a solar system, or a globe, began, being bounded out of eternity, which is the possibility of time, and out of immensity, which is the possibility of space ; — and taking even so much of the past order of creation into view, and learning to comprehend the present and ever continuous order, with due perception of the actual and eternal, and with due prevision and anticipation of the possible and probable in the future continuation thereof, we may come not only to understand something of the mystery of His providence, but even to possess a certain degree and measure of foreknowledge ; but not otherwise. This law is never dead, nor asleep : —

" Now, 't is awake ;
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)

Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere they live to end."

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.

So much may be revealed to man ; no more can be revealed to him in any way ; for nothing streams into man from the supernatural world, in the direction in which the thinking soul comes, but his existence as such and the power to perceive, conceive, remember, think, know, and do. Thoughts, ideas, or knowledge of what the ideas and purposes of the Creator are, or have been, or foreknowledge of what they will be, do not, nor can, by any conceivable possibility, enter into the mind of man from that direction, nor by that road.

§ 2. DESTINY.

Men have tried to believe, that some Dæmon, or Genius, or Angel, or some other kind of spiritual phantasm, stood behind their inmost selves, pouring into them, as it were, from the supernatural world, thoughts, ideas, revelations, divinations, prophecies, auguries, and foreknowledge ; and that they had nothing to do but to put themselves into an attitude of passive receptivity, and to let these supernatural communications flow into them, as it were by the divine grace, or some kind of spiritual telegraphy. The idea is as old as Socrates, at least ; and it has made a large figure among the poets, both ancient and modern. Even Goethe must have a Dæmon, and a spirit must tell his Mignon who was the father of Felix. Our author had need of the same conception for his poetical purposes, and he makes good use of it thus :—

"*Macb.* And under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

and again :—

"*Sooth.* Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar is not ; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act II. Sc. 3.*

and still again : —

“ *Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? ” — *Com. of Errors, Act V. Sc. 1.*

and still again : —

“ *Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries, ‘Come!’ to him that instantly must die.”
Tro. and Cr., Act IV. Sc. 4.

and thus, again, in the “Julius Cæsar” : —

“ *Brut.* Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.” — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

And thus guardian angels, guiding geniuses, good dæmons, and spirits good and bad, have, from the earliest times, haunted the imaginations of men. The Chaldæan astrology, the Hebrew inspiration, the divinations of the Grecian oracles, and the Roman auguries, were little else than more or less gross forms of this same superstitious conceit. Even in the days of St. Paul the order of dignities in the Church was such, that prophecy and divination held only the second place, and miracle-working, only the fourth rank; for, says St. Paul, “God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet shew I unto you a more excellent way.”¹ Bacon treated all these imaginary supernatural powers, spirits, and gifts, with little more ceremony than he did those powers

¹ 1 Cor. xii. 28–31.

of miracle-working faith, that presumed to command nature, — those “vast and bottomless follies,” which were to be driven back into the limbo of Paracelsus and “the darksome authors of magic.”

But, for the substance of the soul, he believed it was not “extracted out of the mass of heaven and earth,” but was “a spirit newly inclosed in a body of earth.”¹ He was not of the school of those who look upon mind, or soul, as a mere secretion of the brain, or as a simple result of some kind of arterial brain-flow and consumption of neurine, as light comes of the burning of a candle; for he says, “the nature of man (the special and peculiar work of providence) includes mind and intellect, which is the seat of providence; and since to derive mind and reason from principles brutal and irrational would be harsh and incredible, it follows almost necessarily that the human spirit was endued with providence not without the precedent and intention and warrant of the greater providence”; and in reference to final causes, he thought it was to be regarded as “the centre of the world.”² Again he says, “the soul on the other side is the simplest of substances; as is well expressed, —

— purumque reliquit

Æthereum sensum, atque aural simplicis ignem.

Whence it is no marvel that the soul so placed enjoys no rest: according to the axiom that the motion of things out of their place is rapid, and in their place calm.”³ It was not a product of dead substratum, but “was breathed immediately from God; so that the ways and proceedings of God with spirits [souls] are not included in Nature, that is, in the laws of heaven and earth: but are reserved to the law of his secret will and grace: wherein God worketh still and resteth not from the work of redemption, as he

¹ *Valerius Terminus, Works* (Boston), VI. 28.

² *Prometheus, Works* (Boston), XIII. 147.

³ *Trans. of the De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 25.

resteth from the work of creation ; but continueth working to the end of the world ; what time that work also shall be accomplished, and an eternal Sabbath shall ensue.”¹ Again, in the Advancement, he expresses the opinion that the soul of man “ was immediately inspired from God ; and therefore the true knowledge of the nature and state of the soul must come by the same inspiration that gave the substance.” This passage in a work intended for the general reader, and dedicated to an orthodox king, as well as some others, in popular works, might admit of an interpretation in accordance with some views of inspired theology ; but whether his idea of the mode and manner of this inspiration of a soul into the body was that of Gratiano, when he was almost made to waver in his faith, and

“To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men,” —

Mer. of Ven., Act IV. Sc. 1.

or whatever precise signification may be attributed to the very common words, *inspired*, *breathed into*, or *infused*, it is plainly the substance of the soul that he considers as coming from that source, and in this way ; and any true knowledge of its nature and state, its origin and constitution as a speciality of thinking essence, must be sought in that same source, “ the greater providence ” itself ; that is, we may suppose, in ontology or the science of all being. Having thus got a soul, we must look into it in order to see what it is ; and a sound psychology will begin with the actual fact, and proceed with an exact analysis of its operations as a thinking power. In his interpretation of the Fable of Pan, he gives us some further light, with some more definite expression, on this subject, and proceeds thus : —

“ The Nymphs, that is, souls, please Pan : for the souls of the living are the delight of the world. But he is deservedly the commander of them, since they follow, each her own nature as leader, and, with infinite variety, each as

¹ *Confession of Faith, Works* (Boston), XIV. 147.

if in her own native manner, leap and dance about him, with never ceasing motion. And so, some acute one of the moderns has reduced all the faculties of the soul to Motion, and noted the conceit and precipitation of some of the ancients, who, considering of the memory, the imagination, and the reason, and, with careless eye, hastily viewing the subject, overlooked the Thinking Power, which holds the first place. For whoever remembers, or even recollects, thinks; and whoever imagines, likewise thinks; and whoever reasons, also thinks: indeed the soul, whether prompted by sense, or acting by its own permission, whether in the functions of the intellect, or in those of the affections and will, leaps to the modulation of thoughts; and this is what was meant by the leaping of the Nymphs."¹

And in the following passage from the "Othello," we may discover a similar course of reasoning upon the will, and the thinking power acting by its own permission, thus:—

"*Iago.* Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce: set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will." —
Act I. Sc. 3.

A learned interpreter of the Sonnets, bringing the light of the "Hermetic Philosophy" to bear upon them, with an excellent appreciation of their quality, scope, and purpose in general, very justly remarks upon the 135th and 136th, in particular, that "far from being a play upon the poet's name, as many suppose," they "contain the poet's metaphysical view of God as Power"² or Will; an interpretation which may find additional warrant in the Baconian distinction between the human and the divine soul, fatally separated from each other (as our Hermetic philosopher profoundly conceives) by the mystic *Wall* of the flesh or material nature, as illustrated in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; for, between this poet and the philosopher, there

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, L. II. c. 13.

² *Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakes.*, (New York, 1865,) p. 50.

is everywhere a remarkable concurrence of idea, and his doctrine of the will is made the burden of these singular sonnets, running thus :—

"Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will thy soul knows is admitted there,
Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
I fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be,
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me for my name is *Will*."¹

When Pyramus and Thisbe both die on the stage, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the play proceeds thus :—

"*Thes.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers."

Mid. Night's Dr., Act V. Sc. 1.

There is here most certainly an influx, inspiration, or infusion of a power to think; a power to perceive, conceive,

¹ See also *Shakes. Sonnets*, (Facsimile of ed. of 1609,) London, 1862; which uses Italics and capital letters as here printed.

remember, and act; a reason and a power of will that, by its own permission, leaps to the modulation of thought. That power contains under it the whole content of the term soul, a self-acting, self-directing thinking power; and the analysis of that content gives the faculties of the soul, or those modes of operation, which are called the mental powers. This influx of the substance of the soul, as such thinking power, is all that comes from that source; and the conceit of a genius, dæmon, angel, or any other kind of soul or spirit, accompanying it, lying in behind it, and guiding and directing its operations, other than perhaps "the secret will and grace" of "the greater providence" itself, he would seem to have considered as a visionary invention of the imaginations of men. "Divination by influxion" was a notion of like nature, "grounded upon this other conceit, that the mind, as a mirror or glass, receives a kind of secondary illumination from: the foreknowledge of God and spirits."¹ And surely, any supposition of revelations of the thoughts, ideas, will, and purposes of God being poured, inspired, or breathed, into this soul from this same direction, and in addition to the soul itself, like a "flowing river," of which the receptive soul is only a sort of "pensioner" and a "surprised spectator,"² as some think, or as any kind of secondary illumination out of the foreknowledge of God and spirits, can be no less superstitious and absurd than the fantastical vagaries of divination. Soul, indeed, streams into man from a source which is hidden, but his thoughts and visions are his own work. No knowledge of the supernatural world, nor of the ideas, thoughts, purposes, foreknowledge, and providence of God in the universe ever did come, nor ever can come, to man directly in that way, nor by that road; though behind this soul there may continue to be "the law of his secret will and grace," as in the play:—

¹ Trans. of the *De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 53.

² Emerson's *Essays*, First Series (Boston, 1854), p. 244.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny."

Richard III. Act IV. Sc. 4

And the witch says of Macbeth, —

"He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear." — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

And again, the operation of this same grace may be distinctly seen in the following lines : —

Mal. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doc. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself but knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To th' succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sunny blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace." — *Macb., Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And in the end, when he has been proclaimed King of Scotland, he concludes his speech thus : —

Mal. This, and what needful else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,

We will perform in measure, time, and place." — *Act V. Sc. 7.*

"For we see," says Bacon, "that in matters of faith and religion our imagination raises itself above our reason; not that divine illumination resides in the imagination; its seat being rather in the very citadel of the mind and understanding; but that the divine grace uses the motions of the imagination as an instrument of illumination, just as it

uses the motions of the will as an instrument of virtue, which is the reason why religion ever sought access to the mind by similitudes, types, parables, visions, dreams": —¹

"*Ang.* I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member.
That sets them on." — *Meas. for Meas.*, Act V. Sc. 1.

Bacon clearly saw, that over and above "this part of knowledge touching the soul," there were "two appendices," divination and fascination, under which he appears to have included all the imaginations, vagaries, and waking dreams of oracles, auguries, prophecies, visions and apocalyptic revelations; astrology, divination, natural magic, incantations, and miracle-working (spiritual-rapping having died out for once with the old Montanist schism long before his time); "for," says he, "they have exalted the power of imagination to be much one with miracle-working faith," and "have rather vapoured forth fables than kindled truth." All this was grounded on the conceit "that the mind, as a mirror or glass, should take illumination from the foreknowledge of God and spirits" (as stated in the *Advancement*); and the retiring of the mind within itself was the state which is most susceptible of these "divine influxions, save that it is accompanied, in this case, with a fervency and elevation, which the ancients noted for fury." But in his opinion, this divination by influxion, or any direct communication to man out of the foreknowledge of God, or spirits, was a mere superstitious conceit, such as had filled the heated fancies of the ancient Furies. But this part, he continues, "touching angels and spirits I may rather challenge as fabulous and fantastical:" —

"This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in." — *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 4.

¹ Translation of the *De Aug.*, *Works* (Boston), IX. 61.

Not by this way comes the knowledge of God, his thought, his purposes, his will, or his providence in the universe, nor of the duties, ways to happiness, destiny, or future life of man. If he would seek that knowledge, he must address himself to the fore-front view of the boundless universe of God's thought and providence, and by the light to be derived from the study of the laws and nature of thought in his own soul, and by the power of thought which is given him, and the light which it creates and lets be within him, both see and read, in that infinite book of revelation that lies wide open before him, as much as it may be in his power to comprehend and contain. It would certainly be idle for him to attempt to read any more, and absurd to imagine that more could be imparted to him in any way. No further revelation is, or ever was, possible to be made to any man. No greater revelation can be necessary for his use ; for, if he will but open his eyes and look into it, if he can but see far enough and deep enough, he may see the whole reflected in his own mind, which " God hath framed as a mirrour or glass, capable of the image of the universal world."

According to Bacon's interpretation, besides Mercury, who was the ordinary messenger, Pan, or the universe, was " the other messenger of the gods [" *alter Deorum Nuncius* "]; and this was plainly a divine allegory ; since, next after the word of God [the usual salvo to the Biblical orthodoxies], the image of the world, itself, is the herald of the divine power and wisdom ; as the Psalmist also sung, " *The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.*"

But it is idle for man,

— "proud man !

Drest in a little brief authority ;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,"

to look for the image, or the reality, in the back of the mir-

ror; for, in this way, he merely makes a fool of himself, and

"Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.

For nothing can be seen there but that "deceiving and deformed imagery," which the mind of man, in any age, has been, and is, capable of imagining and representing to itself, with or without the help of teacher, prophet, or messiah; book, bible, gospel, sermon, speech, or other mode of communicating the thoughts and visions of men to one another. Nevertheless, men will persist in looking for light and knowledge from within and behind the mirror, deceived by the miraculous reflection; for, as Bacon says again, "the mind of man (dimmed and clouded as it is by the covering of the body), far from being a smooth, clear, and equal glass (wherein the beams of things reflect according to their true incidence), is rather like an enchanted glass, full of superstition and imposture."¹ But in truth and reality, "man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does, and understands as much as he has observed of the order, operation, and mind of nature; and neither knows nor is able to do more."² And "every thing depends upon our fixing the mind's eye steadily in order to receive their images exactly as they exist, and may God never permit us to give out the dream of our fancy as a model of the world, but rather in his kindness vouchsafe to us the means of writing a revelation and true vision of the traces and stamps of the Creator on his creatures" [creations]. And in the plays, we have this same metaphorical use of the stamp, thus:—

"Ang. It were as good
To pardon him that hath from Nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image

¹ Translation of the *De Aug.*, *Works* (Boston), IX. 98.

² *Novum Organum*.

In stamps that are forbid. 'T is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth."

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 4.

And again thus : —

"*Lear.* Hear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth."

Lear, Act I. Sc. 4.

And thus again : —

"*Posh.* We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped." — *Cymb., Act II. Sc. 5.*

And in the same play thus : —

"*Cym.* Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

Nothing real is to be discovered in the back of the mirror : on the contrary, with all due reverence, "that angel of the world,"¹ or with the "three reverences" of Goethe, reverence for what is above us, reverence for what is around us, and reverence for what is under us, or Shakespeare's reverence for Nature as it stands "in all line of order and authentic place," and Bacon's reverence for ourselves, which is, "next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices,"² and that true religion which is founded upon a rock, wherein, according to Goethe, man attains "the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself

* 1 *Cymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

* 2 *New Atlantis.*

the best that God and Nature have produced," let us turn about and front the world, with all our faculties, perceptive, reflective, creative, intuitive, those first and last God-given guides to our steps, our hands, and our souls, with any help, indeed, that may come of such as are wiser, better and more able to see than ourselves, whether poet, seer, philosopher, or divine, — whatever Saviour may be able to save and keep us from falling ; — but never losing sight of the mind of Nature and that Immortal Providence, which alone is most able to save : " So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Therefore must he work and be vigilant, thoughtful, reverential, prayerful, hopeful, cheerful, all the days of his life, and

" fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ? "

Hen. VIII., Act III. Sc. 2.

So, Goethe made the eternal " droning roar " of the universe sing through the " huge bass " of the son of Anak,

" Life's no resting, but a moving,
Let thy life be Deed on Deed." — *Meist. Trœ., ch. xv.*

And according to Shakespeare, " whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise ; " ¹ or as Doctor Faust expounded out of the sacred original, " In the beginning was the Deed " ; or as Macbeth became thoroughly convinced,

" The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the Deed go with it." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

or as Philo Judæus interpreted out of the Old Testament, man being created in the image of Him, whose Word is his Deed ; — or, according to the old Bactrian Zoroaster's Ormuzdian Trinity of Thought, Word, and Deed, as taught by him in the year 6350 B. C.²

The final consummation of all philosophy, in that in-

¹ *Trœ. and Cr., Act II. Sc. 3.*

² *Bunsen's Egypt's Place in Univ. Hist., III. 472.*

tended Sixth Part of the Great Instauration, was to have for its end and object, not merely "contemplative enjoyment," but "a complete power of action"; for in activity is our life and being and our greatest happiness, —

But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of:
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action." —*Ham., Act III. Sc. 1.*

And Troilus, the youngest son of Priam, was

"a true knight;
Not yet matured, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath,
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love."

Tr. and Cr., Act IV. Sc. 5.

Indeed, as the last outcome of the philosophy of life, all men find, with Bacon, that "it is pleasanter to be doing than to be enjoying," or, with the play, that

"Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing."

Tro. and Cr., Act I. Sc. 2.

But as for the perfect intuition of divine things, as Berkeley delivers out of Plato, that must be "the lot of pure souls, beholding by a pure light, initiated, happy, free and unrestrained from these bodies, wherein we are imprisoned like oysters. . . . It is Plato's remark in his *Theætetus*, that while we sit still we are never the wiser, but going into the river and moving up and down, is the way to discover its depths and shallows. If we exercise and bestir ourselves,

we may even here discover something.”¹ As Bacon also teaches, “much natural philosophy and wading deep into it, will bring about men’s minds to religion.” There is need, too, of great care and an all-seeing vigilance; for in this world-stream in which we swim, there is always some danger of drowning.

While we contemplate the universe as the present state of the divine thought, and all objects and things in nature as the actual ideas, conceptions, or special creations of the divine mind, as form and cause conjoined, infinite particulars compacted, combined, compounded, crystallized, moulded, and constructed into the universal variety of things, all bearing the stamp of the Master Architect, and the whole full of movement and motion, from infinitely rapid to infinitely slow, an ever-flowing stream in which we float, as it stands forth for the time being to the perception of our senses and faculties, it must be remembered, also, that into this physical body of ours, existent at any and every instant of time as a part of those creations and a part of the streaming flow, there is inspired or breathed, or rather, specially exhibited within us, from underneath and within the physical web, but really from the same creative source, and in the same plane, as the physical creation itself, this finite metaphysical manifestation of that same infinite power of thought itself, and in essence identical with it so far, which, under its special limitations in this finite form, constitutes the soul as a special power of thought of the same nature, and therefore in itself self-acting and self-directing cause so far, and, as such, a self-moving soul; but limited thus in degree of power and in mode of activity and in manner of exhibition of itself, invested as it is with the surrounding web and fabric of the whole physical universe, the rest of creation; and so, coming to have a certain specific total constitution as a created object and a special subject combined in one — a man; because it is

¹ Berkeley's *Siris*, *Works* (Dublin), II. 627.

most true, says Bacon, "that of all things comprehended within the compass of the universe, man is a thing most mixed and compounded, insomuch that he was well termed by the ancients a little world" (*microcosmus*):—

"*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto 't is kin";—

and Mark Antony, describing the virtues of the "great Cæsar," says:—

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!"

Jul. Cæs., Act V. Sc. 5.

And so of Imogen, in the "Cymbeline," Cloten says:—

"I love and hate her, for she 's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all." — *Act III. Sc. 5.*

For while, in this, we have at bottom merely two manifestations, or exertions, of one and the same creative power of thought, meeting from opposite directions, and, as it were, a convolution of the divine thought upon itself, or of one conception, or thing, upon another, there is this difference, nevertheless, to be observed, that the exhibition of the creative power, on the physical side, is more limited and in some measure fixed, more or less permanently, and so carried forward in time in the divine remembrance, wherein is the equilibrium of stationary balance and the stability and permanence of the whole universe in so far as it is ever stable and permanent: while that exhibition or exertion of the same power, which comes in the opposite direction (so to speak), and constitutes the essence of the soul, has a greater degree of liberty, though still limited in extent and sphere of activity, and in amount of power, by the very nature and mode of its constitution as a speciality of thinking essence, acting under the necessary laws of all thought,

and being in itself an exertion or exhibition, in a special way, of the one causative and creative power itself; as a wave of the ocean is, and is not ocean. And thus the soul comes to have a certain special existence as a special causative and creative power of thought, when considered by itself, together with a special consciousness of its own, and a certain limited sphere of liberty, free-will, and power of choice, beyond which and the farthest range thereof, and beyond the possible extent of practical effect of the soul's own action, all is the order of divine providence in the rest of the universe, and, as such, absolute fate for this soul, (being that fate which is providence, according to Bacon,) except in so far as the order of that providence may be changed in any instant (if it so please the Divine Majesty) to help and save such soul from its own follies and the innumerable traps into which it may blunder; and, as consequent upon that liberty, a certain degree of moral accountability, proportionate to the sphere of liberty and the given amount of power, and no further, on pain of immediate, ultimate, and inevitable consequences just so far. The unavoidable, irresistible, and terrible nature of fate, at once scourge of the vicious, heedless, reckless, and unwise, and affliction of the wisest and best, wherein "unaccommodated man" may find himself no more but "a poor, forked animal," or even worse, is portrayed in awful sublimity in the great play of Lear:—

"Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

This author seems to have had very clear conceptions of the nature of providence and fate, and of that fate which

Hence we have, added to the creations and doings of the divine mind, as such, the special creations, perceivings, and doings of the finite soul, as such; and in true statement, the universe is the thought of God, the uncreated thinker, plus the thought of all finite created thinkers; for the animal kingdom is to be included, down to the last point where a self-directing cause appears in action under a special consciousness, however limited; where conscious mind passes into mere unconscious instinctive function, existing and being moved under the divine consciousness alone; where, as Bacon expresses it, "art or man is added to the universe"; and "it must almost necessarily be concluded," he continues, "that the human soul is endued with providence, not without the example, intention, and authority of the greater providence."¹ This art has as wide a range in nature as the special creator: in man, it becomes a kind of lesser providence. "Man, too," says another philosopher, "creates and conquers kingdoms from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men."² All art is creation, as Plato said: "For that which is the cause of anything coming out of non-existence into existence is altogether a creation. So that all the operations effected by all the arts are creations; and all the makers of them are creators, are poets (ποιηταί.)"³

This art may begin in a microscopic animalcule, or if not there, in the least ganglioned structure in which the eye of science can detect a self-acting and self-directing cause. It may live the life of an encrinite, and find its whole scope of activity in a stony cup. It may rule on the bosom of a swarm of organic instincts in the bee. It may have the eyes, fins, ink-bag, and hydraulic apparatus of the cuttle-fish, and swim the ocean, being to some extent its own

¹ *De Sap. Vet.*, Works (Boston), XIII. 44.

² Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, 239.

³ *Banquet*, Works (Bohn), III. 530.

pilot and protector ; or it may have a higher organization, a greater amount of power, and a greater range of thinking faculty, in the fish, reptile, bird, mammal, ape, or oldest Tertiary, or Quaternary, inventor of the flint axe, or earliest Papuan, Negro, or Titicacan, even up to the highest intelligence, widest range of liberty, and largest amount of power of thought and action in the latest and best Caucasian man ; and, in each degree of the great scale of being, have its own appropriate share in the management of its own affairs, and, in some sort, the affairs of the universe ; acting so far on its own responsibility, and helping, or as it may be, not helping, God create a world of order, art, excellence, and beauty. So, from the beginning, man has been a creator, according to his ability, of stone axe, bronze axe, iron axe ; bow and arrow, canoe, and skin-tent ; hut, plough, and shop ; picture-writing, hieroglyphics, alphabets ; house, temple, and city ; civil polity, sacred scripture, and jurisprudence ; poetry, history, literature ; science, arts, commerce ; philosophy and religious culture ; and the sum total of human civilization on this globe ; for all is the work of his art, invention, and industry, and a creation of his thought. There is no end to his creative function ; and his highest happiness, and his greatest good, is in being a creator. Carlyle agrees with the old monks, that "work is worship ;" and, certainly, Plato was not far from the same teaching, when he said : " But I will lay this down, that the things which are said to be made by nature, are (made) by divine art ; but that the things, which are composed from these by men, are produced by human art ; and that according to this assertion, there are two kinds of the making art, one human, and the other divine." ¹

Bacon appears to have entertained the same opinion ; and carrying this philosophy of art into his own studies of nature, he concludes, after much consideration, " to assign the Natural History of Arts as a branch of Natural History,

¹ *Sophist, Works* (Bohn), III. 180.

because an opinion hath a long time gone current as if art were some different thing from nature, and artificial from natural." ¹ But he has ascertained that "nature is either free, unfolding itself in its own accustomed course as in the heavens, in animals and plants, and in the whole apparatus of the universe; or, by the perverse and intractable qualities of matter and the violence of impediments, it is detruded from its own proper state, as in monstrosities; or, again, it is constrained, fashioned, and, as it were, made anew, by the art and work of man, as in artificial productions"; that these, again, differ from the natural, not in "the form and essence" of the thing itself, but only in respect of "the efficient cause," or the "restrained means"; that man has no power over the nature of things, beyond a power of moving, so as to apply, or remove, natural bodies; and therefore, when natural bodies are applied, or removed, conjoining (as they say) the active with the passive, man can do everything: where this is not granted, nothing. Nor does it matter, if things are placed in order for a certain effect, whether it be done by man or without man." And so we see, that "while Nature governs all, these three things are in subordination, — the *course* of Nature, the *deviation* of Nature, and *art* or *man* added to things." So far the *De Augmentis*; and in the Advancement, he lays down, also, that "it is the duty of art to perfect and exalt nature": —

"so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes." — *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

As we learn from the Wisdom of the Ancients, the story of Atalanta was "an excellent allegory, relating to the contest of Art and Nature; for Art, which is meant by Atalanta, is in itself, if nothing stand in the way, far swifter than Nature, and as we may say, the better runner, and comes sooner to the goal. For this may be seen in almost

¹ *De Aug. Scient.*, II. c. 2.

better and decidedly more Baconian, is the philosophy of the poet, Cowper : —

“ But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God.” — *Task, Book VI.*

Darwin reasons thus: A species can be made to vary: therefore species is not immutable. Good. But Agassiz will not agree that Mr. Darwin can manipulate a new species into being; but only a transient variety, though presenting differences as wide as a difference of species, not a permanent species in nature; and he thinks the logic should run thus: Man manipulates a temporary variety into being; ergo, God created the permanent species. Good, again. But what if the temporary variety should continue permanent for a thousand years? or what if the permanent species should actually continue to change through the next geological period? According to Bacon, this art of manipulation, or placing things in order for a certain effect, whether by man, or without man, is not, after all, anything different from nature, nor artificial from natural, in respect of the form and essence of the thing: the art itself is in the “order, operation, and Mind of Nature.” Man, with his manipulation, can only help a little.

Now, in the year 1611, we find Sir Francis Bacon in full possession of Gorhambury and the beautiful gardens there, always a student and lover of Nature and a curious observer of her ways, in gardens or elsewhere, now diligently experimenting upon the natures of plants, flowers, and fruits, marshalling in their proper seasons rosemary and rue, primrose, violets, cowslips, hyssop and germander, —

“ Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping; ”

practising in the art of grafting and the art of manipulation for producing new varieties, "carnations of several stripes"¹ and "streak'd gilliflowers";² trying "what natures do accomplish what colours, for by that you shall have light how to induce colours by producing those natures;" grafting "several scions upon several boughs of a stock"; gathering "the excellent dew of knowledge, distilling and contriving it out of particulars natural and artificial, as the flowers of the field and garden."³ He has lately published the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, and learned from the fable of Atalanta as well as from his own experience, that art is swifter than nature, yet cannot outstrip nature, but must remain subject to her, as the wife is subject to the husband.

The nuptials of the young Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, are about to be celebrated at Court, with masques, triumphs, and stage-plays for many months. The succession to the Attorney-General's place as well as fables and gilliflowers, the art of politics as well as the art of nature, is constantly running in his mind. He is now in the mood for attempting another model, and the "*Winter's Tale*" shortly makes its appearance. As usual he snatches up any old romance that will serve for the germ of the story, so much the better if it be well-known and popular; and the popular tale of "*Dorastus and Fawnia*" is laid hold of for the present occasion. Perdita, the lost child of the King of Sicily, is cast away upon "the deserts of Bohemia," — his Bohemia will have shores if need be; why not? — and the young Perdita shall be brought up in a cottage among clowns as the daughter of an old shepherd; and this "gentler scion," growing upon "the wildest stock," will furnish a happy instance of the grafting art in the higher kind. But

¹ *Natural History*, §§ 501, 507, 510.

² *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3. Mr. White reads "*gillivours*," which is the old form of the word.

³ *Advancement*, Book II.

at sweet sixteen, this "bud of nobler race" shall be clearly distinguishable still from "a bark of baser kind," at least to a king's son Florizel; but "the rule is certain, that plants for want of culture degenerate to be baser in the same kind," though

"Wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality." — *Sonnet*.

As is his wont, he will himself put on the mask, and slip into the scene in all characters, more especially, here, in the character of Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and, into the mouth of this blooming child of nature, returned fresh from her "rustic garden," with whole handfuls of the "fairest flowers o' the season," rosemary and rue, —

"Carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards," —

he will put the best results of his latest meditations upon the art and mystery of Nature. For even Perdita had

"heard it said
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating Nature.
Pol. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art,
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,
And do not call them bastards." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

In the "Natural History," identical ideas, words, and expressions occur, if indeed any possible doubt could remain of the identity of the philosopher and the poet here; as for instance: —

"First, therefore, you must make account, that if you will have one plant change into another, you must have the nourishment overrule the seed: " . . .

"This I conceive also, that all esculent and garden herbs, set upon the tops of hills, will prove more medicinal, though less esculent than they were before."

"The second rule shall be, to bury some few seeds of the herb you would change amongst other seeds;"

"In which operation the process of nature still will be (as I conceive), not that the herb you work upon should draw the juice of the foreign herb (for that opinion we have formerly rejected), but there will be a new confection of mould, which perhaps will alter the seed, and yet not to the kind of the former herb."

"The sixth rule shall be, to make plants grow out of the sun or open air; for that is a great mutation in nature, and may induce a change in the seed."

"Some experiment would be made, how by art to make plants more lasting than their ordinary period." — *Nat. Hist.*, § 527, 531, 587.

Here, the identity of the idea is clear enough, and the same use of the words *change*, *baser kind*, and *art*, is quite palpable; and especially the outcropping of the same word *conceive* is one of those singular instances of the manner in which the vocabulary of the same author will pass into writings of a very different nature, but upon kindred topics, all unconsciously, perhaps, to the author himself.

We know from many parts of Bacon's writings, as well as from his personal biography, that he took great delight in gardens and flowers. The *Essay on Gardens* is alone sufficient to show that he had a delicate appreciation of this kind of beauty, as well as an exquisite taste in the art, of which he was himself a great master. He begins by saying, "God Almighty first planted a garden;" and he speaks of it as "the purest of human pleasures." He holds that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season"; and he proceeds to name the flowers proper to each month and season. Now, the flowers named in the cottage-scene of the fourth act of the "*Winter's Tale*" appear to have been drawn from one and the same calendar, and in about the same order as those of the *Essay*, as thus: —

"For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must

Here 's flowers for you;
 Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram;
 The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun:
 And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
 Of middle Summer, and I think they 're given
 To men of middle age." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And as another instance of the source of Bacon's metaphors, it may be noted that in a letter to Burghley he uses this expression: "though it bear no fruit, yet it is one of the fairest flowers of my poor estate;"¹ which is repeated in another letter of the same year thus: "I will present your Lordship with the fairest flower of my estate, though it yet bear no fruit."²

Mr. Spedding notices these resemblances, and observes, that if this Essay had been contained in the earlier edition, some expressions would have made him suspect that Shakespeare had been reading it³: and well they might. But it was not printed until 1625, and, of course, William Shakespeare could never have seen it. Nor is it at all probable that Bacon would have anything to learn of William Shakespeare concerning the science of gardening. In short, when the Essay and the play are read together, written as they both are, in that singular style of elegance, brevity, and beauty, and depth of science, which is so markedly characteristic of this author, whether in verse or prose, it becomes next to impossible to doubt of his identity.

§ 3. THE GREATER PROVIDENCE.

Whence it may be understood how it must be impossible that any knowledge out of the foreknowledge of God, or through angels, dæmons, or spirits, or any information of his actual thoughts, intentions, purposes, or future providence, through divination, influxion, inspiration, or any kind of special illumination, can be imparted, or directly

¹ Letter (1597), II. Spedding, 52.

² Letter to Egerton (1597), *Ibid.* 62.

³ *Works* (Boston), XII. 235.

communicated, to man from within, behind, and beyond the origin and source of his own soul. Indeed, in this sense of foreknowledge, there is none possible with God himself, within the power of human conception ; for, with him, to think and know is to create and bring into actual existence what is thought and known. The actual present state of his thought, in any instant, is the real universe that lies before us and around us. His purposes therein are revealed to us only in the providential order and scientific history of the past and present universe. The future continuity of the creation must depend, for the actual details thereof, upon his future thought and the plan and purpose that may be therein, in the freedom of his power or will ; and it must be forever impossible to be foreknown to Him, or revealed to us. Man premeditates : God creates. His thought, his word, is his deed. Though man's thought be his deed, in respect of his own creative thinking, and his imaginations, his conceptions, according to Spinoza, "regarded in themselves, contain no error," it is not always so, when regarded with reference to things external to them, nor in his execution of his thought into outward act, nor in his judgment of the works of other men ; much less, in his conceptions of the works and providence of God. The difference between the human mind and the divine mind must no more be lost sight of than their identity, in so far as identical. The common conception of Deity as of a being who reasons, deliberates, premeditates, and thinks within himself, before acting and creating ; who frames ideals, types, and archetypes in his mind, first, and then moulds the chaos of dead matter into some degree of conformity with them, and gradually builds up a universe upon a preconceived and well-considered plan, like a common carpenter, who is angry and pleased, is offended and propitiated, and rewards and punishes, after the manner of men, is a weak invention, a mere waking dream, and the offspring of superficial and uncritical thinking.

Nor much better is that other view, that takes the universe, indeed, to have been "the free conception of the Almighty Intellect," but as having been "matured in his thought before it was manifested in tangible forms," as if there had been "premeditation prior to the act of creation,"¹ and concludes from a consideration of the entire order of the animal kingdom, that "the whole was devised in order to place man at the head," and that "millions of ages ago, his coming was seen as the culmination of the thought, which devised the fishes and the lowest radiata."² For, duly considered, there is here no other anticipation necessarily, or logically, to be inferred than this: that when the first ideal type, for instance, the cell, wherein is the fundamental unity of type of the whole animal kingdom, was conceived and executed as one act in the actual creation of the first animal cell that was created, the entire ideal architectonic of the whole kingdom, man included, was then, as it may truly be said, merely within the bounds of the possible for the creative power, acting under the necessary laws of thought and in accordance with the divine nature and in consistency with his attributes of wisdom and goodness, within the scope and scheme of that most general type, whenever it should please the Divine Majesty further to conceive and execute other less general types in other actual details (still falling under that most general type, if it should so please him), in the order of his providence in the work of creating an animal kingdom. But until so actually conceived and brought into existence as a part of his thought, for the rest uncreated, it need be considered only as being as yet in possibility, and still lying in all the possibilities of his thinking existence, not yet thought out of non-existence even into the divine contemplation in any sense of preliminary premeditation; for He is that absolute Power of Thought, with whom "being and knowing" are

¹ Agassiz's *Contrib. to Nat. Hist. of N. Amer.*, I. 9.

² Agassiz's *Remarks*, (*Am. Sci. Disc.* 1856.)

one, whose knowledge is that Sapience which is at once both knowledge and wisdom in all that is, or will be, created, and with whom, to think is to create just so far and no further ; and so, in like manner, of any secondary and subordinate type, or less general ideal plan, in any branching direction, in time and space, of Branch, Class, Order, Genus, Species, or Individual, even to the minutest details, in the actual order of their creation and succession, existence and disappearance, in geological consecutiveness and progression ; individuals, only, having actual existence in time and space, form and cause conjoined, so as to present " tangible forms " and physical existence in nature, recognizable to human senses, scopes, instruments, and all the methods of experimental science, and copyable and conceivable to the human mind, no less and no more than those intangible ideal and more general forms, types, and archetypes, which fall within the scope of the intellectual vision and metaphysical science only ; for this science alone can discover, or see, the transcendental architectonic of the universe. And we have on the geological tablets and in living nature a record sufficient, when thoroughly studied, to enable us to penetrate the mystery, to see through nature up to nature's author, and finally to grasp a true science of the whole creation by that way, whenever we shall have arrived with Bacon at a knowledge of " the order, operation, and Mind of Nature " and that truth which, by the oath of Lear, was to be Cordelia's dower : —

" Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so : thy truth, then, be thy dower :

*For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this forever." — Lear, Act I. Sc. 1.*

But we should take care, also, with Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, not to lend to God any intentions, but to observe and study the fact, and read the plan and intent therein, as a "revelation and true vision" of the actual thought of the Creator as it is found presented to us in the existent creation, or in what remains of any past creation, resting assured, all the while, that no thought, nor creation, is at all possible without plan and purpose therein. Nor need we expect to find any record, fossil or other, of any past creation that had no plan in it, nor imagine that any future creation will be given without a plan therein; though there has certainly been, and doubtless there will be, more or less of continuous change of plan in respect of the details, parts, or even whole of any given creation. And in respect of the fossil order and succession of animals, through the changing surfaces of past time, as in respect of the existing order and succession of them, in space, on the present surface of the globe, still as ever changing, when we collect, arrange, and classify the facts in a scientific manner, according to the ideal architectonic which our minds are capable of discovering in them, we may then find revealed to us therein what was the plan and purpose of the Creator in them so far, and what was the actual course of change of plan and purpose in them as they successively came into existence and disappeared, without need of any supposed premeditation further concerning them.

And herein, also, we may see how the thought of the Creator is indeed simultaneous in respect of any whole present state thereof, and also consecutive, no less than human thought, in respect of all change therein; inasmuch as it is continually streaming into time and space in nature, and continually vanishing out, or not vanishing, into oblivion, according as it may, or may not, be held in existence for the time being in the continuity of the Divine Remembrance. And of all this Plato had some knowledge, though not in that more exact and particular detail of natural laws

and physical facts in which our modern science also discovers it ; for he, at least, among the ancients, taught much the same doctrine, when he said that " that which is the cause of anything coming out of non-existence into existence is altogether a creation ; " that all creation is a work of art, divine or human ; and that a destructive change of thought whereby something vanishes out of existence into non-existence, — " do we not call this oblivion, Simmias, the loss of knowledge " ?

The fact of the Divine Existence, his nature, power, laws, wisdom, goodness, love, and perfection, being eternal facts, or unalterable necessities, or unchangeable attributes of his being, must be always known to him ; and they may be always known, foreknown, and predicted by us with unerring certainty ; and likewise even the general stability of the universe, the revolution of the heavenly bodies, an eclipse, or other like natural phenomena, so far as necessarily involved in that nature, those laws, and those attributes, and so far as necessarily implied in that general stability. So far as these things depend upon the necessary laws of thought and those unchanging attributes, and so far as in respect of them the Divine Remembrance is ever continuous, our knowledge of them may amount to definite and certain prevision ; for of these things knowledge is foreknowledge always : —

" *Imog.* Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord : Leonatus.
O, learn'd, indeed, were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open." — *Cym., Act III. Sc. 2.*

But over and above and beyond these eternal facts and necessary laws, the particular changes that may take place in the existent creation, or the particular details that may be given in any new creation in future time and space, can only be matter of probability and conjecture to man, grounded on his knowledge of God, and on what he may come to know of the past and present providential order.

plan, and purpose as disclosed in a scientific history and true knowledge of the universe so far ; for all this must depend upon his free will, which must remain forever free. Absolute foreknowledge in this would reduce God and his universe to mere necessity, fixed fate, and foreordination absolute, and the order of his providence to a blind, immovable, inevitable fatality, and world-machine. There is no conceivable possibility of such foreknowledge, and any attempt to conceive it, or state it, must always end in contradiction and absurdity : therefore no revelation out of any such foreknowledge can possibly be made to man in any way, and none such ever was made.

We should not attempt to conceive of God as a being outside the universe itself, and simply operating upon a self-subsistent dead matter as a something coeternal with him and distinct from his own thinking essence, substance, or power, but rather as the Master Architect, who works with his own materials, indeed, in the structure-building process of construction of a universe, but who is, at the same time, that absolute and sovereign architect, who first forms his own materials in whatever infinitesimal atoms, or thinnest imponderable ethers, and, as it were, Arachne-like, spins his material out of the one substance of all substances, himself, and builds ether upon ether, atom upon atom, crystal upon crystal, cell upon cell, and structure upon structure, throughout the fabric of nature, beginning the work at the point of beginning of all creation, where infinite passes into finite, and is bounded out of all the possibilities of a thinking power ; as when the sixty-two simple substances (more or less) were created ; or as when this evolving and constructing power, starting at the germinal dot, or innermost centre of the innermost vesicle of the seed, or the egg, spins the thread and weaves the tissue out of existing materials, and builds up a shoot, or an embryo, breathing into it, or exhibiting within it, at the same time, as much life, or as much soul, as it needs, or can have.

And it is precisely at such point, always, that a mathematical science of force, motion, revolution, number, magnitude, quantity, proportion, and instrumentation, begins to be possible; for mathematics is the science of the laws of thought, creative or destructive, under which the actual given creation comes forth into existence, and alone can come: of which science of laws, again, knowledge is foreknowledge always, just so far. But for the rest, it must be left to the fabled three, Clotho, the spinner, Nemesis, the fate which is judicial providence, and Atropos, whose tearless shears are necessity and death.

What is given in the origin of the finite soul, is the special thinking power. That power is simply a specialization of the total divine power of thought; and it is of the very essence and nature of that power to be self-acting and self-directing cause, and self-moving soul; or nearly what Bacon calls "the highest generality of motion or summary law of nature," which God would "still reserve within his own curtain."¹ There is a difference between power and will, and between will and free-will. Will is that which measures the given amount of power, and the totality of all power; and it is not free. It is a necessary fact: it merely expresses the fact of the existence of the power in its actual totality. The power as such totality is by its own nature necessarily in activity as self-acting and self-directing cause: this is a part of the fundamental fact of its existence. Free-will, again, is not the active, choosing, and directing cause, or power itself, but only the freedom of the power as choosing cause, and that which admits of difference of direction of the power which exists already as self-acting and self-directing cause. Free-will expresses only that necessary law and condition of all thinking, wherein is the possibility of duality, plurality, difference, variety, coördination, opposition, and involution of particulars, in the creation of conceptions: it is merely freedom as one of the possibilities of a thinking existence.

¹ *Valerius Terminus.*

But besides the freedom which exists under this inner law of thought, there is another kind of freedom for a finite soul; and that is freedom of practical action and effect, or operation, upon the body and the rest of the external world; for which the limitations are the order of divine providence in the rest of the universe external to the soul, and which, beyond the extent to which it may be modified or changed, by the action of the soul upon it as causative power, must exist as absolute fate for the soul. In that change, there is necessarily a certain concurrence in the mind of the Creator, ending in an equilibrium of stationary balance, depending on the necessary general stability of the whole and the essential natures of particular things, the providential plan in the distribution of particulars in the universal variety, the amount of power given and exerted in the twofold direction, and the extent and scope of liberty allowed to the finite soul as a practical free agent.

The direction cannot precede the power. Some direction must follow, of necessity, the activity of the power. A point cannot move without creating a line, straight, or curved, nor create a line without moving; nor move without causative power. Movement, that is, creation, begins at a mathematical point; and on this fundamental truth Newton based the Calculus."¹ The direction must begin at exactly the same point in time and space as the activity of the power. Free-will is that freedom or liberty on all sides, in which is determined the direction of the power in action as self-directing cause, within the given range of liberty, one way rather than another, giving the straight line, or the curve, and what line, and what curve. Will is that which necessitates some direction, and some line, or some curve, the power being in activity as an ultimate fact. The range of free-will for the finite soul is circumscribed by the limitations of its own specially constituted sphere of activity, consisting of the given limited amount of power

¹ *Principia*, Bk. I., § 1, Lemma II.

and the inner laws of power as thought, on the one side, and of the outer world, the external order of providence, or fate, on the other side ; within which arise and exist all the external and foreign limiting determinators of the self-directing power, the inner metaphysical and necessary, the external physical, whether fixed, or variable, the judicial, the moral, the æsthetical, and the religious ; and the range of liberty is given in the whole sphere thus constituted. Will, measuring the total amount of power, the inner limit of freedom on that side, expresses the fact of its existence and the necessity of some action and some direction, if there be a living soul ; even though it should be no more than is necessary in order to maintain a stationary equilibrium of bare existence as an active power. This necessary some direction is given with the power itself, at the same time and from the same source : it is a part of the ultimate fact of existence. As self-directing cause, this soul may give direction, that is, choose, within the given range of liberty, or it may not : if it do not so act and choose, then the direction of the power must be determined by necessity ; and the soul will act in the direction taken by the choice, if any be so taken, or if not, then by mere necessity and blind chance ; or it will move by virtue of that more inward and original direction, which it has received and possesses with its primal existence : wherein may consist that guiding and controlling guardianship, or " secret will and grace " of the Greater Providence, which may sometimes determine the direction and the choice, when the self-directing specialty, as such, is unable to decide and determine for itself, being for the time in a certain unresolvable quandary ; which guardianship, again, may be that which is sometimes called Luck, and sometimes Destiny, being that same

" destiny

(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't") : — *Temp., Act III. Sc. 3*

or, as Holinshed wrote, "the divine providence and appointment of God, as St. Augustine saith; for of other destiny, it is impossible to dream."¹ In like manner writes Hooker, about 1594, in the "Ecclesiastical Polity" (which this author may have read), "that the natural generation and process of all things receiveth order of proceeding from the settled stability of the divine understanding. This appointeth unto them their kinds of working; the disposition whereof in the purity of God's own knowledge and will is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves here disposed by it, was wont by the ancient to be called natural Destiny. . . . Nature therefore is nothing else but God's instrument."² And Hamlet was not far from this same doctrine, when he said:—

"*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor.

That is most certain."

Act V. Sc. 2.

And so, this soul must act upon something out of the whole range and field of view, and either remain fixed in stupid equilibrium in one direction and upon the same thing, or it must shift upon the chosen things, or upon the destined things; as when a child first opens its eyes to the light, then needing much guidance and guardianship; and it will perceive, conceive, or act and do, something, or remain in stationary equilibrium; and that, too, by the determination of voluntary choice, sheer necessity, blind chance, or the all-seeing Destiny, out of the whole possi-

¹ *Chron. of Eng.*, I. 49.

² *Hooker's Works* (Oxford, 1850,) I. 158.

bility of thinking and doing, even downward in the scale to the low grade of a mere instinctive consciousness of bare existence, and down to that narrow sphere of liberty, which is given, say, to the crinoid star-fish, fixed by his stem to the bottom of the ocean. Growth and development of body and increase of the power of the soul in the ascending scale of types of organization, experience, discipline, practical skill, knowledge, wisdom, culture, insight, may follow, in their degrees, even up to the highest human wisdom and intelligence, wherein is the divine light of the soul. But the thought, which this special soul will have, must depend upon what it acts against and perceives, or what it acts upon and creates within itself as conceptions of its own; and its acts and doings will depend upon the thought and the direction taken by the power of the soul; and all its knowledge, wisdom, and culture must be acquired. But the fundamental power to perceive, conceive, think, understand, judge, and know, and do, is given, in whatever swelling measure, and is not acquired; though acquired skill, in many things, may be equivalent in practical effect to an increase of power. We have, in the "Cymbeline," some illustration of this kind of power and the degree of faculty and difference of quality, which Nature may give, with the birth of the individual. The two sons of the king are stolen from their cradle by Belarius, and brought up in a forest cave that was "a cell of ignorance" as hunters, knowing nothing of their origin. And when Imogen appears at the cave in the disguise of an unknown boy, the brothers conceive a greater liking for him than they have for their supposed father, Belarius: —

"*Bel.* [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
 Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
 I am not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.
 O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to th' vale. 'T is wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! " — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*

Thus is the soul constituted a special thinker and creator by itself, under a special consciousness of its own; and all its perceptions, conceptions, thought, ideas, knowledge, wisdom, culture, and insight, even to a knowledge of God and the universe and the order of his providence in it, must be exclusively its own, and arise out of its own special activity as such given power of thought, with whatever helps it may have. All the while, man must remember, that he lives in a world-prison as close as that in which the fallen King Richard meditated: —

"*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it; yet still I 'll hammer 't out.
 My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father; and these two beget
 A generation of still breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world;
 In humours like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the Word itself
 Against the Word:
 As thus, — 'Come little ones'; and then again, —
 'It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

tion and to fall back (as a wave falls to the level of the sea) into total identity with the "oversoul," the Greater Providence itself; a supposition, which would necessarily involve the logical and inevitable destruction and utter extinction of the special soul, as such; and it would vanish into silence and oblivion. True, this might happen, or it might not, at the will of the Creator: if the ocean covered the globe, a wave might roll eternally on a given circle. Says Jean Paul Richter, "I believe in a harmonious, an eternal ascent, but in no created culmination."¹

§ 4. THE LESSER PROVIDENCE.

Returning to the question of the origin and nature of the Lesser Providence, it is to be considered that the soul, so constituted, must exist as an object and a fact of the divine consciousness, in like manner as the body. The power given and specialized in that particular way in the creation of the soul in the universal distribution of variety in the totality of the universe, under that consciousness, must depend, always, for the amount of power, on the divine power in its freedom as self-acting and self-directing cause in the whole providential order and plan of the divine thought; and so, the capability of any soul to think—to perceive, conceive, see, understand, judge, know, and do, must depend at bottom upon the amount of power so given; and just so, from the lowest self-conscious animal up to the highest human intelligence. But nothing but the power and the specialization of it are given from that direction and on that side. Identity with the divine Existence extends no further than to this fundamental essence of the soul as a finite power of thought. By virtue of that identity it is power in fact of the nature of the power of thought, in a state of activity, and that "sparkle of our creation light whereby men acknowledge a Deity burneth still within," and, as such, self-acting, self-directing cause so far. Dif-

¹ *Kampaner Thal, Werke*, XIII. 44.

ference from the universal soul consists in the special constitution of the finite thinking sphere, so far as the specialization goes ; and it embraces the whole specialization and no more, the limitations being, on one side, the physical organization and the outward world, and on the other, the given amount of power and the necessary laws of thought ; and between the two sides or halves of the sphere (as it were) is, in fact, not a hollow sphere, nor a blank-sheet *sensorium*, but only that invisible sheet-plane which is yet neither a substance, nor a space, but a mere region of possibility of thinking, action, and sense-perception, and that same All Possibility in which God himself exists and creates the universe as His thought. In this unbounded possibility, in which lies the whole outer world and field of sensible experience, however undiscoverable its limits to us, as well as our own inner world of intellectual conception, there is no end to the creations of God and man : art and science have no bounds in this direction, being limited, in this respect, in man, or animal, only in the exhaustion of his power to act, to discover, and to create, but being, in God, as boundless as all the worlds of his creation, that are, or have been, and as inexhaustible as the eternal continuity of his existence and power to think and create.

But it is in the special constitution and by virtue of the specialization, only, that special thinking and a particular consciousness arise. The whole individual identity of the soul as a thinking personality depends upon the specialties, and it must cease if and when they cease. The soul so specialized, and bounded like a wave out of the whole ocean of soul, stands as a created object and a thought in the divine consciousness, in the same manner as a tree, or a microscopic cell of a tree ; but while it is such object in the divine mind, it is also a special subject for itself. But a tree, or a cell, is not, any more than is a body without a soul. The inner powers active in a cell are in motion under the divine consciousness alone, like all the powers of phys-

ical nature, to which we give no higher name than mechanical, chemical, electrical, or, in general, physical forces. But when we come to a self-acting, self-directing, self-conscious power, a new name is necessary in all science and in all languages to designate this new fact and peculiar phenomenon; and it is called a mind or a soul. As Plato says, and it cannot well be better said, "the beginning of motion is that which moves itself; and this can neither perish, nor be created, or all heaven and all creation must collapse and come to a standstill, and never again have any means whereby it might be moved and created"; and again, he says, "every body which is moved from without is soulless, but that which is moved from within, of itself, possesses a soul, since this is the very nature of soul."¹ And so, says Bacon, "all spirits and souls of men came forth out of one divine limbus": —

"Porter. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days." — *Hen. VIII., Act V. Sc. 8.*

It has become as difficult in science to draw the dividing line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms in respect of organization as it has been, in metaphysics, to mark the line of division between instinct and intelligence. There is a large class of animalcular cell-like bodies, with reference to which naturalists of the highest distinction differ in opinion as to whether they belong to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom; and of many species, even an Ehrenberg cannot determine with his microscope whether they are to be classed with animals, or with plants. Science is every day shifting some species from the one kingdom into the other. That they have an apparently voluntary motion, vibratory, or oscillatory, or revolving, is not sufficient to determine the question; for in this they are all alike. And Lankester finally resolves the essential organic difference between the two kingdoms into a difference of merely

¹ *Phaedrus, Works* (Bohn), I. 321.

chemical operations. Nevertheless, it is easy to distinguish a mere excito-motory instinctive motion, whether of a sensitive plant, or a sensitive animal, which is a mechanical or a physiological result of organization and applied forces, from an independent self-moving, self-directing cause and a self-conscious power. The most delicate water-creeper, the most infinitesimal rotifer, starts and stops, goes and comes, as he wills. A loom, be it ever so ingeniously constructed, presents only a certain mechanical practicability of cloth being woven: it has not, nor can it have, a self-moving power to weave cloth, as the spider has, to spin and weave his web. Applied power, as of water or steam, may put the instrumental machine in motion; but even then, it weaves nothing, and only runs as an empty mill. The power that actually weaves cloth is only in the soul of the weaver. It is clear, that the fly-catching movement of the leaf of *Dionæa*, or the vibrating motion of the leaflet of *Hydesarum*, or the life-like motion of the sensitive *Mimosa*, is a mere result of organization and of the action of external or internal physical forces or both together, though a Schleiden cannot discover the "causes" with his microscope.¹ Indeed, all nature is, in one sense, alive: —

" All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause ": — *Herbert*.

or as another poet sings: —

" L'anima di ogni bruto e delle piante
Di compassion potenziata tira
Lo raggio e il moto delle luci sante." — *Dante, Par. c. vii.*

The eye of science has not yet discovered, in all cases, the exact stage in the scale of organized being, whether in the Kingdom, or in the Branch, or in the individual, where this kind of power first distinctly appears in a special form: the exact point of its first appearance in the flow of the physical stream may not be very essential. Nor is it at all

¹ Schleiden's *Prin. of Botany*, p. 554 (London, 1849).

necessary that this fact should be taken as a criterion of distinction between an animal and a plant, or between one Branch, or Class, of the animal kingdom and another, but only, for that matter, between an excito-motory, or merely instinctive function and a self-conscious power or will, between an animal that has, and one that has not, a self-moving soul, though it be so limited and diminutive in amount of power of thought and action in the particular instance as to be sometimes rather called an instinct than a soul. But it is necessary critically to distinguish between a true soul and that structural, physiological, excito-motory function of motion and even apparent self-activity which is properly called an instinct; that is, between a movement which is due to the Greater Providence and one that is the work of the lesser providence as such.

It was an opinion of Bacon, that even insects had some small amount of mind. "The insecta," he writes, "have voluntary motion, and therefore imagination; and whereas some of the ancients have said that their motion is indeterminate and their imagination indefinite, it is negligently observed; for ants go right forward to their hills; and bees do (admirably) know the way from a flowery heath two or three miles off to their hives. It may be, gnats and flies have their imagination more mutable and giddy, as small birds likewise have. . . . And though their spirit [soul] be diffused, yet there is a seat of their senses in the head." ¹

It is evident that all mental manifestation or exhibition of psychical power in man or animals is immediately connected with, and somehow dependent upon, the brain and nervous structures. At the base of the kingdom, Owen finds the Protozoic *Acrita* without a nervous system. With the *Nematoneura*, a mere thread-nerve appears. The next ascending type (*Radiata*) is characterized by an œsophageal nervous ring; the next (*Articulata*) has two ganglia in

¹ *Nat. Hist.*, § 693.

this ring, one above and one below the œsophagus ; and as we ascend in the scale, this upper ganglion becomes a true cerebrum, and the lower, a cerebellum ; that is, they will be found to correspond in ganglionic function. In the next type (*Mollusca*), we have three ganglia in the œsophageal ring, the third and additional one corresponding in nervous function with the medulla oblongata of the higher Branch (*Vertebrata*.) In the cuttle-fish (*Sepia*), the highest type of mollusc, these three ganglia are already well concentrated into the head, and the cerebral ganglion has now become a well-defined cerebrum, and begins to be enclosed in a cartilaginous brain-case. In the first class of Vertebrates (Fishes), the second ganglion, too, has become a distinctly rounded nodule and a well marked cerebellum ; and the whole brain begins to be enclosed in a brain-case, cartilaginous, at first, and afterwards and higher in the scale, in a bony cranium. In these Fishes, the three ganglia, now become a distinct triplex brain, lie extended on a horizontal line, with the cerebrum in front, then the cerebellum, and last, the medulla oblongata ; and the cerebellum is smallest in comparative size, the cerebrum larger, and the medulla oblongata, largest. In the Amphibia, the next higher type, the cerebellum has become larger than the cerebrum, the medulla oblongata being still the largest. In the next higher, the Reptiles, the cerebrum is still smallest, and the other two have become nearly equal in size. In the Birds, the next higher still, the cerebrum is largest, the other two remaining nearly equal in size. And in the Mammals, the cerebrum has become still larger in comparison, and the cerebellum larger than the other. And with the relative and comparative size goes, in general, the increase in development and complication of the brain structure. And still further, with the Birds the cerebrum, moving backward in position, already begins to be placed partly above the other parts of the brain ; in the Mammals, it covers them still more ; in the Lemurs, the first family

of the Ape tribe, it is placed nearly on top of the other parts, not yet quite covering them ; in the higher Apes, it fully covers them, and in Man, still more completely ; and this progress, on the whole, appears to exhibit an ever increasing development and perfection in respect of the extent, depth, complication, and distinctive prominence of the convolutions of the brain, and, as it would seem, with a corresponding degree of fineness and delicacy in the most intimate and inward organization and structure of the microscopic cell-tissues ; and the whole ascending order of development, arrangement, evolution, and new creation of artistic form, is thus completed in the erect stature and commanding presence of the lord of creation. Not that this progress consists in any mere development along one continuous line of linear descent ; for such is not wholly the fact ; but it takes place along several divergent and consecutively branching lines of linear descent, travelling over different surfaces in space in concurrent times, the concurrent spaces and times giving the distribution in time and space, and the true ascent is in respect of the ideal type alone, executed in material form in the individual, wherein it is seen how the whole is an ideal and real creation in time and space, or times and spaces, and a work of thought only. Herder, as well as Agassiz, was able to see this gradual approximation to the erect posture and the right angle of highest perfection in this direction, and that all further ascent must needs be exclusively in the intellectual and moral order, in power of soul, knowledge, discipline, and culture.

Throughout the scale, taking the nervous system and the brain in particular as basis of the comparison (with Owen), as is just, mind and the order of exhibition of psychical power being the most fundamental and important thing of all, the correspondence of the psychical powers and faculties with the organic structures, from the thread-nerve to the full human brain, is clearly manifest. In the thread-nerve,

it is scarcely more than a physiological function ; in the nerve-ring, it is no more than a mere excito-motory instinctive function ; in the homogangliate duplex brain of the Articulates, a self-conscious, self-directing psychical power becomes more decidedly evident, with an increased amount and variety of sensational phenomena ; the heterogangliate triplex brain, in the molluscous cuttle-fish, reaches a still higher degree of mental manifestation and power ; and in the Vertebrate Branch, with still greater concentration into the head and a more rapidly increasing development and evolution and new creation of brain structure, in comparative relation to the whole body and to the Class, or Branch, the whole psychical and sensational endowment advances by ascending steps and degrees, as the animal procession, in the order of creative divine providence, advances in geological time from out of the sea into the air, from sea and air to shore and land, to island, to continent ; and it becomes difficult (though it may yet be possible) to say, exactly when and where finite mind, or soul, first began ; for as we trace backward the order of the ascent in past time, just as when we attempt to trace it in the order of ascent in the scale of classification in present space, we find it dwindling by degrees from the highest intellectual power in man down to a mere instinct, to a simple function of motion, or even to merely physiological, mechanical, and general physical powers or forces.

A fabulous opinion is still quite prevalent, that man only (and some would even leave out the lowest races of men as well as the higher apes) has a soul. It is based upon certain foggy, mystical, and obscure notions of the Biblical revelation, and means only that man alone has such a soul as can be saved and go to Heaven. Dr. Carpenter thinks there is no mind, or soul, below the Vertebrates. What his idea of mind or soul is, it would be difficult to determine or define. The phrenologists begin by assuming at once a whole psychology, wherein the human mind appears to be

an agglomeration of some forty distinct faculties and powers, which they as readily proceed to locate within the skull from the outside. Carpenter works from the inside, but ends in finding a "Sensorium" in the Sensory Ganglia (*thalami optici* and *corpora striata*), wherein he seats what he calls "Sensation," "Ideation," and "Consciousness"; and he discovers "internal senses" in the commissural fibres, and locates the will and intelligence in the cortical substance of the cerebral hemispheres. This, too, is psychology with "a splitting power."

The work of creation of an individual seems to proceed in a manner closely analogous to the mode of procedure in the creation of an animal kingdom. Descending by the light of science and the help of the microscope into the inner laboratory of God and Nature, wherein the work of creation never ceases, we arrive at length at the germinal vesicle with its central dot, or point of beginning of the creation of the new individual, being nearly that same mathematical point at which all creation, divine or human, always and everywhere begins. From this centre proceeds the formation and evolution of new cells as materials of construction. All sorts of powers are evidently at work here, mechanical, physiological, chemical, electrical, or other, and, underneath these, the creative thinking power itself, wielding all these other and secondary forces as means and instruments, under the laws and conditions thereof, and using the existing forms of substance and modes of force, solid, liquid, gaseous, or ethereal, as materials and instruments at hand ready made for the work; and the artistic operation begins. — How do you know this? Know it! When we see a Homer's Iliad, do we not know it came from the soul of a Homer? or a St. Paul's, a St. Peter's, a watch, or a world, do we not know it came from the mind of the architect and artist? for, surely, of all things else we know anything about, nothing but mind works and creates in that way.

But this work does not proceed beyond a certain stage, it seems, according to the nearest scientific exploration, until the male seminal cells actually reach the outside of the initiative egg-cell, containing this germinal vesicle, and there deliquesce in contact (and M. Tulasne finds it to be just so, in the vegetable kingdom,) the fluid contents of these cells being taken into actual mixture with those of the egg-cell by imbibition or endosmose through the cell-walls. So much science has settled for us ; and this is called impregnation. Reinforced thus, the work of producing new cell-material starts anew and proceeds with renewed vigor. By a wonderful process of segmentation, it seems, a single cell, or a whole mass of cells, is made by halving to chop itself into a million portions, each containing a part of the contents of the parent cell, or mass of cells, and a share of the cell-producing power, which appears, in some measure, to continue throughout the life of the new animal, living in all the tissues, and not exhausted even in the hardest bone ; and so, the work of new creation continually runs along the interior basis of the individual structure, in like manner as it runs along the base of the entire animal pyramid and of the entire vegetable pyramid. Materials enough being ready, the Architect (so be the work be not detruded by the intractable and perverse nature of matter, and by fatal intervening impediments, and thereby deviated from the ordinary course,) distributes them into layers ; out of one he fashions an alimentary canal system and reproductive organs, and this we may call the first story of the building ; out of a second layer, he unfolds a whole vascular system of heart, lungs, arteries, veins, for a second story ; and for the third, out of the other layer, (which is first begun,) he moulds the skeleton (to serve as basement) and the muscles, tendons, tissues, nerves, and brain, for frame-work and inside finish of the whole fabric ; and the brain is pushed up, as it were, into the very top and dome of the living temple. But, by the time this embryonic process of evolu-

tion and construction is completed, there begins to be exhibited from within the cerebrum, at whatever exact point in time and space, the psychological phenomenon of an actual thinking soul and a specialized manifestation of that same creative thinking power that built the embryo; and thus a veritable incarnation of the Word is accomplished : —

“E tutti li altri modi erano scarsi
 Alla giustizia, se il figlio di dio
 Non fosse umiliato ad incarnarsi.”

Paradiso di Dante, c. vii.

[And all the other modes were insufficient
 For justice, if the son of God did not
 Humiliate himself, and be incarnate.]

Nutrition ascends from the first story into the second, and from thence into the third, and even down into the basement, and upward into the dome, and so keeps the animal alive. That the work proceeds, in each individual, through nearly all the ascending steps and grades of cell-development and embryological evolution as exhibited in the graduated ascent of the entire animal kingdom as a whole, or in the Vertebrate Branch, in particular, in respect of type, passing through fish, reptile, bird, mammal, monkey, up to man; or, that the construction proceeds by stories, somewhat as in the entire kingdom of organic nature, with mineral structures in the first or basement story, with reproductive organs only in the second, as in Protozoa, with a nutritive system, only, in the third, as in some lower orders of animals and in the vegetable kingdom also, and then a vascular system superadded in a fourth story, and a nervous system in a fifth and last, with an internal skeleton and a true and perfect brain in the uppermost loft of all; — all this is only to be taken as another evidence that the Divine Architect takes his own simplest and perhaps nearest way in all his works: all which not only seems to be true, according to exact science, but agrees remarkably well with that divine revelation, which the shade of the poet

Statius made to Dante, when under the guidance of the soul of Virgil, he had reached the seventh hill in Purgatory, concluding in these words : —

“ Ma come di animal divegna fante,
Non vedi tu ancor: questo è tal punto,
Che pui savio di te già fece errante,
Sì, che per sua dottrina fè diagiunto
Dall' anima il possibile intelletto,
Per che da lui non vide organo assunto.
Apri alla verità, che viene, il petto
E sappi che, si tosto come al feto
Lo articular del cerebro è perfetto,
Lo motor primo a lui si volge lieto
Sovra tant' arte di natura, e spira
Spirito novo di virtù repleto,
Che ciò, che trova attivo quivi, tira
In sua sustanza, e fassi un' alma sola,
Che vive, e sente, e sè in sè rigira.” — *Purg.*, c. xxv

[But how an infant of the animal
Doth come, thou see'st not yet: this is such point,
That wiser men than thou have err'd therein, —
They, who by their own doctrine have disjoin'd
From soul the possible intelligence,
Because they saw no organ by 't assum'd.
Open thy heart to th' very truth which comes,
And know thou, that as soon as in the fetus
Th' articulated brain is once perfected,
Himself kindly to 't the First Mover turns,
On so much art of Nature, and inspires
A new spirit, with virtue all replete;
So that you see, what 's found there active, shoots
His essence in, and makes a soul distinct,
Which lives, and feels, and rules itself in self.]

The ascent from the bottom of the animal kingdom up to the top, as from the vesicular cell up to the full-grown man, is by a wide scale of steps and degrees. Until a nerve is reached, there can be no pretence that any special psychological power exists in any particular structure. In certain microscopic animalcules in which fine nervous threads, infinitesimal ganglia, and some appearance of senses, seem to be discernible, if really so, as also in the Nematoneura and the Radiata, there is little or no ground of probability that

there exists anything more than that kind of physiological movement and excito-motory and reflex nervous action in obedience to external, or internal, sensational impressions, which may properly be called instinct, and in which there is otherwise no distinct self-moving, self-conscious power. The ganglia of the œsophageal ring in Articulates and Molluscs, though in part subservient to certain senses and to the functions of sensation and motion, must be, for the most part, (if not entirely), like the other ganglia of these animals, confined to the same kind of excito-motory and reflex activity, which is to be considered as purely physiological in its nature, with the addition, perhaps, in the upper or cerebral ganglion, of that very small degree of psychical power, which is necessary to give a faculty of choice in the direction of the muscular movements and the motions of the animal, in obedience to actually present sensations, determining the animal to one direction, or to one act, rather than another, but not amounting to such a degree of this power as to be capable of conceiving ideas, ideal images, conceptions of imagination, or dreams ; much less, of carrying on any continued, or connected, process of rational thinking. Indeed, it is conceivable, if not probable, or even very certain, that the highest power of soul in man, under special circumstances, as when in sound sleep, or as when stunned by a blow on the head, or under the suffocation of carbonic acid gas, or the influence of chloroform, or in any comatose state of the brain, or in disease when near the point of unconscious insensibility, or death, or when as yet unborn, may sink, or only rise, for the time being, to a like diminutive degree of psychical power, and yet be a distinct living soul. It must be admitted that insects and molluscs, say, for instance, the bee, with his skilful instincts and industrial economy in the composite organic structure of the swarm, or the cuttle-fish, with his larger cerebral ganglion, his great powers of motion, and his cunning arts of self-protection, possess the power and faculty

of voluntary motion, at least ; but this, perhaps, need not argue more of psychical power, or self-directing will, than a simple power of choice between present conflicting sensations, in conformity also with the mechanical, physiological, and other physical conditions, which result from their organization and the state of existence in which they live. If the act of the bee in returning straight to his hive when laden with honey from the flowery mead, wherein he seems to have something of the faculty of the wild Indian in the deep woods, if the act of the cuttle-fish in darkening the waters with his ink when danger threatens, necessarily implies some degree of memory as well as an act of will, or choice, we may as easily allow the memory as the choice, and also such small degree of psychical power, or soul, as is therein necessarily implied ; and in this memory, there is also necessarily implied some small faculty of imagination, that is, a capability of framing ideal conceptions in a thinking soul, however limited in amount and degree of power. In general, nerves and ganglia are plainly subservient to the physiological processes of the animal economy merely. The three great ganglia, which gradually become concentrated into the head, are as clearly subservient, in the first instance, and excepting only the cerebral, first and last, to those functions of sensation and muscular motion, for which an excito-motory and reflex activity of a merely physiological nature may be considered as sufficient. But this cerebral ganglion, even in these Articulates and Molluscs, as later among the Vertebrates, would seem to be the seat, also, of some small degree of that higher kind of power, which can only be designated as psychical power, or soul that thinks and moves itself.

As we ascend the scale in the Vertebrate Branch, we find an increased development of these same ganglia, corresponding with the increased faculties of sensation and the increased power and complexity of muscular motion ; and with the enlargement of the cerebral sensory ganglia into

expanded cerebral hemispheres, with an ever increasing proportion in size, convolution, and fineness of texture therein as the scale mounts, we find this same psychical power exhibited, everywhere and throughout, in a very nearly, if not an exactly, corresponding proportion ; so that no one can deny, for instance, that the psychical powers of the higher apes, as in the Orang, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla, approach as much more nearly to those of man, on the whole, than do those of the other inferior orders of animals, as the structure and development of their cerebral hemispheres, and indeed all the rest of their organization and structure, approximate more nearly than the other to the human type. Nor does the scale stop here : it still continues to ascend, only with a proportionately less degree of difference in the advance upward through the ascending races or species of men. The result of all ethnological study goes to establish this fact ; and though there be a wide gulf between the highest living species of ape, and the lowest existing species of man, it is nevertheless true, that some human tribes, lowest in the living scale, and only not yet quite extinct, (and many species, or distinct tribes, have doubtless long since become extinct in the lapse of immense geological ages since the Pliocene man lived,) for instance, the Papuas of the East Indian Islands and Australia, are found to be utterly incapable of abstract notions, that is, general rational ideas or conceptions, or any kind of abstruse reasoning. It is just so with the American Indian and other inferior races, the African Negro inclusive, in greater or less degree only. Thoreau found it to be so with the civilized Indians of the Maine woods ; and he was a good observer of such facts. The Gorilla, or Chimpanzee, may have sensation, voluntary motion, will, and understanding enough to come down from his tree and warm himself by a deserted camp-fire, but not reason, foresight, or rational thinking power enough to put on more wood when the fire burns down, as the naturalists say ; and yet he

may have a very considerable amount of self-conscious, self-directing power or will, with memory and imagination ; — some not inconsiderable degree of thinking soul. The wild naked Papuas, or the Hottentots, four feet and a half in height, may have reason enough to do acts of this kind, but scarcely more ; for they have never had understanding, invention, power of thought, or skill and sense enough, in the course of long ages, to raise themselves above the condition of wild men of the woods, nor sufficient intelligence or rational thinking power, to be able to comprehend, by the help of any teaching, the general ideas, the higher reasonings, and more comprehensive conceptions, nor the arts and sciences, of the superior races of men. The lower races are scarcely more than grown up children : they represent the several stages of the childhood of the human race. The American Indian, though somewhat more capable, is still but little better than a natural-born Caliban, —

“ A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.” — *Temp.*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

With them, all progress is, and must be, slow and gradual, and for the most part in their own best way. John Elliot's converted Naticks are extinct, and their agglutinate, polysynthetic Bible is a dead tongue. In the course of unnumbered geological æons, the white type is reached. In the lapse of untold centuries, the Turanian grows into a Chinese straight-jacket ; the Gangetic Malay, into a Hindu, the Nilotic African, into an Egyptian ; the American Indian, into an Aztec, or Inca-Peruvian ; the Caucasian, into a Bactrian, Assyrian, Chaldæan, Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, European. Within the gently stretching envelope, each lives, grows, expands, improves, and is transmuted. Take either suddenly out of it, and he suffers, or perishes, as when you wrench a turtle out of his shell. Boat-heads,

flat-heads, and pigmy dwarfs, become fossil, before the advance of more gigantic long-heads and high-heads. The westward-flowing white streams of the temperate zones overwhelm the inferior indigenes, or sweep them aside into bogs and mountain fastnesses, or strand them upon remote, inhospitable shores. Guanches, Tasmanians, Tahitians, Indians, Negroes, vanish into utter darkness, before the burning face of European civilization; or the civilization, flowing backward upon the tropical zones, is itself extinguished in the dark multitude, as a light goes out in carbonic acid.

The difference is not so much a difference in kind, or in essence, as a difference of degree; but as the psychical power increases in degree, as we mount in the scale, there is exhibited that ever-enlarging scope, and that consequently increasing number and variety of capabilities and faculties which, in the new and varied applications and uses that arise out of and go along with this increase in amount of power, present themselves to a superficial apprehension as new, additional, and distinct mental powers or faculties; and hence the illusion of the phrenologists, the mental physiologists, and all those materialistic philosophers, who try to imagine that all the phenomena of mind are a mere result of the physical organization and a direct effect produced by the organic machine; that memory consists merely in an accumulated volume and mass of sensational impressions stamped and recorded, one set above another (with Sir Benjamin Brodie), upon the gossamer tissues of the cortical layers of the brain; and that all thought is a product of nervous electricity, or some kind of arterial brain-flow and consumption of neurine, as light comes of the burning of a candle, or time-keeping from the running of a clock.

The necessary laws of thought, constituting the impersonal reason (as defined by Cousin), exist absolutely; that is, as necessary fact, and are common to all thinking souls, from insect to man, and from man to his Maker.

Hence, the only difference there can be, in respect of pure reason, between one created soul and another, whatever the place of either in the scale of existence, is a difference in the extent and measure in which each finite soul may be able to share, partake, use, employ, and exercise these laws and this reason in perceiving, conceiving, thinking, and knowing; for these operations of the mind, as far as they go, must necessarily be, and always are, carried on in exact accordance with these laws, whether the special thinker himself be aware of it or not. This measure may be large or small in the given instance, and the use made of it may be in some degree more or less, much or little, good or bad, logical or illogical, wise or unwise. The soul in itself is active choosing cause and thinking power, the "sparkle of our creation light," the "lamp of God" shining within us, and the light of the understanding whereby the mind intellectually and spiritually sees, knows, perceives, conceives, understands, comprehends, and is self-conscious, and the power whereby it acts, wills, and creates; and its existence as such is an ultimate and final fact. Any man may deny the fact, not see it, and disbelieve it; yet the fact still exists and remains so. Such being the nature of it, it is plain that neither soul, nor thinking, can be the result or effect of the physical organization, nor a simple product of the working of the physiological machine, though a finite soul may never exist at all without an organic body; that brain and mind, speaking of the finite creature, do not stand in the relation to one another of cause and effect; that mind and brain, speaking of the divine mind, and the created brain, do stand in the relation to one another of cause and effect; but that the true relation of the finite mind, or soul, to the brain and general structure of the body, is one of correspondence and adaptation only, as Swedenborg said. And the specialization of the soul is made to correspond with the special organic body: the larger and better the receiving basin.

the more powerful will be the swell of ocean that streams into it ; and the more soul, the nearer to God.

As a special subject, the activity of any given soul, and its power as thinking cause, is as primary, original, fundamental, and immortal, as the Divine Soul itself, the totality of all power and cause : it is only in so far as it is a speciality, that a finite soul is secondary and a creation. But the thought and consciousness of God must necessarily be in the unity and totality of his being, as such, wherein is the Divine Personality. The personality of the special thinker, in like manner, must be only in the unity and totality of the special soul, as such. Consciousness is the fact of being and knowing ; and it can by no possibility be more extensive than the thinking personality. And the finite soul being thus bounded off, as it were, into a separate and distinct sphere of consciousness of its own, there can be no possibility of its being or becoming directly conscious, that is, knowing, of the thought, knowledge, purposes, or foreordination of God, nor any conceivable possibility of an intermediate flow of thoughts, ideas, conceptions, or revelations, out of the one mind into the other, whether that of a Moses, an Isaiah, a Jesus, or a Pope. A man may become conscious, indirectly, of some part of the divine thought and providence, by discovering and seeing it in the fore-front view of the universe, an infinite phantasmagoria, as it were, capable of being reflected in the mirror of his mind's eye, which is always able to find therein as much revelation as it can discover, see, or in any way receive and comprehend, or have need to know ; but never any more. There can be no back-door passage from the one consciousness into the other, and it is of no use to look in the back of the mirror : it can be conceived only in the heated fancies of uncritical thinkers and mystical dreamers. The open passages are all in front : we stand face to face with our God. It should be left to spiritual-rapping doctors only, to believe that knowledge, foreknowledge, revelation, divination, prophe-

cies, auguries, gifts of healing, helps, and diversities of tongues, are, or can be, poured into the human soul, as it were, through an imaginary hole in the back of the head.

Since the invention of the electric telegraph, certain visionary dreamers, possessing souls only half awake, have abandoned the theory of influxions, and imagined that disembodied souls or spirits could send communications from the spirit-world by some sort of telegraphic rapping. That a departed soul may live in a spiritual form may be very possible, if not highly probable, or indeed quite certain. Some persons have believed that they walked the upper air, like the spectral ghosts that poets, superstitious persons, and diseased minds have created in their wandering fancies; but since it has become scientifically demonstrable, that no such vision of a ghost could possibly be visible to any human eye, telegraphic rappings from imaginary invisible spirits have been substituted in the place of the visible spectres. As a living power of thought, a soul can act, directly, in its own inner sphere of self only; and indirectly, upon the world external to itself and upon human senses, only by means of organic physical instruments, and through the agency of material means. A human soul, as we see, has power to move an arm of flesh and bone, and so to produce great effects on solid bodies. But here, we have the necessary gradation of organized material structures and instruments, rising by degrees of solidity and strength from the most ethereal invisible particles, microscopic cells, finest conceivable fibres and gossamer tissues of the brain, through the infinite ascending complication of ganglionic, nervous, vascular, muscular, and bony structures up to that completed complex and substantial instrument, the arm, with its terminal, ingeniously constructed hand, capable of great power. And so, too, we may imagine a spirit soul to have a spiritual body, with a corresponding and similar structure of brain, nerve, muscle, bone, arm and hand, made of forms of spiritual substance

(as indeed all substance is spiritual) ; but whatever power or force such an organization of body might be able to exercise upon other spiritual bodies of like nature and constitution, it is clear that if it be so thin and ethereal as to be invisible to the microscope, and wholly imperceptible to the most delicate scientific tests of the presence of matter or force, it would be utterly absurd to imagine it could, by any conceivable possibility, so rap a table at the will of a spirit soul as to produce a vibration in solid wood, or in so dense a fluid as the air, which is the only medium of sound to the ear, any more than could the imaginary hand of an impossibly visible ghost. Both our eyes and our ears are forever closed to any such agency, and our souls and our senses alike are happily inaccessible to all such communications : so says Hamlet : —

“ And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ? ”

Honest ghosts have scarcely been suspected of such impossibilities : even the ghost of Hamlet's father, that “ perturbed spirit,” old truepenny, “ the fellow i' the cellarage,” that was “ *hic et ubique*,” and could “ work i' the earth ” like a mole, knew better than to undertake to rap anything. He only ventured to speak aloud ; and even that voice was never heard by mortal ear until uttered by some living medium under the stage. Even when poetically visible, face to face with Hamlet, he cut a long story short with this sensible speech : —

“ But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.” — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

And all spiritual rappers will know better, when they

have learned more, than to undertake any such performance: that work belongs only to poets. In the mean time, all may rest assured, that in literal truth this "eternal blazon" must not be, and, in the order of Divine Providence in the known world, cannot be, to "ears of flesh and blood." The universe is neither made nor governed so, nor are men to be instructed here in that way; and the sooner all rappers find this out, the better it may be for them, both here and hereafter. There should be established for their use "houses of deceits of the senses, all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions, and their fallacies;" and they should beware of the fate and the curse of Macbeth.

§ 5. REVERENCE AND DEGREE.

That sprightly antithesis of Pope, straining a truth to point his wit, —

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"

like much other wit and many old saws, contains more point than truth; and as is usual, when vulgar satire flings its envenomed shafts at what is nobler than itself, the slander is apt to stick better than the truth. Bacon was not the meanest of mankind. He was not mean at all, unless by some mean standard of meanness, but one of the loftiest and noblest of his time, as well as one of the wisest and brightest of all time. That he partook in some measure of the abuses of the time, and shared the faults of good men in all times, need not be denied. He was not a martyr, nor a hero, in any ordinary sense; but in a very extraordinary sense, he might be found to have been both. He did not attempt impracticabilities, nor absurd impossibilities; but he was certainly one of those "clearest burning lamps,"¹ and

"clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities";

¹ Bacon.

"which, nevertheless," says he, "it seemeth they propound rather as impossibilities and wishes than as things within the compass of human comprehension." ¹

Without stopping, now, to extenuate his faults, such as they were (and they have been enormously magnified), it may be remembered here, that he was wiser than to break his own head against the dead stone walls and brazen idols of the age in which he lived. He knew it was better to set the slow hand of all-conquering Time at work upon them, and he did more than any other of his time toward contriving the plans, indicating the ways, inventing the means, and constructing the ideal engines and instruments for their demolition. He made a virtue of necessity, perhaps, and adapted himself as well as he could to the medium in which his life was cast; and he made use of the materials and instruments that were at hand for such uses as they were fit for, and for objects, ends, and aims, far higher, nobler, and better, than was dreamed of by many in his own time, or even by a large portion of posterity down to this day. Comparatively speaking, he lived in an age of darkness and despotism, not in an age of light and liberty. His "Genius" could not have "the air of freedom"; and this he well knew. Hamlet gives sage advice:—

"Not this, by no means,—that I bid you do: . . .

No, in despite of sence, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down."—*Act III. Sc. 4.*

Sovereignty, in that age, resided in the king, not in the people, and if he may be judged by his writings, it was certainly not Bacon's fault, if the reigning sovereign were not really as wise as Solomon and a true vicegerent of the Divine Majesty; for he taught that kings "be live gods on earth," as the play also teaches:—

¹ *Valerius Terminus.*

"Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?"

Per., Act I. Sc. 1.

And again thus, in the "Richard II.":—

"*Boling.* With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on Earth thou art."—*Act V. Sc. 2.*

And again in the "Rape of Lucrece":—

"Thou seemest not what thou art, a god, a king,
For kings like gods should govern everything."

He had to take "the age and body of the time, his form and pressure," for what it was, as he found it, believing, perhaps, with the play, again, that

"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity."—*Rich. II., Act I. Sc. 2.*

In Euripides, the same doctrine stands thus:—

"Wise men have said, (it is no speech of mine,)
There 's nothing stronger, or more terrible
Than dire necessity."—*Helene, 512-14.*

Probably, Bacon alluded to this very passage, when he said, "It was said among the ancients, '*Necessitatem ex omnibus rebus esse fortissimum*'"¹ (Necessity is the strongest of all things). And it is repeated in this same play, thus:—

"*K. Rich.* I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death."—*Act V. Sc. 1.*

And again, the same idea appears in the second part of the "Henry IV.," thus:—

"*K. Hen.* Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities."—*Act III. Sc. 1.*

And there may be some truth in the sonnet, as applied to himself:—

"'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,

¹ *De Aug. Scient., Lib. VIII.*

And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shewn,
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign." — *Son. cxxi.*

And this, again, would seem to echo almost the very words of Helene in Euripides, which, being interpreted, run nearly thus: —

"Being no way unjust, I am disgrac'd,
And this, to whomsoever comes reproach
Of evil deeds, belonging not to him,
Is worse than all the vileness of the truth." — *Helene, 270-3.*

Even victorious Cæsar, in the play, could speak in praise of the fallen Antony, admire his greatness, and lament his fate; and Antony could think the Egyptian Cleopatra "thrice nobler" than himself, when, forgetting all her human frailties, he exclaimed, as he imitated her example, and fell upon his own sword, —

"My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act IV. Sc. 12.*

As Bacon says, "at best, nobleness is never lost, but rewarded in itself."¹ And reading the "Antony and Cleopatra" from the high philosophic point of view of Plato's Republic, some touch of this same nobleness may be discovered in it: —

"*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

¹ Letter, 1623.

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to wit
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?" — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

Nor would Cleopatra stay in this world, Antony being in the other: —

"*Cleo.* O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too. —

What should I stay — *[Applying another asp.]*
[Dies.]

Char. In this wide world? — So fare thee well.¹
Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

This author's breadth of view, his greatness of soul, his lofty standards of moral judgment, and his deep insight into the confusions of men and things, whereby the most precious jewels are discovered where least looked for, even in the toad's head, and purified and redeemed from the rubbish of affairs, life, and opinion, which had long concealed them from the sight of most men, this brave instruction, this nobleness in record, and these unparalleled mortals, all together, reveal to our apprehension a genius and a soul which readily suggests but few living parallels. For style and diction, depth and breadth, and all-sided clearness of vision, the "*Cymbeline*" and the "*Troilus and Cressida*" may compare with the best of the moderns. The open secret is therein laid more open; but the world will not see it, howsoever open: they will rather stay under the clouds, and mope still in theological fog, believing only —

"The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers, though those that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

¹ Mr. White reads "in this wild world," after the Folio of 1623, which reads "*wilde world*"; a misprint, as I believe, for *wide world*, the true reading. See White's *Shakes.*, XII. 123; Notes, 147.

Bacon would have the true interpreter of nature pry more deeply into this open secret, and write a new Scripture : — “ We desire,” he says, “ this primary history to be conscientiously collected, and as if upon solemn oath of its verity in every particular; since it is the volume of God’s works, and (so far as a similitude between the majesty of divine things and the lowness of the terrene, may be allowed), as it were another Scripture ”; ¹ for, as he continues again, “ this writing of our *Sylva Sylvarum* is, to speak properly, not a natural history, but a high kind of natural magic ”; and according to Dr. Rawley, it was “ a usual speech of his lordship,” that it was to be “ the world as God made it ”; that is, not a work of the imaginations of men, but the work of the divine mind; and such being the nature of it, we need not wonder that he should call it a high kind of natural magic and an actual Holy Scripture. So he says that Homer “ was made a kind of Scripture by the latter schools of the Grecians ”; and his fables “ seemed to be like a thin rarefied air, which, from the traditions of more ancient nations, fell into the flutes of the Grecians ”; as the celestial spirits, in “ The Tempest,” “ melted into air, into thin air.”

According to Goethe, out of the three reverences, reverence for what is above us, reverence for what is around us, and reverence for what is under us, springs the highest reverence, the reverence for one’s self and that true religion, wherein a man is “ justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced,” as in the play : —

“ though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place ’tween high and low.” — *Cymb.*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

And again : —

“ The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest: so his successor
Was like to be the best.” — *Winter’s Tale*, Act V. Sc. 1.

¹ *Paraceve*, Works (Boston), II. 57.

And again, thus: —

“Those that I reverence, those I fear, — the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.” — *Cymb., Act IV. Sc. 2.*

So, we may remember, Bacon says, that “the reverence of a man’s self is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices,” and that, “whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself”; and we find the same sentiment nearly repeated in idea (though not in words), and enforced with all the powers of rhetoric, and in a splendid amplitude of metaphorical expression, all drawn from the common language of the Christian religion, in this fine passage from the “Troilus and Cressida:” —

“Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed’s Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods’ delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne’s broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto’s gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of Heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself;
The bonds of Heaven are slipp’d, dissolv’d, and loos’d,
And with another knot, five-finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o’er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.”

Tro. and Cr., Act V. Sc. 2.

Bacon comprehended “the nature of this great city of the world,” as he expresses it. So Carlyle says of Shakespeare, that “in his mind the world is a whole; he figures it as Providence governs it; a world of earnest-

ness and sport, of solemn cliff and gay plain"; or as Bacon also says, again, comparing poetry with history as a mode of representing acts, or events, "poesy feigns them more just in retribution and more according to revealed providence." And what Schlegel said of Shakespeare may be said as well, — nay, rather better, — of Bacon himself, that he had "deeply reflected on character and passion, on the progress of events and human destinies, on the human constitution, on all the things and relations of the world"; and again, that "the world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet; in strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of the higher order, he lowers himself to mortals as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child."¹ But of most men, who will not, or who cannot, "so by degrees learn to read in the volumes" of God's universe,

"I the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest"; — *Cymb., Act III. Sc. 4.*

for they will continue to believe with the fool, Thersites, that it is, in God and Nature as in Cressida, —

"A juggling trick, — to be secretly open." — *Tro. and Cr., Act V. Sc. 4.*

They will

"rather think this not Cressid";

and so thinking, they will proceed to create for themselves an ideal Cressid, after such pattern as they have; for "they have ever left the oracles of God's works, and adored the deceiving and deformed imagery, which the unequal mirrors of their own minds have represented unto them." But having so created the human ideal idol, they must find, sooner or later, that

"this is, and is not, Cressid."

And hence, losing sight of all just reverences, the highest

¹ *Lectures on Dram. Lit.*, by A. W. Schlegel, p. 290-298 (Philad., 1838).

wisdom, the true religion, and all just conception of the due line of order and authentic place of things in this universe, there reigns in the minds of men, for the most part, a confusion of ideas and opinions, and a moral disorder, which is not merely a

“ musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction,”

but an appalling chaos, equal to that of Agamemnon's Grecian camp : —

“ Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'ring
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of the earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

So says Bacon, "It is owing to justice that man is a god to man, and not a wolf";¹ and "when the judgment-seat takes the part of injustice, there succeeds a state of general robbery, and men turn wolves to each other, according to the adage";² and —

"Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves." — *Meas. for Meas., Act II. Sc. 2.*

And again, he says, "If to be just be not to do that to another which you would not have another do to you, then is mercy justice": —

"And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice." — *Mer. of Ven., Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Indeed, the careful reader, who will diligently compare the "Antitheses of Justice," a mere example of a collection of common places under the head of "Promptuary or Preparatory Store," thrown into that very notable Book VII. of the *De Augmentis*, on the Exemplar of Good, the Colors of Good and Evil, moral knowledge concerning the Georgics of the mind, and the "Antitheses of Things," with the first scene of the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," can scarcely fail to see, that the fine exposition of the quality of mercy and justice, there given, is but an amplification in verse of these very antitheses; and by comparing also the Aphorisms on "Universal Justice or the Fountains of Equity" in civil society, in the VIIIth Book,³ with the "Measure for Measure," he will discover therein a still further illustration of these same doctrines of justice and the

¹ Trans. of the *De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 166.

² Trans. of the *De Aug.* 259; *Erasmus' Adagia*, I. 70.

³ *Works* (Boston), IX. 811.

"three fountains of Injustice," namely, mere force, a malicious ensnarement under color of law, and hardness of the law itself, until Escalus exclaims :—

"Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?" — *Act II. Sc. 1.*

The antitheses of justice and injustice, chastity and lewdness, are therein exhibited as in a model, after his own usual manner, by contrast of opposites, whereby the limits, or antinomies, of the passions and moral laws, are more easily represented, more distinctly defined, and better illustrated by example. The same "commission" for the reform of obsolete laws appears in both. "For," says the Aphorism, "since an express statute is not regularly abolished by disuse, it comes to pass that through this contempt of obsolete laws the authority of the rest is somewhat impaired. And from this ensues a torment like that of Mezentius, whereby the living laws are *strifed in the embraces of the dead*." . . . "For though it has been well said, 'that no one should be wiser than the laws,' yet this must be understood of *waking and not of sleeping laws*."¹ And so says the Duke (disguised as the Friar) in the play :—

"My business in this State
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

And again :—

"Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,) *Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep,*
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;

¹ *Works* (Boston), IX. 328.

And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum." . . . — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept."

Act II. Sc. 2

The treatise of Universal Justice begins by saying that it rather belongs to statesmen to write concerning laws than to philosophers, who lay down "precepts fair in argument, but not applicable to use," or to lawyers, who "talk in bonds"; but "statesmen best understand the condition of civil society, welfare of the people, natural equity, customs of nations, and different forms of government." He recommends Pretorian Courts, which shall have power "by the judgment and discretion of a conscientious man, . . . to abate the rigour of the law and to supply defects," but not to be allowed "to swell and overflow, so as under colour of mitigating the rigour of the law to break its strength and relax its sinews, by drawing everything to be a matter of discretion." He observes that "there are no worse snares than legal snares, especially in penal laws, if, being infinite in number, and useless through the lapse of time, instead of being as a lantern to the feet they are as nets to the path." And thus continues the play on this same subject of the conscientious man and the rigor of the laws: —

"Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd,
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my Father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.
. Lord Angelo is precise;

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be." — *Act I Sc. 4.*

And again, thus : —

"*Lucio.* This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
— Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of State,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an Act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close *the rigour of the statute*,
To make him an example." — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

The 55th Aphorism alludes to the Athenian custom of appointing "commissioners" to revise obsolete and contradictory laws; and it is worthy of special notice that the play opens with the delivery of a like commission to this same Athenian statesman, who is to determine "by the judgment and discretion of a conscientious man," in these words : —

"*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you; then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, — as your worth is able, —
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

In this same Book, the author dwells on "character and reputation" as one of the necessary means, together with the amendment of the mind, of raising and advancing a man's own fortune in life, and begins the treatise with these words: "Wherefore let it be my present object to go to the fountains of justice and public expediency, and endeavour with reference to the several provinces of law to exhibit a character and idea of justice [*"character quidam et Idea Justi"*] in general comparison with which the laws of particular states and kingdoms may be tested and amended." Again, the play proceeds thus:—

"Duke. Angelo,
There is a *kind of character* in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for ourselves; *for if our virtues*
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold, therefore, Angelo, [our place and power:]
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission." . . .
. So fare you well:
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions." — *Act I. Sc. 1.*

Here, we are again reminded of that saying of Bacon, that "good thoughts (though God accept them,) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be *without power and place*, as the vantage and commanding ground."¹ And in this passage,

¹ *Essay of Great Place.*

Mr. White's restoration of the words "*our place and power*," in brackets, may find additional warrant, as well as in the following line (which he notices), from the next scene but one : —

"My absolute *power and place* here in Vienna ;"

except that he has transposed the order of the words, while, doubtless, the author himself used them in the same order, in all three instances ;¹ and there can be scarcely any doubt that the line originally stood thus : —

"Hold, therefore, Angelo, our power and place."

In like manner, he proceeds to discuss the *Evil Arts* as well as the *Good Arts*, and enumerates "the depraved and pernicious doctrines" and principles of Machiavelli, of which one was, "*That virtue itself a man should not trouble himself to obtain, but only the appearance thereof to the world, because the credit and reputation of virtue is a help, but the use of it is an impediment.*" He vigorously combats "such kind of corrupt wisdom" and "such dispensations from all the laws of charity and virtue," and lays it down, that "men ought to be so far removed from devoting themselves to wicked arts of this nature, that rather (if they are only in their own power, and can bear and sustain themselves without being carried away by a whirlwind or tempest of ambition) they ought to set before their eyes not only that general map of the world, "*that all things are vanity and vexation of spirit,*" but also that more particular chart, namely, "*that being without well-being is a curse, and the greater being the greater curse,*" and that "*all virtue is most rewarded, and all wickedness most punished in itself ;*" as the poet excellently says : —

"Quæ vobis, quæ digna, viri, pro laudibus istis
Præmia posse reâr solvi ? pulcherrima primum
Dii moresque dabunt vestri."

And so, on the other hand, it is no less truly said of the wicked, "*His own manners will be his punishment.*"²

¹ White's *Shakes.*, III., p. 14; Note, p. 112.

² *Trans. of the De Aug., Works* (Boston), IX. 295.

An attentive study of these passages can scarcely fail to penetrate the subtle identity of thought and doctrine that pervades them both, and it will be observed that the close of the Duke's speech runs upon the same idea of justice and mercy, which has been already quoted from the "Antitheses," the word *mortality* being used for the verse, instead of *justice*; that is, the power of life and death in civil justice.

“And thus,” he tells us, in the conclusion of this Book, “have I intended to employ myself in tuning the harp of the muses and reducing it to perfect harmony, that hereafter the strings may be touched by a better hand or a better quill.” He then felicitates himself upon the condition of learning in his time, alludes to the excellence and perfection of his Majesty’s learning, which called “whole flocks of wits” around him, “as birds around a phoenix,” and, lastly, points out the inseparable property of time, ever more and more to disclose Truth : —

" for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning." — Act V. Sc. 1.

If there be any one thing for which these plays as a whole are præeminently remarkable, it is a profound recognition everywhere of an immanent world-streaming Divine Providence. In this fine play, in particular, it may be seen in the Duke being made a partaker of God's theatre and of "power divine," and in the "gentle Isabella," the nun, of whom Lucio is made to say: —

"I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint." — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

And there is perhaps nothing loftier, or more impressive, in any teaching, sacred or profane, than her final appeal to Lord Angelo : —

"Isab. Alas, alas!
Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once;

And He that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy: How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

And not less pious, noble, and true, whether as applied to the *De Augmentis* alone, or to these dramas also, both inclusive, as twin products of the labors of a life, written chiefly in the earlier part of it, but enlarged, amended, elaborated, and finished in his later years, and finally given to the world together in the same year 1623, not openly as twins, but as utter strangers to each other, the one heralded to mankind under favor of a princely dedication and high-sounding titles, the other carefully hidden, though secretly open, under a mask of Momus, and set to parade the universal theatre on its own merits in the name of a "noted weed," is the conclusion of this Advancement of Learning, an almost equally superb monument of his piety, his learning, his genius, and his intellect, in these words: "And certainly it may be objected to me with truth, that my words require an age; a whole age perhaps to prove them, and many ages to perfect them. But yet as even the greatest things are owing to their beginnings, it will be enough for me to have sown a seed for posterity and the Immortal God; whose Majesty I humbly implore through his Son our Saviour that He will vouchsafe favorably to accept these and the like offerings of the human intellect, seasoned with religion as with salt, and sacrificed to His Glory."

Finally, this order of degree, justice, and authentic place of things, from the glorious planet Sol, enthroned like the commandment of a king, down through states, communities, and brotherhoods in cities, sounds very much like this passage from a Speech of Lord Bacon: "We see the degrees and differences of duties in families, between father and son, master and servant; in corporate bodies, between

commonalties and their officers, recorders, stewards, and the like ; yet all these give place to the king's commandments." The planets, too, were a favorite source of metaphor with him, as thus in the "Pericles":—

"The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

And thus it appears in another speech of Bacon: "You that are the judges of circuits are, as it were, the planets of the kingdom," and again, "it will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly united together than they have been ; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action." And here, again, we may remember "the magnificent palace, city, and hill" of the wise and good man of the New Atlantis, who wore "an aspect as if he pitied men," and "the several degrees of ascent whereby men did climb up the same, as if it had been a *Scala Cœli*." This is "the ladder to all high designs"—Heaven's Ladder! And doubtless for this reason, the intended Fourth Part of the Great Instauration was to be called "*Scala Intellectus*: The Scaling Ladder of the Intellect, or Thread of the Labyrinth." Holinshed speaks of "the palpable blindness of that age wherein King John lived, as also the religion which they reposed in a rotten ray, esteeming it as a *Scala Cœli*, or ladder to life."¹ Possibly, this passage may have been seen by William Shakespeare ; but here, also, we have distinct and indubitable proof of the fact, that it had become imprinted in the memory of Francis Bacon.

¹ *Chron. of Eng.*, II. 338.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

"I have, though in a despoiled weed, procured the good of all men." — BACON

§ 1. REFORMATION OF ABUSES.

How such a man could fall into the actual guilt of bribery to pervert justice, would be difficult to conceive, if that were really true in the full sense in which we understand the judicial offence of bribery and corruption; for this would necessarily imply, not only a direct contradiction to the tenor and spirit of all his writings, but such absolute want of moral principle and such Machiavellian baseness and utter worthlessness of character as would be wholly irreconcilable, as he himself said, when speaking of the Machiavellian *Bad Arts*, with any just notion of virtue, nobleness, or honor. A candid view of all the facts and circumstances, of which it is not improbable that we now know more, and can judge better, than the partial historians and personal enemies who have written against him, will certainly not justify this sweeping conclusion. We must take into view the state and condition of things in that age and the actual nature of the case; — the character of the government as practically an absolute despotism, in which the most capricious favoritism was supreme arbiter of individual fortunes about the court; money a necessary, or the best, passport to place and power; abject subserviency a common condition of favor with the monarch and his greater favorites; and the most vile and corrupt practices a general thing among the principal courtiers, and

the custom notorious among nearly all the higher officers of state, judicial and other, the chancellor included, of receiving, not bribes as they understood them, but unlimited fees, customary gifts, gracious presents, and bountiful largesses, as well as the "ancient and known perquisites" of office. Many grew rich and great by sheer knavery, corrupt intrigue, and merciless plunder; and no man was quite safe in the possession of a lucrative and splendid office. All this is clearly exhibited in the history of such miscreants as Churchill, Cranfield, Williams, and the Villierses, not altogether omitting Buckingham himself. The Lord Chancellor was not merely a judge, but a high State functionary, next to royalty itself, and keeper of the King's conscience, which would not always be kept, in an age of princely magnificence, absolute prerogative, and unlimited power, and in a bottomless whirlpool of avarice, intrigue and ambition. Political rivalries, common enough in any age, were hugely grim and fierce in this reign, as witness the life-long struggle of Coke and Bacon for the ascendancy in the State and over each other. Coke gained honor in being deposed from the King's Bench, and his defence of *Magna Charta* and his great merits in the law have made his name illustrious with posterity. Bacon, greatly his superior in knowledge, learning, genius, science and arts, if not his equal in law, and with a reputation and character far more illustrious than his, in his own time, is suddenly tumbled from the woolsack into eternal disgrace, and comes down to posterity a very by-word of infamy and meanness. But looking to the whole life and conduct of these men, and comparing the nobleness, disinterestedness, and purity of Bacon's life with the coarse ferocity, the inappeasable malignity, and the really unutterable meanness of Coke in many things, old Escalus might inquire, "Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?" Not that all these things together can extenuate a crime, or a guilt confessed, nor that badness in others can be any excuse for baseness

in him ; but that considerations like these may help to explain the fact of Bacon's fall from power, without the necessity of imputing to him the moral guilt of actual bribery and corruption, or any degree of meanness ; much less a total want of moral sense, and an habitual baseness of character, as some of his biographers have ignorantly done.

Only some three years before the attack on Bacon, we find Buckingham and Coke fomenting charges of the like nature, and with the same corrupt and wicked purpose of creating a vacancy to be filled by some new minion, and putting up the same pretence of corruption in taking bribes, of money, a ring, a cabinet, a piece of plate, and the like, against the Lord Chancellor Egerton (Ellesmere), nearly breaking the old man's heart ; and it might have been as successful with him as it was with Bacon, afterwards, had not the King himself come to his relief, and defeated the scheme by giving an earldom to Egerton and the Seals to Bacon. The real truth of the matter was, that the age began to discover that an ancient custom needed to be reformed, because it began to be felt as a grievance and an abuse. Old blackletter laws, fallen obsolete, practically superseded by custom almost equally ancient, and now lying more dead than asleep, were suddenly revived and put in force, and all at once what had been a lantern to the feet became a net in the path.

In like manner, long afterwards, in the reign of George I., the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was arraigned before the House of Lords for "the sale of offices" in chancery. He had followed the custom and practice of his predecessors in office, time out of mind, and received presents from newly appointed officers as "the ancient and known perquisites of the Great Seal." Being a little avaricious, perhaps, he had carried the thing to a pretty high figure. The Masters had fallen into the practice of paying the presents out of the funds of the suitors in their hands and then

speculating in stocks to make them good again. Suddenly, the great South Sea Bubble burst, and there was a great loss. Masters and suitors were ruined ; and a loud cry for reform became the rage of the day. The brunt of the storm fell on the head of the Lord Chancellor. Against the custom were paraded certain old obsolete Statutes of Richard II. and Edward VI., in unreadable law French, "several hundred years" forgotten, within the letter of which his case happened to fall, and did not happen to fall within the exception, as that of the Judges of the Law Courts did ; and so Macclesfield was condemned to everlasting infamy for doing about the same thing that the Judges were doing, and had a right to do, without any thought of wrong. But it was all wrong, undoubtedly : offices never ought to have been sold at all, nor presents taken. On the trial, a witness was asked, if the Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Harcourt, had not done the same thing, in their times. "O yes," answered the witness. But, breaks in Lord Harcourt from his seat on the benches, "Did I ever haggle for more ?" and "Didn't they pay me out of their own money ?"¹ In modern times, a rational remedy for such evils would be found in a new Statute, giving an ample fixed salary, with utter prohibition of all fees, perquisites, and presents, any custom to the contrary notwithstanding ; but in these more ancient days, it was by summary outbreak — Off with the Chancellor's head ! hurl his name and reputation into the bottomless pit ! — and let the bursting of South Sea bubbles forever cease !

In the reign of James I., the Lord Chancellor had no fixed salary, or a merely nominal one, and yet his income was expected to be some £15,000 a year : it came from ancient perquisites and customary fees, not regulated by other law than the custom. But to such a pitch had grown all manner of abuses, in this reign, in monopolies, patents, prerogative exactions, fees, presents, and largesses, reaching

¹ 18 Howell's *State Trials*, 1151.

all the Courts of Justice and nearly all the offices of State, that every Parliament opened with a thundering demand for reform and a redress of grievances, and was immediately prorogued and sent home because it did so, until at last reform had to come. Buckingham, the prime favorite, whose frown was fatal to all lesser dependants, did not scruple to write letters to the Lord Chancellor, urging upon him a favorable consideration of particular suitors in his court. Here was indeed danger that justice might be perverted, if the judge were really dishonest. There is no charge that Bacon was ever swerved under this pressure ; and it is certain that he counselled in eloquent terms against a practice which he had no power to correct. And is it any matter of wonder that, yielding to the necessities of his actual condition, and unconscious of any dereliction of duty, or any falling from virtue and honor, he should adopt and continue the customs and usages of former Chancellors, or even slide into the common practices and abuses of the Court and time and throng in which he had to live and move ? Birth-day presents, New Year's gifts, splendid offerings on various occasions, largesses of money, and magnificent favors, were common, and Bacon seems to have participated in these things in some small degree with the rest. Transition from the State functionary to the judge in the same person, or from the courtier to the suitor, was but a short distance to travel, and the distinction between a fee, a present, and a bribe was not well marked by any law, and more easily lost sight of than in our day. Practically, hardly any distinction existed, then. According to the researches of Mr. Dixon, the compensation of all the great officers of State, including the Chancellor, Judges, and Bishops, from the King down to the King's Sergeant, was derived from these indefinite fees, gifts, and perquisites, there being no such thing as a civil list, and such fixed salaries as there were being merely nominal.¹

¹ *Pers. Hist. of Lord Bacon*, 290.

Most of the charges against Bacon were founded upon gifts accepted as usual after the cases had been determined, as a compensation justly due in the absence of fees fixed by law, of which there were none. Some were received by his servants, or under-officers, without his personal knowledge, before the cases had been decided; and in some of these instances, the money was ordered to be returned as improper, when reported to him. In other cases, he was not actually aware that the donors had causes pending in his court. In nearly all cases, the gifts were presented through eminent counsel and persons of high standing, and in most cases, openly, and with the knowledge of all concerned; and as Coke himself admitted, as it were, in the presence of witnesses. In general, they were received by his clerks and the officers whose business it was to collect and receive the fees and emoluments of his office. The grievance of the chief complainants was, that their cases had been decided against them, notwithstanding the gifts; nor does it appear that his judgments were at all affected by these alleged bribes. None of the cases were reversed on appeal; but appeals were not common in those days, says Lord Campbell. After a thorough scrutiny into the whole matter, Mr. Dixon comes to the conclusion, that there is no fair and just ground for supposing that Bacon "had done wrong, knowing it to be wrong," in a single instance; that "not a single fee or remembrance traced to the Chancellor can, by any fair construction, be called a bribe. Not one appears to have been given upon a promise; not one appears to have been given in secret; not one is alleged to have corrupted justice." This conclusion would almost bring the case within the precedent of the play, in which Bassanio offers the judge, after judgment pronounced, the "three thousand ducats due unto the Jew" for his "courtous pains withal": —

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
 And therein do account myself well paid.
 My mind was never yet more mercenary.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:
 Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
 Not as a fee.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
 Give me your gloves; I 'll wear them for your sake;
 And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you."

Mer. of Ven., Act IV. Sc. 1.

All this may be true; and yet it would seem to be clear from the recorded facts and his own admissions, that the gifts were too large, in some instances, to come under the head of ordinary fees, and the circumstances such as to make him, at least, a partaker in the abuses of the time. Indeed, the actual facts as formally confessed by himself would, undoubtedly, by strict legal construction, bring the case, in some instances, within the judicial offence of bribery as technically defined by law, where the intent would have to be inferred from the facts. Said Lord Macclesfield, "If you are to judge me by the strict rigor of the statute, all my fees were bribes; for the fees were no more lawful than the presents." And yet it would be absurd to charge the judge with the moral guilt of base corruption, in such case and under such circumstances. Considering the imperial nature of Bacon's mind, habitually soaring aloft amidst the highest contemplations, and intending, as he said, to move "in the true straight line of nobleness," and more or less constantly preoccupied, as he was, with other matters than the business of the court and the watching of servants, clerks, and chancery suitors, and blinded in some degree, perhaps, by the splendor of state which attended him, and never particularly attentive to money affairs, and always rather munificent than avaricious or griping, it is easy to see how he might insensibly fall into a somewhat negligent and inconsiderate indulgence in the common

practices and abuses, especially with the example of illustrious predecessors before him to justify them, even to the extent of all the facts necessary to make out a case of bribery, in strict legal construction, without his conscience being aroused, though sensible to all honor and virtue, to any sense of wrong, much less to a consciousness of corrupt guilt in the perversion of justice at the fountain head, as it must be admitted, would, and should, be the case with any honest judge in our time, under any similar circumstances which could now take place. But no such case could now arise. Though it be difficult to make such "gross sins look clear," or wholly to justify or excuse them, on the highest moral grounds, when the whole matter is duly considered, it is perhaps still possible to believe that no corrupt intent, or thought, ever entered into his mind in these matters, and that what he said for himself may have been really true : — "And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice ; howsoever I may be frail and partake of the abuses of the times."

In a draft of a paper to be delivered to the King, before the formal proceedings in the House of Lords, and in which he appears carefully to have considered the real state of the case, he distinguished cases of gifts received into three degrees : 1. Of bargain or contract for reward to pervert justice ; 2. Where the judge conceives the law to be at an end, by the information of the party, or otherwise, and useth not such diligence as he ought, to inquire into it ; 3. When the cause is really ended, and the gift is *sine fraude* without relation to any precedent promise. Of the first, he declared his entire innocence ; of the second, he doubted in some instances he might have been faulty ; and of the third, he considered it to be no fault ; but in this respect he desired to be better informed, that

he might be twice penitent, once for the fact, and again for the error. After a critical examination of the particulars of the charge, which were admitted to be true in fact, and constituted the whole foundation of the confession that he was therein technically "guilty of corruption," Mr. Dixon fairly and justly concludes, that most of the cases fall under Bacon's third division; one or two under the second; but not one under the first.¹

In our day, when judges receive compensation by adequate fixed salaries, no such thing as the receiving of presents of money, or other things of value, before or after judgment, with or without the party having a cause then pending in his court, would be countenanced at all: it would justly be taken as evidence of a fraudulent and corrupt character. But it was quite a different thing in that age, when there was not only no salary, but no fees that were definitely fixed by law, and the revenues of the office were notoriously understood to be derived from the customary, ancient, and known perquisites, presents included. In this indefinite state of the thing, there was necessarily large room and a pretty wide range for the exercise of discretion. In the upshot, the truth would seem to be, that ancient practice, at first strictly against law, had so grown into use, in the course of time, that it might well be matter of doubt whether the custom, or the ancient statute, was to have the force of law. In this way, small fees had grown into large fees; perquisites into presents, and presents into bountiful largesses; until the practice finally came to be felt as an enormous abuse. The Commons had determined, long before, to have a reform of these abuses, and a redress of grievances generally. Complaint being made of the Lord-Chancellor, they struck at him first. Bacon, finding himself suddenly confronted with this movement and the strict law of the subject, probably saw at once that he must be made a victim to the rigor of the statute, and that the facts

¹ *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, 443.

taken literally and by strict legal construction would bring him within the technical definition of bribery and corruption; though he had never imagined that he could be charged with anything criminal or corrupt in what he was doing. And so, the literal facts he freely admitted and confessed as they were: —

“Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
(An honour in him which buys out his fault)” ;

while at the same time solemnly protesting that he had never had “the fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking bribes to pervert justice.” And this may be very true. His confession, too, must be taken with some allowance for the nature of the case. He was in effect as good as forbidden to make any formal defence to the charge; and perhaps no successful defence could have been made against the technical offence. He must either make a defence, or confess the full scope of the charge, the intent and guilt included: technically, he was guilty, if the corrupt intent were to be an inference of law from the facts admitted, or if the House of Lords should so find, sitting as a jury. But even this need not prevent us from considering the real nature of the case, nor (in reference to his character) from viewing it in a just and true light. We may bear in mind, also, that the character of Lord Bacon was of that Christian quality as to be loudest of all in the confession of his own sins.

It is evident, on a review of the contemporaneous history, that the action of the Commons was taken mainly in pursuance of the general measures of political reform in the State, which had been previously determined on; while on the part of the immediate and prime movers in this instance, it was as plainly a mere intrigue, and a base plot and contrivance, to create a vacancy for a new minion of the favorite. The knavish insinuations and open charges of Churchill, Cranfield, and Williams, secretly fomented by Buckingham, and publicly supported by the vigorous malig-

nity of Coke, his old enemy, gave the movement a particular direction against Bacon; and upon him the wall fell, though he was far from being the greatest offender in Israel. Whether he was actually constrained by the power of Buckingham and the King to abandon his defence, or not, it is plain he saw that his only hope was in the favor of the King, and he certainly expected that the King would pardon any sentence that might be pronounced upon him, and save him from total ruin. Buckingham controlled the King, and Bacon knew it very well, and therefore avoided as much as possible any breach with him. As soon as the harpies had made sure of his office, they began to strip him of his estates. Buckingham insisted upon having York House. At first, Bacon positively refused to part with it: "York House," he said, "is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God, and the King will give me leave." But the King would not give him leave against Buckingham, and York House had to go. Buckingham was so incensed at his refusal, that he caused him to be sent immediately to the Tower, four weeks after the sentence, and in open violation of the King's promise; though by the King's own order, he was discharged the same day.¹ Next, they demanded Gorhambury, with its forests and gardens, until it seemed to his friend Meautys that they had such a word as "*fleeing*"² in their vocabulary: — "I will not be stripped of my feathers," roars the lion at bay. The King did not allow him to be made quite a beggar: he gave him his fine, which, it seems, barely enabled him to satisfy his creditors and make a will. "Thank God," says the fallen Chancellor, "I can now make a will." While he was yet determined to defend himself against the charges, and after the wily and intriguing Dean Williams had suggested to Buckingham and the King the project of

¹ Dixon's *Per. Hist. of Lord Bacon*.

² *Letter to Bacon*.

a submission and full pardon for Bacon as the only sacrifice that could save them, being summoned to an interview with the King, he prepares some minutes for the conference, in which he says: "The law of nature teaches me to speak in my own defence. With respect to the charge of bribery, I am as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's day: I never had bribe or reward in my eye or thought when pronouncing sentence or order. If, however, it is absolutely necessary, the King's will shall be obeyed. I am ready to make an oblation of myself to the King, in whose hands I am as clay, to be made a vessel of honour or dishonour." The King advised (that is, commanded) a submission, and gave "his princely word he would then restore him again," if the Lords "in their honours should not be sensible of his merits." Bacon answered: "I see my approaching ruin; there is no hope of mercy in a multitude, if I do not plead for myself, when my enemies are to give fire. Those who strike at your Chancellor will strike at your crown." But he acquiesced, at last, with these words: "I am the first; I wish I may be the last sacrifice."¹

But when Coke, at the head of the Commons, sounding the trumpet of reform, had made an oblation necessary, and the first stroke fell upon the head of his hated rival; when Bacon discovered that a venal, corrupt, and perfidious crew of upstart minions, Churchill, Cranfield, Dean Williams, and the widow Villiers, following in the slimy train of Buckingham, and conspiring deeper than he knew, or could imagine, for the spoils of place and his ruin, had involved him and the King, too, in the inextricable meshes of an invisible net, and that his fall was inevitable; when he saw that he had

"stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into it,"

and found himself caught in the fatal trap, and the sen-

¹ *Life*, by Montagu, I. xciii.

tence came with utter ruin to his fortunes, for which he cared less, his titles of honor and nobility being barely saved, under mercy of Buckingham, with the help of the Prince of Wales, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, and others of the most illustrious peers, together with the whole bench of Bishops, yet with some loss of that "sweet odour of honour and reputation throughout the world," which he prized more, "honour," as he said to the Lords, "being above life," or as it is said, elsewhere:—

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done";
[*Rich. II., Act I. Sc. 1.*]

when he saw the dark cloud lowering across the future ages, casting its shadow upon his credit, name, and memory, and obscuring his light to unborn generations; he was overwhelmed with the keenest anguish. He appealed to the magnanimity of the British Senate to make his fault no greater than it really was, and his sentence no more than was "for reformation's sake fit";—not "heavy to my ruin, but gracious, and mixed with mercy":—

"O, my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good."—*Tim., Act III. Sc. 5.*

When the committee of the House waited upon him to know if his submission and confession were genuine, he answered in deep distress: "My Lords, it is my act, my hand, and my heart. I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." Lord Campbell seems to take this touching humility as the last proof of baseness and guilt:—is there any wonder that his distress was deep, and his affliction great,—

"Seeing his reputation touch'd to death?"—*Tim., Act III. Sc. 5.*

Rather, when the whole matter is duly weighed, charitable minds may be inclined to lend an ear to rare Ben Jonson, who says: "In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want; neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest:" —

"O mighty love! Man is one world
And hath another to attend him."

All men see the world without, after a certain fashion; but each man only can see his own world within. We are accustomed (safely enough in general) to judge the soul of another by the relations which it may seem to sustain to the moving world of things without. But inasmuch as the best soul has to swim on the bosom of the stream, it may, in spite of itself, fall into the strangest apparent relations to the whirl of things that float together upon the surface: it is still possible for a pure soul to swim unstained in very guilty looking company. What if it were possible for a great soul to be able to administer justice to a school of bribers! A certain other, for doing the like of this, was nailed up between two thieves as if he had been no better than they; for to the nailors he appeared to steal corn on Sunday. Temples of Jerusalem, and Ephesus, and St. Peter, and St. Paul! What sums have not been expended in attempting to bribe the Supreme Judge to pass in goats among the sheep! So much may be permitted, and justice be administered, nevertheless, at "the top of judgment."

§ 2. PHILOSOPHER AND POET.

Shakespeare has long been considered by all that speak the English tongue, and by the learned of other nations likewise, as the greatest of dramatic poets. The ancients had but one Homer: the moderns have but one Shakespeare. And these two have been fitly styled "the Twin Stars of Poesy" in all the world. These plays have kept the stage

better than any other for nearly three centuries. They have been translated into several foreign languages ; a vast amount of critical erudition has been expended upon them ; and numerous editions have been printed, and countless numbers of copies have been distributed, generation after generation, increasing in a kind of geometrical progression, through all ranks and classes of society from the metropolitan palace to the frontier cabin, until it may almost be said, that if there be anywhere a family possessing but two only books, the one may be the Bible, but the other is sure to be Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, the plays have been understood and appreciated rather according to existing standards of judgment than according to all that was really in them. In general, our English minds seem to have been aware that their poet was more or less philosophical, or rather that he was a kind of universal genius ; but that he was a Platonic thinker, a transcendental metaphysician and philosopher, an idealist and a realist all in one, not many seem to have discovered. Coleridge certainly had some inkling of this fact, and to Carlyle, it stood perfectly clear, that Shakespeare " does not look at a thing, but into it, through it ; so that he constructively comprehends it, can take it asunder, and put it together again ; the thing melts, as it were, into light under his eye, and anew *creates* itself before him. That is to say, he is a Thinker in the highest of all senses : he is a Poet. For Goethe, as for Shakespeare, the world lies all translucent, all *fusible* we might call it, encircled with WONDER ; the Natural in reality the Supernatural, for to the seer's eyes both become one."¹ And so also Gervinus concludes upon the question of " the realistic or ideal treatment," that " he is sometimes the one, sometimes the other, but in reality neither, because he is both at once."² Deep searching criticism, on this side of the sea, has been able to sound the depths and scale the heights of the Higher

¹ *Essays*, III. 209.

² *Shakespeare Comm.* (London, 1863), II. 569.

Philosophy of Bacon, and it is almost equally clear that it has discovered in it the world-streaming providence of Shakespeare. "The English shrink from a generalization," says Emerson. "They do not look abroad into universality, or they draw only a bucket-full at the fountain of the First Philosophy for their occasion, and do not go to the spring-head. Bacon, who said this, is almost unique among his countrymen in that faculty, at least among the prose-writers. Milton, who was the stair or high table-land to let down the English genius from the summits of Shakespeare, used this privilege sometimes in poetry, more rarely in prose. For a long interval afterwards, it is not found."¹ We know how Bacon attained to these heights; but it is not explained how the unlearned William Shakespeare reached these same "summits" of all philosophy, otherwise than by a suggestion of "the specific gravity" of inborn genius. Have we any evidence outside of these plays, that this "dry light" of nature was greater in William Shakespeare than in Francis Bacon? In Bacon, as in the plays, we have not only the inborn genius, but a life of study, knowledge, science, philosophy, art, and the wealth of all learning. Are these things to be counted as nothing? Then we may as well abolish the universities, burn the libraries, and shut up the schools, as of no use:—

"Hang up philosophy:

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more."

Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 3.

For the most part, all that has been seen in Shakespeare has been considered as the product of some kind of natural genius or spontaneous inspiration. The reason has been nearly this, that since Bacon, if Berkeley be excepted, England, or the English language, has never had a philosophy at all: we have had nothing but a few sciences and a theology. Bacon's Summary Philosophy, or Philosophy

¹ *English Traits*, 244.

itself, seems to have fallen still-born from his delivery, a dead letter to our English mind. It was not grasped, and the existence of it in his works seems to have been forgotten. No English, or American, philosopher has yet appeared to review, expound, and complete it, in any systematic manner: this work has been left to those who are said to hold dominion of the air. Some there have been, doubtless, as capable as any of undertaking to give a complete systematic statement of all philosophy; but they probably knew too well what kind of an undertaking that would be, when a perfect work might require not only a divine man, but a book as large as the Book of God's Works. The men that are called philosophers among us are occupied with physical science only. What Bacon endeavored to re-organize, and constitute anew, as methods and instruments for obtaining a broader and surer "foundation" for a higher metaphysical philosophy, they appear to have mistaken for the whole of science and the sum total of all certain knowledge, excepting only a fantastical kind of traditional supernatural knowledge, for the most part, completely ignoring metaphysics; and, as a matter of course, they have given us as little conception of a philosophy of the universe, and, with all their physical science, have had as little to give, as a Humboldt's *Cosmos*, or that prodigious Frenchman, M. Auguste Comte.

Besides a physical science we have had only a theology, taking old Hebrew and some later Greek literature for all divine revelation; the Mosaic cosmogony for the constitution of the universe; Usher's chronology for an account of all time on this earth; Adamic genealogy for an ethnology of the human race; Jesus of Nazareth for the creator of the whole world and sole saviour of mankind; and some five or six fantastic miracles for all the boundless and eternal wonders of the creation. These old ones are nearly worn out, and are fast becoming obsolete: indeed, they are already well-nigh extinct. It is high time they were laid

up on a shelf, and labelled to be studied hereafter as fossils of the theological kingdom ; and preachers, opening their eyes, should cast about for a new set, at least, out of all the universe of miracles that surround them, and henceforth found thier preaching on them. There would then be much less trouble about faith, and infidelity to myths and superstitions might become fidelity to God and his truth.

And so, having no philosophy, and no conception of the possibility of any, and nothing to give the name to, our English mind has appropriated the word as a superfluous synonym for physical science, and scarcely allowed free scope to that ; and among us, the Newtons, Franklins, Faradays, Brewsters, and Darwins, are called philosophers, as Hegel said. These men are certainly to be ranked among the master minds of the world as original inventors and discoverers in physics, as philosophical observers and excellent writers on physical science, with the addition, in some instances, of a considerable sprinkling of orthodox theology, and in some others, as in Newton, the younger Herschel, Agassiz, Peirce, with the addition of not a few remarkable deep-soundings into the fundamental depths of things and the hidden mysteries of creation ; as it were, some prophetic flashes of the most exalted intellect across the darkness of their own age and time in dim anticipation of a coming century ; as when Newton says, " Only whatever light be, I would suppose it consists of successive rays differing from one another in contingent circumstances, as bigness, force, or vigor, like as the sands of the shore, the waves of the sea, the faces of men, and all other natural things of the same kind differ, it being almost impossible for any sort of things to be formed without some contingent variety." And again, " Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, co-existent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man,

or his thinking principle ; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially*; for virtue cannot subsist without substance." ¹ This is Berkeley's philosophy of a thinking substance, existing as reality, and not at all as any ideal vision of a mystical dreamer. Auguste Comte, ignoring theology and metaphysics together, calls his huge book of physical science a "Positive Philosophy": it is indeed positive enough, and in the total upshot as unphilosophical as positive ; — as if a universe could be constituted and carried on by mere physics and phrenologico-biology on a basis of dead substratum, or could be conceived to go of itself as a blind perpetual-motion machine ! But how shall any one, not having eyes to see, be able to see, that it goes only as the power of thought could make it go, and not otherwise ? If the light within you be dark, how great is that darkness.

Among the theologians, we have had a class of writers, who have been sometimes called metaphysicians, but who were, in truth, merely metaphysical theologians, swimming, like Jean Paul's fish, in a box, and the box tied to the shore of church or state with a given length of rope ; or materialistic anti-theologians, and in either case, no more metaphysicians than philosophers. Of the one sort were Locke, Reid, Brown, Stewart, and Hamilton ; and of the other, Hobbes, Halley, Hume, Mill, Lewes, and Harriet Martineau. Not one of either sort appears ever to have been able to cross the threshold of that Higher Philosophy, which Bacon, following the dim light of Plato, but mainly by the help of his own Boanergic genius, endeavored to erect and constitute as the one universal science, and in which he was followed, in their own way, by Berkeley and

¹ *Principia*, (ed. Chittenden, N. Y. 1848,) p. 505.

Swedenborg. After these, Kant seems to have been the next to make a clear breach over that threshold, when prying off into the palpable obscure of the previous darkness, as a Vulcanian miner drifts into the bowels of the earth after unknown ores, or as a Columbus launches upon an unexplored ocean, believing with such as Bacon and all high philosophic genius, that beyond the pillars of Hercules there may be lands yet undiscovered, he began to make that darkness visible to some few, through the Transcendental *Æsthetic* of Time and Space. It has been easier, since, even for lesser lights, to follow and enlarge and clear the drift, thus roughly cut into solid darkness by the life-labor of all powerful thought; and hence that modern school of philosophy, which has done something toward a critical exegesis of the fundamental and eternal laws of thought, the true nature of substance or matter, a true knowledge of cause and "the mode of that thing which is uncaused," a sound and rational psychology, and some more scientific, intelligible, and satisfactory account of the constitution of this universe, and of the order of divine providence and the destiny of man in it: — in fine, a Universal Philosophy.

German scholars of this modern school, whether special students of this philosophy, or debtors to its results for their ideas and methods, have been filled with admiration of the super-eminent genius of Shakespeare. "The poetry of Shakespeare," says Frederick Schlegel, "has much accord with the German mind." Goethe, despairing to excel him, ranks him first among modern poets, and honors Hamlet with a place in the *Wilhelm Meister*; and Richter, no less, discovering at once the amazing depth of his philosophy, makes him rule sovereign in the heart of his Albano, — "not through the breathing of living characters, but by lifting him up out of the loud kingdom of earth into the silent realm of infinity."¹ How wonderful, indeed, is

¹ *Titan*, by Brooks, I. 154.

all this ! Is it, then, that we have here a born genius, to whose all-seeing vision schools and libraries, sciences and philosophies, were unnecessary, — were an idle waste of time, forsooth ? — whose marvellous intuition grasped all the past and saw through all the present ? whose prophetic insight spans the future ages as they roll up, measures the highest wave of the modern learning and philosophy, and follows backward the tide of civilization, arts, and letters, to the very borders of the barbaric lands ? — before whose almost superhuman power, time and place seem to vanish and disappear, as if it had become with him “an everlasting Now and Here” ? or, as if it had pleased the Divine Majesty to send another Messiah upon our earth, knowing all past, all present, and all future, to be leader, guide, and second Saviour of mankind ? What greater miracle need be !

Being translated into German, Shakespeare became “the father of German literature,” says Emerson. But it so happens, that the parts of him, which have been more especially quoted as the basis of this German appreciation, are precisely those, which have been least noticed at home, or if seen, appreciated on quite other grounds. Those transparent characters, which, said Goethe, are “like watches with crystalline plates and cases,” where the whole frame and order of discovery are placed, as it were *sub oculos*, under the very eye, and those most pregnant passages, which are written, like the Faust, or the Meister, with a double aspect, whether because it was then dangerous to write otherwise, or because the highest art made such writing necessary and proper, being the highest wisdom as well as that true poetry which requires the science of sciences and “the purest of all study for knowing it,” making these plays magic mirrors like “the universal world” itself, in which any looker may see as much as he is able to see and no more, have passed in the general mind for little more than ingenious poetical conceptions,

powerful strokes of stage eloquence, or merely fanciful turns of expression ; or if, sometimes, anything deeper may have been half discovered in them, some suspected smack of infidelity may have thrown the trammelled reader, all of a sudden, into a grim silence — a sort of moody astonishment, — very much as if he had accidentally laid his hand upon an electric eel ; — as if a true man should fear to be infidel to anything but God and the eternal truth of things, or as if more credence were due to a traditional mythology of the Egyptianized, or the Grecianized, Hebrews than to the best teachings of the wisest living men and the most enlightened philosophy. It has been said, that the “Hamlet” was not discovered to be anything wonderful till within the Nineteenth Century. In truth, these new wonders of Shakespeare are precisely the parts, qualities, and characteristics of him, wherein the higher philosophy of Bacon is displayed, and which are to be understood and comprehended in their full meaning and drift by those only, who stand upon the same high cliff and platform whereon he stood alone of all his contemporaries, that topmost height and narrow strait, “where one but goes abreast” in an age, and almost without an English rival down to our time. German scholars, as well as some later English, by the help of this same higher philosophy, in the new Kantian instauration of it, have been enabled to ascend to this elevated platform ; and being there, they discover the transcendent genius of Shakespeare in the philosophy, culture, science, and true art, which belonged only to Bacon. And therein and thereby is it further proven, that this “our Shakespeare” was no other than Francis Bacon himself ; and William Shakespeare ceases to be that “unparalleled mortal” he has been taken for, that title being justly transferred to the man to whom it more properly pertains. So, for the most part, in all times, has the philosopher been robbed of his glory. We worship in Jesus what belongs to Plato ; in Shakespeare, what belongs to

Bacon ; and in many others, what belongs to the real philosopher, the actual teacher, the true saviour, and to Philosophy Herself.

All that gives peculiarity and preëminence to these plays is to be found in Bacon ; vast comprehension, the profoundest philosophic depth, the subtle discrimination of differences and resemblances, matured wisdom, vigor and splendor of imagination, accurate observation of nature, extensive knowledge of men and manners, the mighty genius and the boundless wit, the brevity of expression and pregnant weight of matter, a fine æsthetic appreciation of the beautiful, the classical scholarship, familiarity with law, courts, and legal proceedings, with the metaphysic of jurisprudence, with statesmen and princes, ladies and courtiers, and that proper sense (which belonged to the age) of the dignity, sovereign duties, power and honor of the throne and king, the sovereign power in the State ; — all this, and more than can be named, belongs to both writings, and therefore to one author. Here was a man that could be a Shakespeare. Coleridge, Schlegel, Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Carlyle, Emerson, Delia Bacon, Gervinus, and, doubtless, many more, clearly saw that the real Shakespeare must have been such a man, in spite of all the biographies. "Ask your own hearts," says Coleridge, "ask your own common sense, to conceive the possibility of this man being . . . the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism ! What ! are we to have miracles in sport ? Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man ?" ¹ And yet, even Coleridge failed to discover, that "the morning star, the guide, the pioneer of true philosophy," was not William Shakespeare, but Francis Bacon.

The last and most conclusive proof of all is that general, inwrought, and all-pervading identity, which is to be found in these writings, when carefully studied, and which, when

¹ *Notes on Shakespeare, Works, IV. 56.*

It is looked for and seen, is appreciated and convinces, like the character of a handwriting, by an indescribable genuineness and an irresistible force of evidence. In the words of A. W. Schlegel, speaking of Shakespeare, "On all the stamp of his mighty spirit is impressed."¹ The distinguishing qualities of Bacon's prose style are precisely those which belong to the poet, namely, breadth of thought, depth of insight, weight of matter, brevity, force, and beauty of expression, brilliant metaphor, using all nature as a symbol of thought, and that supreme power of imagination that is necessary to make him an artistic creator, adding man to the universe; qualities, which mark that mind only which God hath framed "as a mirrour or glass, capable of the image of the universal world." His speeches display these qualities. The oratorical style of that day seems to have been more close and weighty than in our times: it was full of strength and earnestness. Lord Coke spoke in thunderbolts, huge, Cyclopean; tremendous: he went to the very pith and heart of the matter, at once, and his speech was always "*multum in parvo*." But in him, it was vigor without grace, power without splendor, or beauty, and ability unillumined by the divine light of genius. When we know that Bacon had been such a poet, it ceases to be a wonder that he was such an orator as he was. The mind that had been conceiving dramatic speeches, at this rate, during a period of thirty years or more, could never address a court, a parliament, or a king, otherwise than in the language, style, and imagery of poetry. In short, Bacon's prose is Shakespearean poetry, and Shakespeare's poetry is Baconian prose. Nor did these qualities altogether escape the recognition of one, who had an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a soul to comprehend: says Ben Jonson, "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever

¹ *Lectures on Dram. Lit.*, 302.

spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." And again he says, "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his works one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages." Howell, another contemporary, says of him, likewise, that "he was the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

What manner of man, then, have we here for our Shakespeare? A child well born, a highly educated youth, a precocious manhood, and an all-comprehending intelligence; a retired and most diligent student, who felt that he was "fitter by nature to hold a book than play a part," and whose studies, like Plato's, or Cicero's, ended only with life; an original thinker always; a curious explorer into every branch, and a master in nearly all parts, of human learning and knowledge; a brilliant essayist, an ingenious critic, a scientific inventor, a subtle, bold, and all-grasping philosopher; an accurate and profound legal writer; a leading orator and statesman, a counsellor of sovereigns and princes, a director in the affairs of nations, and, in spite of all faults, whether his own, or of his time, or of servants whose rise was his fall, "the justest Chancellor that had been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time," and though frail, not having "the fountain of a corrupt heart," but being one to whose known virtue "no accident could do harm, but rather help to make it manifest"; a prodigious wit, a poetic imaginator, an artistic creator, an institutor of the

art of arts and the science of sciences; a seer into the Immortal Providence, and the veritable author of the Shakespeare Drama: in truth, not (as Howell supposed) a rare exception to the fortune of an orator, a lawyer, and a philosopher, as he was, but true still to "the fortune of all poets commonly to die beggars," dying as a philosopher and a poet, "poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune as also out of an excess of generosity";—his life, on the whole, and to the last, a sacrifice for the benefit of all science, all future ages, and all mankind. Surely, we may exclaim with Coleridge, not without amazement still: "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! What a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."

AN APPENDIX
OF
ADDITIONAL MATTERS:
INCLUDING A NOTION OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED NORTH-
UMBERLAND MSS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

I PRESENT in this appendix the more important additional matters which have come to my knowledge since the publication of this work. They may not be considered as adding much strength to the argument, but I have deemed them to be of sufficient interest and value to find a place in a new edition. As further evidence, it is rather cumulative than different in kind. The most notable recent discovery, bearing upon the question of Bacon's title to this authorship, is that of the Northumberland MSS., which receives a particular notice. The volumes of Mr. Spedding's "*Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*"¹ (recently completed), which have appeared since 1866, have been examined with care. They throw much light on the personal history and character of Lord Bacon, but have furnished no very important revelations touching the matter in hand here, beyond what I have noticed heretofore.

For the history of the question, I am now able to say further that the article in Chambers's "*Edinburgh Journal*"² of the date of August 7, 1852 (first, in modern times, that I am aware of) distinctly put the question, "*Who wrote Shakespeare?*" The anonymous writer pointedly urged a variety of reasons why William Shakespeare could not have been the author of the plays, and in support of the probability (to his own "extreme dissatisfaction" as he confesses) "that Shakespeare kept a poet." He did not name the per-

¹ *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon, and all his Occasional Works, etc.*, by James Spedding, London, 1861-1874.

² *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, conducted by William and Robert Chambers, No. 449. New Series, August 7, 1852, p. 87.

son, but gave a hint that he might be one "who had written the *Wars of the Roses*," and rather significantly asked the question: "But if Southampton really knew him [Shakespeare] to be the author of the dramas, how comes it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon — all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet* — have all ignored his acquaintance?" The anonymous article in "Putnam's Magazine" for January, 1856 (written by Miss Delia Bacon, of New Haven), in like manner, disputed the claim of William Shakespeare, and darkly hinted at Bacon (as well as Raleigh) without naming him, as one who might have had a hand in the work; and this was followed by the publication of her book,¹ in 1857, in which she attributed the plays to a club of Elizabethan wits, among whom Raleigh took some part, and Bacon the larger share. But, in September, 1856, had appeared the "Letter to Lord Ellesmere,"² in which William Henry Smith, Esq., of London, without any knowledge of her labors, or opinions, distinctly put the question "*Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays?*" and in condensed form gave specific reasons for believing, not only that Shakespeare did not, but that Francis Bacon did, write the whole of the genuine canon of the plays; adding that it was not his intention then "to adduce proof, but merely to initiate inquiry;" and his views and proofs were presented more at large in his "*Bacon and Shakespeare*,"³ in 1857. In the preface, it appears that Mr. Smith had been of that opinion "for twenty years." Mr. Thomas Prewen, of Brickwale, Staplehurst, England, writes to James Spedding, Esq., in 1867, that he had been of the same opinion "for years" before he saw Mr. Smith's book. How long

¹ *Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded*, by Delia Bacon, London, 1857.

² *Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays? A Letter to Lord Ellesmere*, by William Henry Smith, London, 1856.

³ *Bacon and Shakespeare: An Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers, in the Days of Elisabeth*, by William Henry Smith, Esq. London, 1857.

Miss Bacon had entertained the same belief, I have no means of knowing, but it appears from her book that she had been engaged upon the subject for several years, and without knowledge of the investigations of others.

My attention was drawn to the subject by Miss Bacon's anonymous article, in January, 1856 (as stated in my preface), and my conclusion had been mainly arrived at before the publication of her book ; and I have only to regret that I had not seen the publications of Mr. Smith, before my volume was printed, that I might have availed myself of some important particulars, which had escaped my search as well as hers, and which have to find a place in this appendix.

Thus it would seem that these several opinions were formed, almost entirely, upon independent researches. It is said that Mr. Smith's book made a convert of Lord Palmerston, and that he died in the same faith. It is very probable that other persons had entertained similar views. And there are, doubtless, now, many persons who believe the same thing, as well as a great many more who do not.

An opinion may be no proof of the fact: its weight must depend upon the amount of thought, examination, and study that have been given to the subject, as well as upon the critical judgment and insight of the student. Simple, plain, and direct proofs are not to be found. The evidences we have are various, intricate, nice, and sometimes abstruse. Not many can go into original research upon such a matter ; nor, if they did, could it be expected that all minds would agree much better upon this than upon so many other great questions in literature, philosophy, or religion. In this matter of judgment, much depends upon our preconceptions of the nature of the question. One primary consideration undoubtedly is, what sort of a man William Shakespeare really was ? This cannot be answered from the plays, since the very question is, who wrote them ? The answer given by his external history is quite unsatisfactory ; the rest is mere

conjecture. Another is, what is the value and the character of the Shakespeare poetry? This is open to study, and the proof is clear and certain. One who finds nothing in the plays that is above the capacity or acquirements of such a man as he finds William Shakespeare to have been, will have no difficulty with the problem. But one who finds with the best modern critics, that the contents of the plays are of the highest order in point of thought, learning, mastery of art, and language, and moral and civil wisdom, and in particular knowledge of law, medicine, the science of his time, and the ancient classics, — or say, with Emerson, that “the greatest mind values Shakespeare most,” — and, at the same time, can make no more of William Shakespeare than an uneducated adventurer and man of ordinary business, not certainly known to have written anything else but six several signatures, which may have been simply a chirograph by way of *his mark*, if he will not accept the theory of Dogberry that “reading and writing come by nature,” must necessarily imagine some unknown and merely conjectural way of coming at knowledge, culture, and skill in art and literature, while depreciating the merit of the Shakespeare poetry down to some standard of criticism that would bring this feat within the bounds of possibility even for such an erratic genius as this man is supposed to have been; or he must even go further and imagine a born poet endowed with a power of intuition and grasp of knowledge, both general and special, that was not merely extraordinary for any man of his time, however learned, but for such a man as we really know for William Shakespeare, of a quite supernatural kind; since there is nothing like it that we know of in the normal order of development of merely human genius. No one now supposes that he must either believe in this kind of special inspiration, or concede that God has grown old. The ancient world, indeed, was full of it. The very gods came down on earth in human shape. Achilles and Minerva, Ulysses and Calypso, no less

than Jesus and Mary, partook of both natural human and supernatural divine powers and faculties. The Oriental, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman minds had no difficulty in believing in such marvellous gifts to favored mortals. But since our era, that canon seems to have been closed. We do sometimes hear of poetical inspiration, but nothing more seems to be understood by it, now, than a certain quality or degree of genius as we see it in merely human examples. Many, however, will still insist upon it, for this one man Shakespeare, that "he, somehow or other, without knowing it, was able to do what none of the rest of them, though knowing it all, too, perfectly well, could begin to do."¹ But is this really true? or if true of anybody, is it true of this man Shakespeare? This is our question here. Doubtless Shakespeare might write to the extent of his ability or his art. But could he tell more than he knew? or make revelations without knowing it? Was it ever known that revelations, inspirations, or much human wisdom, were communicated to mankind, extensively, through babes, or idiots, or rustics, or ignoramuses, or even through born geniuses, without more? Nobody believes this. Hence the necessity (so long as William Shakespeare is taken to have been the author) of imagining him to have somehow found means of acquiring as much knowledge and culture and skill in art as he needed for this work. Doubtless, the real author had all this; nor is it to be doubted that Francis Bacon was gifted with all the genius which these works display. It may be true enough that nobody else, though knowing as much, could begin to do what he did, any more than some other than Milton, or Scott, could have done what they did; but it is certainly remarkable that the moment we turn from the man Shakespeare to the plays, he seems to have become somebody else, or almost anybody but himself. An illusory mistake as to the man breeds a kind of necessity of attributing too much to the genius, and too little to knowl-

¹ *Among My Books*, by J. R. Lowell, A. M., Boston, 1874, p. 201.

edge, culture, and arts acquired : it tends to blind the eyes to the real character and true merits of the plays themselves, and to inculcate a false philosophy of the human mind.

What then is this inborn genius? It must be a hard thing to define, there are so many opinions about it. Buffon defined it as "the aptitude for patience." Dr. Abbot of Exeter said it was "application." Thomas Carlyle thinks it "a certain transcendent faculty of taking pains." This does not help much, since there are all degrees of the faculty, from the wonderful man Carlyle himself down to the Papua, where it is extremely small. It is easy to say this man has it, and that man has it not, but not so easy to say how much, or of what sort, or what it is. When a Mozart is born with a hereditary musical brain and temperament and muscular adaptation, that take to music at six years of age as a bird to song, and he is trained from infancy up in all the arts of instrumental manipulation, and his studies are carried over the whole field of musical composition, and with a certain enthusiastic exuberance of life and soul, we are prepared not to be so greatly surprised that a rich endowment of genius, with such efforts and such aids and reinforcements of power, at length carries the art and science of music, and the beauties of melody and harmony, a long stride beyond all before him, and even half an age beyond all his contemporaries. Peculiar aptitudes and degrees of power there are, no doubt, which, with a life of drill and infinite pains, in persons possessing intellect, or some peculiar qualities, physical and mental, may carry the individual to the highest mark in any given direction; as Raphael in painting, Mozart or Beethoven in music, Vanderbilt in money-making, Signor Blitz in legerdemain, Hegel in metaphysics, Coke in law, and if not Bacon, why then Milton or Goethe in poetry;—men that we know were thoroughly trained from youth upward in all the skill and practice pertaining to their arts, or were life-long stu-

dents of all knowledge, and accomplished in all the learning of their times. It is of the nature of men to pursue what they like best, and they are apt to like best what they are most successful in doing. A friend of mine once observed that if a man found he could climb a greased pole higher than anybody else, he would be always climbing greased poles; and in the most comprehensive definition I am not sure he would not be entitled to be called a man of genius. We may admit that William Shakespeare might have been born with as much genius as Francis Bacon, but the question is, *was he so born?* And if he were, how, in this instance, could that solve the difficulty here, or much help the matter? We have the means of knowing with what genius Francis Bacon was born, and how he raised his gifts to the highest power, and made them equal to the writing of a whole Shakespeare drama; and upon all the knowledge we possess of William Shakespeare, it would seem to be clear that he never raised his much above the faculty of a prosperous manager.

We see in Homer what he thought and knew about this universe and human affairs in it, as well as the compass of his art; and so of Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe, and except Homer (veiled as he is in the mists of antiquity), we know something of what kind of men these were, and what lives they led. And in Marston, Heywood, Ben Jonson, Burns, Tom Taylor, or whatsoever other, we see what they knew and thought of the same, and how they expressed it. So of the author of Shakespeare. But the difference between any two of these is quite considerable, and between Burns (Tom Taylor I omit, lest I should do him injustice, not knowing anything about him), or even Ben Jonson, and the author of Shakespeare, it is certainly immense and immeasurable, or as the world's volume to the Westminster catechism, or "our Britain to a swan's nest." But it is chiefly by his range in the world of thought and knowledge, his command of language as the symbol of thought, and his

skill in art, that we may identify and distinguish the particular writer. The greatest range (as I observe) is not reached by intuition, or genius, or inspiration, alone, natural or supernatural, but by the superaddition to these of disciplines, virtues, studies, efforts, and labors, which it would be quite impossible to specify.

I have not yet discovered any one authentic fact which would necessitate the inference that William Shakespeare was the author of this poetry. The further facts of a historical kind, now presented, while strongly pointing to Francis Bacon as the author, are not at all conclusive. Indeed, the extrinsic circumstances all together, though powerfully suggestive and convincing, cannot be said to be absolutely conclusive of the matter. The strongest evidence lies in the comparison of the writings, and the demonstration (as I conceive) must rest, at last, and chiefly, upon the essential identity, individuality, and oneness of the writer of this poetry and of Bacon's works, as exhibited in a thorough critical comparison of the writings themselves. But of course where this evidence fails to convince, or carries no weight at all, or even seems to prove a difference rather than an identity, there is an end of the argument. Nevertheless, it is my belief that any one who will take the trouble to make that comparison, in an adequate manner, will not fail to be convinced of that identity, and that in truth Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

There is so much point in the following letters, and the matter is of such value, that I venture to introduce them here, though, perhaps, not intended for publication. I have reason to believe the writers will not complain, and I flatter myself that the reader will not.

[MR. SPEDDING TO MR. HOLMES.]

DEAR SIR: I have read your book on the Authorship of Shakespeare faithfully to the end; but if my report of the result is to be equally faithful, I must declare myself not only unconvinced, but undisturbed. To ask me to believe that the man who was accepted by all the people of his own time, to many

of whom he was personally known as the undoubted author of the best plays then going, was *not* the author of them, is like asking me to believe that Charles Dickens was not the author of "Pickwick." To ask me to believe that a man who was famous for a variety of other accomplishments, whose life was divided between public business, the practice of a laborious profession, and private study of the art of investigating the material laws of nature, — a man of large acquaintance, of note from early manhood, and one of the busiest men of his time, but who was never suspected of wasting time in writing poetry, and is not known to have written a single blank verse in all his life,¹ — that this man was the author of those plays, that is to say, of fourteen comedies, ten historical dramas, and eleven tragedies, exhibiting the greatest (and the greatest variety of) excellence that has been attained in that kind of composition, — is like asking me to believe that Lord Brougham was the author, not only of Dickens's works, but of Thackeray's, and of Tennyson's besides. That the author of "Pickwick" was Charles Dickens, I know upon no better authority than that on which I know that the author of "Hamlet" was a man called William Shakespeare. And in what respect is the one more difficult to believe than the other? A boy born and bred like Charles Dickens was as unlikely *a priori* to become famous over Europe and America for a never-ending-series of original stories, as a boy born and bred like William Shakespeare to become the author of the most wonderful series of dramas in the world. It is true that Shakespeare's gifts were higher and rarer; but the wonder in that is that *any* man should have possessed them; not that the man to whose lot they fell was the

¹ Here, I would remind the reader of that fragment of a Masque (written about 1594-95), which is mentioned in my book (p. 228), and of which an account is given in Mr. Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon* (Vol. I., p. 386-391), where Bacon's prose breaks into fourteen lines of good Shakespearean blank verse; for although the Masque has been usually attributed to Essex, and is not, perhaps, absolutely *known* to be Bacon's work, yet it is pretty clear from what Mr. Spedding writes concerning it that he believed that Bacon wrote it for Essex (and of this I have not the least doubt), for he says, "If it be quite certain that it was the Earl's own composition, his style in things of this kind must have been so like Bacon's that I for my part should despair of distinguishing their several work by examination of the workmanship." And he clearly shows elsewhere that Bacon was in the habit of drafting such papers for Essex, and admits that it is proved that *Essex's Device of Self-Love* was written by Bacon — N. H.

son of a poor man called John Shakespeare and that he was christened William. That he was not a man otherwise known to the world is not at all strange. Nature's great lottery being open to all men alike, the chances that the supreme prize will be drawn by an unknown man, are as the numbers of the unknown to the numbers of the known, — millions to hundreds. It is not the famous man that becomes the great inventor: the great inventor becomes a famous man. Faraday was a book-binder's apprentice, who in binding a copy of Mrs. Marcet's "*Conversations on Chemistry*" was attracted to the study, got employed as assistant to Sir Humphrey Davy — an assistant in so humble a capacity that wishing to go with him to Geneva for the purpose of making the acquaintance of some men of science there, he actually went as his servant, — and by his own genius, virtue, and industry, made himself the most famous man (probably) now living in England. Burns was a ploughman, Keats a surgeon's apprentice, Robert Stephenson a lad in a colliery, Newton did not become Newton because he was sent to Cambridge: he was sent to Cambridge because he *was* Newton, — because he had been endowed by nature with the singular gifts which made him Newton. But for the genius which nature gave them, without any consideration of positive advantages, what would have been known of any one of these?

If Shakespeare had no learning as a scholar or man of science, neither do the works attributed to him show traces of trained scholarship or scientific education. Given the *faculties* (which nature bestows on the poor as freely as on the rich), you will find that all the acquired knowledge, art, and dexterity which the Shakespearian plays imply, was easily attainable by a man who was laboring in his vocation, and had nothing else to do. Or, if you find it difficult to believe this of such a man as you assume Shakespeare to have been, try Bacon. Suppose Francis Bacon, instead of being trained as a scholar or statesman and a lawyer, and seeking his fortune from the patronage of the great, had been turned loose into the world without means or friends, and joined a company of players as the readiest resource for a livelihood: do you doubt that he would soon have tried his hand at writing a play — that he would have found out how to write better plays than were then the fashion; that he would have cultivated an art which he found profitable and prosperous, — and

sought afresh for such knowledge as would help him in it ; diligently reading his Plutarch, his Seneca, his Holinshed, and all the novels and plays that came in his way ; studying life and conversation by all the opportunities which his position opened to him, and generally seeking to enrich his thought with observation ? Do not you think that Francis Bacon would have been capable of learning in this way everything which there is reason to think that the writer of the Shakespearian plays knew ? And if Francis Bacon could, why could not William Shakespeare ?

If, therefore, your theory involved no difficulties of its own — if of two names equally likely in themselves you merely proposed to substitute one for the other, — I should still have asked why I should reject the received story ? Where is the difficulty which makes it hard to believe ? I see none. That which is extraordinary in the case — and whatever is extraordinary is in some degree improbable *a priori* ; it is something that you would not have expected, — is that *any* man should have possessed such a combination of faculties as must have met in the author of those plays. But that is a difficulty which cannot be avoided. There must have been somebody in whom the requisite combination of faculties did meet, for there the plays are. And by supposing that this somebody was a man who at the same time possessed a combination of other faculties, themselves sufficient to make him an extraordinary man, too, instead of diminishing the wonder you increase it. Aristotle was an extraordinary man. Plato was an extraordinary man. That two men, each severally so extraordinary, should have been living at the same time in the same country, was an extraordinary thing. But does it diminish the wonder to suppose the two to be one ? So I say of Bacon and Shakespeare. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Shakespeare should exist, is extraordinary. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Bacon should exist, is extraordinary. That two such human beings should have been living in London, at the same time, was more extraordinary still. But that one man should have existed possessing the faculties necessary to make *both*, would have been the most extraordinary thing of all. You will not deny that tradition goes for *something* ; that in the absence of any reason for doubting it the concurrent and undisputed

testimony to a fact of all who had the best means of knowing it is a reason for believing it, or at least for thinking it more probable than any other given fact which is irreconcilable with it, and which is not so supported. On this ground alone, without inquiring further, I believe that the author of the plays published in 1623 was a man called William Shakespeare. It was believed by those who had the best means of knowing, and I know nothing which should lead me to doubt it. Those reasons for doubting it which you suggest seem all to rest on a latent assumption that William Shakespeare could not have possessed any remarkable faculties, a fact which would no doubt be conclusive if it were established. But what should make me think so? It was not the opinion of anybody who was acquainted with him, so far as we know; and why was a man of that name less likely than another to possess remarkable faculties?

With one who finds no difficulty in accepting the simple story as it has come down to us, you will hardly expect that the other considerations which you urge should have much weight. Between writers nourished in a common literature, addressing popular audiences in a common language, and surrounded by a common atmosphere of knowledge and opinion, resemblances both in thought and expression are inevitable. But to me, I confess, the resemblances between Shakespeare and Bacon are much less striking than the differences. Strange as it seems that two such minds, both so vocal, should have existed within each other's hearing without mutually affecting each other, I find so few traces of any influence exercised by Shakespeare on Bacon, that I have great doubts whether Bacon knew any more about him than Gladstone (probably) knows about Tom Taylor (in his dramatic capacity). Shakespeare may have derived a good deal from Bacon: he had no doubt read the "Advancement of Learning" and the first edition of the "Essays"; and most likely had frequently heard him speak in the courts and the Star Chamber. But among all the parallelisms which you have collected with so much industry to prove the identity of the writers, I have not observed one in which I should not myself have inferred from the difference of style a difference of hand. Great writers, especially being contemporary, have many features in common; but if they are really great writers, they write naturally, and nature is always individual. I doubt whether

there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with the several styles and practised in such observation. I was myself well read in Shakespeare before I began with Bacon, and I have been forced to cultivate to a high degree what skill I have in distinguishing Bacon's style; because in sifting the genuine from the spurious I had commonly nothing but the style to guide me; and to me if it were proved that any one of the plays attributed to Shakespeare was really written by Bacon, not the least extraordinary thing about it would be the power which it showed in him of laying aside his individual peculiarities and assuming those of a different man.

But you will ask me what I say of "Richard II.," of which you contend that Bacon has by implication avowed himself the real author. I say simply that your inference is founded upon a misconstruction of a relative pronoun. "About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, *which* though it grew from me went after about in others' names." I say that "*which*" relates not to the "matter" but to the "answer." You make it appear to relate to the "matter" (p. 251, l. 8), only by inserting "and," which is not in the original. If so, there is an end of your whole superstructure. When the Queen asked Bacon whether there was not treason in Dr. Hayward's "History of the First Year of Henry IV.," he parried the question by an evasive answer, which was quoted afterwards and ascribed in conversation to other people, but was really his own. If it were possible to believe that the "matter" in question was the play of "Richard II.," the only inference that could be drawn as to the authorship would be that the ostensible author was a doctor. But for my part I can see nothing in it but a reference to Dr. Hayward's historical tract.

For these reasons I am obliged to decline all acquiescence in your supposition. I do not see that a *prima facie* case for questioning Shakespeare's title to the plays which have always been attributed to him is made out; and if you had fixed upon anybody else rather than Bacon as the true author, anybody of whom I knew nothing, I should have been scarcely less incredulous. But if there were any reason for supposing that the real author *was* somebody else, I think I am in a condition to say that

whoever it was, it was not Francis Bacon. The difficulties which such a supposition would involve would be almost innumerable and altogether insurmountable. But if what I have already said does not excuse me from saying more, I fear that whatever I might say more would have no better fate, but be equally ineffectual.

I ought perhaps to apologize for speaking with such confidence on the question of style, in a matter where my judgment is opposed to yours. But you must remember that style is like handwriting, not easy to recognize at first, but unmistakable when you are familiar enough with it. When some twenty-five years ago I began the task of collating the printed copies with the manuscripts, and plunged into a volume of miscellaneous letters written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, I could scarcely distinguish one hand from another, and it was some time before I discovered which was Bacon's own. But after a little of the close and continuous attention which collation and copying involve, I began to feel as if I could know it with certainty through all its varieties, from the stateliest Italian to the most careless and sprawling black-letter, and almost down to a semicolon; and I am convinced that I could produce examples in which the most expert palæographers and fac-similists would at the first view pronounce two hands different, and yet find on examination that they were the same. And so it is with a man's manner of expressing himself. The unconscious gestures of the style, scarcely discoverable at first, are scarcely mistakable after. The time may have been, I do not know, when I could have believed the style of "Hamlet" and the "Advancement of Learning" to be the style of the same man; and the time may yet come when you will yourself wonder that you did not perceive the difference.

Again thanking you for your book, in which though I am so far from assenting to your conclusion, I cannot sufficiently admire the diligence and ingenuity with which you have collected and brought together your evidence.

80 WESTBOURNE TERRACE, LONDON, *Feb.* 15, 1867.

[MR. HOLMES to MR. SPEDDING.]

ST. LOUIS, *March 13, 1867.*

DEAR SIR, — I have to acknowledge, with much satisfaction, the receipt of your very interesting letter of the 15th ult., reporting the result of your reading of my book on the "Authorship of Shakespeare." I do not allow myself to feel at all disappointed that you have to declare yourself not only "unconvinced, but undisturbed." I was pretty well aware that the question could not have escaped your consideration, and had inferred that your judgment was probably adverse to the theory, and I could hardly expect my argument would be likely to prevail with you. But I am exceedingly gratified that you have had the patience to give it a hearing, and have taken the pains to give your views and suggestions (which are stated with great force), and the more especially as you have pointed out one misconstruction (which I readily admit to be an error), — that of making the relative pronoun *which* refer to the "matter" instead of the "answer." The other construction had not occurred to me (and I scarcely know how I overlooked it); but, upon reëxamination, I am satisfied you are right. I see that the anecdote related below (in which the answer consisted) is the leading subject of the whole paragraph, and so, that the "answer" must be the leading subject of the sentence, and not the "matter" as I had supposed.

But I cannot accede to the whole consequence which you think follows, namely, that "there is an end of the whole superstructure." It certainly cuts away one strong point, one clinching nail (as it were) in that argument, and reduces it to the ground of an *implied* admission only. The implied admission is, I admit, somewhat far-fetched and subtle, but still has a ground, all things considered, of no insignificant weight to my mind; particularly in connection with the other expression, "*and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales*," and with the *admonition* which he did not like. There is a covert allusion here to something which I take to have been that play. I have discovered nothing else to which it can refer. I can see that it is not impossible that these "*mine own tales*" may have been something else; and if the whole argument founded on this play of "*Richard II.*," or the whole question of Bacon's authorship of

the plays, rested on this alone, I should not venture to rely much upon it.

I may say in general that my conviction rests, not so much upon the historical part as upon the comparison of the two writings throughout, and on what I think I discover to be their identities in all material respects in view of the question. The historical facts only clear the way, and the way being so cleared, as it appears to me, and there being no "insurmountable" difficulties in the way that are known to me, the resemblances and identities which I find in this play and Bacon's writings (not omitting the allusion to Tacitus), I must say, are such to my mind that I find it impossible to doubt that Bacon was the author of both, especially when considered with all the rest.

I have written to the publishers to make a correction of that error if another edition of the work is to be issued. I find it can be done (so far as necessary to obviate the effect of that error) by changing a few words in a few lines.¹

The other views which you present I have read with the utmost attention, as they are certainly deserving of profound consideration; but nearly all those topics have been the subject of study and reflection with me heretofore. In some of your observations I entirely concur, while upon others and upon the conclusions you would draw from them, our opinions are so widely different, that I should be wanting in a proper respect for your independent judgment, if I persisted in a re-argumentation upon them.

As you may be willing to hear, briefly, how they strike me, I will merely observe, that the remarks upon native genius, Dickens and "Pickwick," Brougham and Tennyson, are very good, but they do not strike me as exactly in point. As to what is to be found in the plays, it is plain to me that I find, or seem to find, a great deal more in them than you would allow. Your supposition of a substitution of the man Bacon is good, but would not change the nature of the problem with me. In what you say of extraordinary men I readily agree. My difficulty is not with the remarkable "faculties," but with the remarkable acquisitions and the peculiar identity of the faculties. With your views of the problem, I see that the parallelisms and resemblances would have much less weight, but still they are such to me, that, even on your basis, I could not get over them.

¹ It was corrected in the second edition.

On the difference of individual peculiarities (strange as it may seem), my opinion must still remain diametrically the opposite of yours, until I get some new point of view. On the practice required for the certain recognition of Bacon's handwriting and style in all papers, I willingly concede that your skill in that must exceed

— "The lists of all advice
My strength can give you,"

or that of any person living, I believe. But all these considerations together, though carrying much weight, do not reach the foundations of my conviction.

I may say further for myself only, that in the course of my comparisons, I seemed to become so familiar with the habitual ideas, words, and singular peculiarities of the author, that I could not read a page of either, without thinking I saw his identity, and cannot now. I have taken an especial delight in tracing these peculiarities and identities. The outline of my essay was framed early in the study, and then filled up and expanded from year to year, as the work progressed, and not the least conclusively convincing and wonderful thing with me was, that every new fact, date, or parallelism, dropped right into its place and time as if made to fit, no jarring discrepancy turning up anywhere; and the dates and facts were such as to exclude all possibility of borrowing in the particular instances, and the whole array such as seemed to me to defy explanation on the score of contemporary usage, such mutual influence as might be possible, and the common stock of knowledge and ideas of the time.

When I got your "Letters and Life of Bacon," and read that fragment of a Masque, having the dates of all the plays in my mind, I felt quite sure at once in which I should find that same matter, if it appeared anywhere (as I expected it would), and went, first, straight to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and there came upon it, in the second act, so palpably and unmistakably to my mind, that I think nothing less than a miracle could shake my belief in it, — there and nowhere else; and so in many other instances of like kind.

Reading the other day in Mr. David Masson's "Recent British Philosophy" (p. 234), about spirit in nature, and turning to the "Hamlet" (Act I., sc. 5), which he cites, I noticed (what

had escaped me before) the words underscored in these lines :—

“There are more things in *heaven and earth*, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.”

Instantly I remembered what was printed on p. 498 of my book, where you will see how Bacon uses these same words in a peculiar sense in a similar connection in two places. And I believe the same man put them into the “Hamlet,” where I find the same philosophy blazing out, and the ghost so unceremoniously *including himself in the phenomena of Nature*. I am quite incredulous of ghosts ; but nothing short of Bacon’s ghost, rising up to say *No!* could make me doubt it, I think. So, too, in these lines :—

“*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff.”

which, if I had specially noted before, I should have cited on p. 498 of my book, for that this is that same *cliff*, again, I have not the least doubt.

I will trouble you with but one more, and that is (on p. 491 of my book, where I have given your very elegant translation of the two lines of Latin poetry quoted by Bacon)¹ that I think we have Bacon’s own translation of them in the “Hamlet” (Act I., sc. 1), thus :—

“*Ham.* Now, pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o’ertop old Pelion, and the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart.”

A few things of this kind might possibly be got over in the way you suggest, but when I find them everywhere and almost innumerable, amounting to absolute identity of authorship, if there ever was any individual identity and character in different writings of the same author, the conclusion, I confess, is to me irresistible.

¹ “*Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,
Scilicet atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum.*”

“Mountain on mountain thrice they strove to heap,
Olympus, Ossa, piled on Pelion’s steep.”

Some of our American critics have dwelt on the differences, too. That objection had not occurred to me as likely to be made, but I had not wondered at the criticism. The difference of style, in the sense of the outward form or structure, in Bacon's several works, must be better known to you than to almost anybody else ; but it appears to me to be exceedingly various, very much as in Milton's prose works ; and in this respect, merely, I can hardly suppose you would deny that a still wider difference should be looked for in so different a kind of composition as a comedy or tragedy in high poetic vein and in blank verse. I find the identities underneath this outward husk, — in the thought, diction, and distinguishing peculiarities of the writer's mind and habit, rather than in what is commonly called *style*. As in Milton, so in Bacon, in the most long-winded, swift-rolling, gushing, surging, meandering, tumbling periods, warped into something of the cramped and twisted inter-dependence of a whole page of blank verse, strung on one logical string, no less than in other works, in short periods and pithy, weighty sentences, trimmed to the nicety of a syllable, I think I am able to recognize the same mind and master, the same out-flashing pearls and glittering diamonds and individual earmarks, and the same elephantine sweep of intellect that can wrench an oak or pick up a pin; and I must say that to me the author of "*Paradise Lost*" is not more distinctly visible in Milton's prose works than is the author of these plays in the writings of Bacon.

But I am vexing you with more reiteration, or as the lawyers say, "arguing the case after it is decided."

Though not near so incredulous as you appear to be, I assure you I have learned not to be quite certain of anything in this world, unless it were something like the necessary and fundamental laws of nature and reason ; and I will not say that mistake is impossible with me here ; but until I get some new light (which I never expect to see, but may), — until some long buried Hermione, for instance, the fixture of whose eye

— "has motion in't
As we are mock'd with art,"

shall step down alive out of some old picture frame to say *No!* you may say of me as did Camillo of King Leontes in the "*Winter's Tale*":—

"You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon.

As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
 The fabric of his folly ; whose foundation
 Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
 The standing of his body."

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[MR. SPEDDING to MR. SMITH.]

MY DEAR SIR, — When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, I said that if you made any converts I should like to know their names. Oddly enough it was only ten days before the date of your note that I received news of one myself, but not knowing what had become of you, I was unable to forward the intelligence. Mr. Thomas Prewen (whose greatgrandfather, Thomas Prewen of Brickwale, M. P., and nephew of Archbishop Prewen of York, married for a third wife Jane Cook, whose mother was relict of George Herbert the poet, and her father Sir Roger Cook of Highram Court, son of Sir William Cook of Highram Court, was first cousin of Bacon) — Mr. Thomas Prewen, writing to me on the 5th of April last, about a picture of Bacon which he has, ends with these words : " If you by accident have not seen a small two-shilling volume by W. H. Smith, entitled ' Bacon and Shakespeare,' you should get it. I confess myself an entire convert to his opinion, that Bacon and not Shakespeare wrote those wonderful plays. I was delighted to see that Lord Palmerston was equally a convert to that opinion. I have held it for years."

I cannot deny that Judge Holmes is an important ally if only for his industry and his perseverance, and as you may like to know more about him I enclose the correspondence which has passed between us on the subject. You will see that he had anticipated you in sending his book to me (though not I think in anything that is very material to the argument), and my answer will do for both. When you have done with the letters, I shall be glad if you will return them to me as I have no other copies, and if converts accumulate at this rate and address themselves to me, I may want them for other similar occasions.

You will see that I am incorrigible; but I am not the less grateful for your present, which is certainly a very curious piece of work. Could you not make out (by the way) that Bacon wrote Ben Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays as well? I will be bound they contain as many parallelisms, — and the date of

Bacon's death need not interfere, — for they may have kept his manuscripts and brought them out as they were wanted, as long after his death as you please. Works that were written before he was born must be left to the reputed authors, but I am afraid a diligent prosecution for parallel passages would strip him of a good many feathers; for in that case every parallelism must be an appropriation of something not his own.

Yours truly, etc.

LONDON, *April 20, 1867.*

[MR. SMITH to MR. SPEDDING.]

HIGHGATE N., *April 22, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your enclosure of letters. I do it thus promptly that you may know where they are, should you desire to fulminate them against any fresh "perverts" to this American heresy. I have now only two observations to make. In your letter to Judge Holmes, you say, "The reasons for doubting which you suggest seem all to rest on a latent assumption that William Shakespeare could not have possessed any remarkable faculties, — a fact which would no doubt settle the question if it could be established. But what should make me think so?" If the question were addressed to me, I should answer, "My belief that William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon could neither read nor write." The only writings of his extant are six several signatures, clearly the signatures of a man who had simply learnt to write his name. "I can set to my name," quoth Sancho, "for when I was constable of our town I learnt to make certain letters such as are set to mark trusses of stuff which they said spelt my name." There is not the slightest pretense for presuming that Shakespeare was ever sent to school.

In your letter to me, you say, "Works that were written before he was born must be left to their reputed authors, but I am afraid a diligent prosecution of parallel passages would strip him of a good many feathers; for in that case every parallelism must be an appropriation of something not his own." Did you ever turn over the pages of Theobald's "Shakespeare"? He noted the passages (and their name is legion) where the ideas of ancient writers are reproduced, and in some cases their words literally translated. I confess these plagiarisms, or rather well-

ings up of literary lore, have tended to convince me that Shakespeare could not, and Bacon might, have been the author. Assuredly, *we* must make room by removing Shakespeare from his pedestal in Poet's Corner, before we shall get *you* to erect Bacon's effigy in his place.

I send you an original comment of mine on a trivial passage in the plays :—

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; you are a fishmonger."

A fishmonger, the very nickname Cicero bestowed on the Consular Senators, when railing at their indolence and luxury. The coincidence is curious.

I must be allowed to detain your letter for a short time that I may endeavor to answer it, but I will not trouble you with a lengthy reply, because as I am sure you will be "unconvinced," I wish you to remain "undisturbed." I think that I should be more successful in an appeal to the American Bench than to the Anglican Bar. Thanking you for the courtesy of your communication, I remain, etc.

[MR. SMITH TO MR. SPEDDING.]

HIGHGATE, May 1, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,—I return your enclosure of letters with many thanks. I have made a copy of your letter, which I thought I might do as you intimated that you intended to use it as a circular. My little book which Mr. Prewen perused at a cost of thirty pence, I provided at a cost of thirty pounds. Having been in the front of the fight for a decade of years, now that the American contingent has taken the field I think I may creditably retire to the rear. Your letter is such a model of precision, perspicuity, and power of expression, that I wish to have it by me at the time I prepare "an answer of mine" to the "matter," *which* matter to my mind is not so precise and powerful as the "style." As "there is nothing more certain in nature than that it is impossible for anybody to be utterly annihilated, but as it was the work of the Omnipotency to make somewhat of nothing, so it requireth the like Omnipotency to make somewhat into nothing." Shakespeare's inability to read or write—my "swashing blow,"—it is useless to remember against you, for

If I could "utterly annihilate" him, I should still doubt my "Omnipotency" to create a Bacon in your mind instead. Yet the erasure of the word *seale* and substitution of the word *hand* in his will seems to me strong evidence that the person who prepared the will believed, at that time, that he would not be able to sign his name. I know that you will ingeniously observe, that that might have been his belief, but the fact would better have been proved, if "hand" had been erased and "seale" inserted, and no signature added; or that it was usual to attest a will by a seal; but Shakespeare, being proud of his writing (which Jonson praised), and as this would probably be his last opportunity, insisted upon exhibiting his hand; but does the sequel sustain that supposition? Bacon somewhere writes that the kingdom of knowledge, like the kingdom of heaven, must be ordered as a little child. Certainly, you are very far from the kingdom of the knowledge that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays; but if I could believe that you had enough of "teachableness" to take my recommendation and look into Theobald, I should have some little hope of you. He (apparently) was a much riper scholar than Pope, whatever their relative reputations were, and I think he is worthy of your acquaintance. His is the only Shakespeare I read for the thirty years previous to my purchase of Booth's reprint of the Folio of 1623. Judge Holmes writes that Rowe, Colman, Pope, Farmer, Malone, Stevens, and Knight and White found traces that the writer of the plays was a classical scholar, but he does not seem to be aware that such a person as Theobald ever existed. The object of this letter is, to try and induce you to believe that Shakespeare was an illiterate man, and the author of the Shakespeare plays, etc., one whom reading had made "a full man."

I should be glad if you would allow me to make a further communication, at a future time, when I will be as concise as possible, which is the "style" I strive to cultivate.

I take pleasure in being permitted to add the following letter from the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness of Philadelphia, whom (though personally a stranger to me) I have been accustomed to regard as one of the first scholars and thinkers in America:—

N. HOLMES, Esq., — Although a stranger, sir, I beg the privilege of expressing to you my very hearty thanks for the "Authorship of Shakespeare," which I am reading with all the interest you could desire.

I am one of the many who have never been able to bring the life of William Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare within a planetary space of each other. Are there any two things in the world more incongruous? Had the plays come down to us anonymously, had the labor of discovering the author been imposed upon after generations, I think we could have found no one of that day but F. Bacon, to whom to assign the crown. In this case it would have been resting now on his head by almost common consent. If it could be proved that William Shakespeare wrote the plays, it would be worth while to search and ascertain whether he did not write "Bacon's Works" also.

The popular reluctance to entertain Miss Delia Bacon's opinion and yours appears to have no better cause than the fear of losing a great miracle of genius. But the miracle is far grander, besides being a rational miracle, when we make Shakespeare and Bacon *one*. If Shakespeare were so vast a genius, what could have kept Shakespeare and Bacon from a most intimate and conspicuous friendship, and would not Bacon have directed mankind to study Shakespeare?

I do not well see how there could be a more faithful and interesting book on the subject than yours. Miss Bacon's theory was disabled by the idea of a number of authors, Raleigh, etc. I tried hard to read her volume, but it seemed to me that the sweet bells were already beginning to jangle. Is it so? Have the Germans caught the idea yet? But there are no Goethes and Richters now. Pray pardon the freedom with which I write, and ascribe it all to your book.

W. H. FURNESS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1866.

I conclude by saying that I have set forth these additional matters for the edification of those who may take an interest in the subject, without ambition of fame or profit in the adventure, but deeming them of sufficient value and importance to find a record in print.

N. HOLMES.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25, 1875.

APPENDIX.

As the matters of this Appendix are simply additional to topics which have been considered at large in the body of the work, they are given here under the several heads to which they relate, with a reference to the page of the volume where these topics have been discussed. And in the cited passages, I take the liberty to italicize the words that are more particularly referred to.

Page 12. *His learning in the law.*

In my work, I did not deem it necessary to go at large into this part of the subject, and for the reason (as stated) that other writers had already given it a critical consideration, and demonstrated clearly enough that the author of the plays was learned in the law, and in fact must have been a lawyer. But this alone settled nothing as to the man. That lawyer might be William Shakespeare, or somebody else. Mr. Collier at once jumped to the conclusion that Shakespeare was a lawyer. Lord Campbell evidently had no doubt that the author of the plays was a lawyer, but he did not venture to conclude that William Shakespeare was. Nor did he venture to declare that he was not. The same thing may be said of Mr. Rushton, whose work¹ exhibits the proofs of the same fact, with accurate knowledge and critical acumen. I need not repeat them here; but I cite the following instances, with some

¹ *Shakespeare a Lawyer*, by William L. Rushton, London and Liverpool, 1858.

additional circumstances, as going to show, not only that the author of Shakespeare was a lawyer, but that that lawyer was Francis Bacon.

Mr. Rushton cites the Statute 16 Rich. II., which was leveled against the Pope's usurpations of sovereignty in England, and enacted, that "If any do bring any translation, process, sentence of excommunication, bulls, instruments, etc., *within the Realm, or receive them, they shall be put out of the King's protection, and their lands, tenements, goods and chattels, forfeited to the King,*" and compares it with the speech of Suffolk in the play of "Henry VIII." thus : —

"*Suff. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a pramunire, —
That therefore such a writ be sued against you :
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. — This is my charge.*"

Act III. Sc. 2.

It is manifest here, as Mr. Rushton thinks that the author of the play was exactly acquainted with the very language of this old statute. But was that author William Shakespeare? There is no extrinsic evidence that Shakespeare ever studied law: what we know of him effectually excludes that supposition. We may, indeed, conceive it possible that for his purpose he had hunted up the statute, or had heard the lawyers chaffering about it; but the probability of this is rather small. The whole intrinsic evidence on this head must be deemed conclusive, that the writer of the plays was an accomplished lawyer. This conclusion only tends to show that William Shakespeare was not the author of them: the question still remains, who was the lawyer that did write them?

I have heretofore noticed several instances in which Shakespeare might possibly have read Holinshed, North's "Plutarch," and other contemporary authors, in a particular

case, while the other circumstances were such as to indicate, or even prove, that the transposition from these authors into the plays actually took place through the mind of Francis Bacon. It was shown, for instance, that a part of the circumstances mentioned in the "Timon of Athens" were taken directly from the untranslated Greek of Lucian, and not from North's "Plutarch," which the author had no doubt also consulted. The story of Timon's tree is told in Plutarch's "Life of Antony": it is also alluded to in Bacon's "Essay of Goodness." Lucian makes no mention of Timon's tree; but this same tree comes into the play thus:—

"Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I sell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself."—Act IV. Sc. 1.

In this passage, it is very plain that the writer followed Plutarch's "Antony," which reads thus in North's translation:—

"Ye men of Athens, in a court-yard belonging to my house grows a large fig-tree; on which many an honest citizen has been pleased to hang himself: now, as I have thoughts of building upon that spot, I could not omit giving you this public notice, to the end that if any more among you have a mind to make the same use of my tree, they may do it speedily before it is destroyed."¹

It may be observed that the play takes just so many of the circumstances as are suitable to the idea and present purpose and no more; namely, the portraying of the character and disposition of Timon, the malignant misanthrope, which cannot be better exemplified than by citing the whole passage from the Essay:—

"Neither is there only a habit of goodness, directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it; as on the other side there is a natural malignity. For there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity

¹ See Theobald's *Shakespeare*, V. 298.

turneth but to a crossness, or forwardness, or aptness to oppose, or diffidence, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief. Such men in other men's calamities are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores; but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; *misanthropi*, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as *Timon* had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature; and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politiques of; like to knee timber, that is good for ships, that are ordained to be tossed; but not for building houses, that shall stand firm."¹

In like manner in this instance of Mr. Rushton, and particularly in reference to the line —

“Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, —”

and the following lines which pursue the words of the statute, there are some circumstances which point to Francis Bacon as the actual writer; for while the first three lines of Suffolk's speech follow the language of Holinshed closely enough, the last six lines do not; indeed, there is nothing in Holinshed to correspond with them. This shows, conclusively, that if the writer did follow Holinshed so far, he was obliged for the rest to draw upon his own knowledge (gained elsewhere) of the law and the statutes.

The “Henry VIII.” is usually assigned to the year 1612–13. About this time, the great controversy with the royal prerogative touching *commendams*, *rege inconsulto*, and *præmunire* against the Lord Chancellor, had arisen, and continued until 1616.² Chief Justice Coke attempted to turn this old statute of Richard II. against Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Bacon, attorney general since 1613, was the King's chief adviser in the matter, and drew most of the legal papers and among them the King's final decree in the Star Chamber. Bacon, of course, had made himself familiar with the statute, and in one of these documents used the phrase, “*within the compass of the judges' oath.*” This use of the

¹ *Essay on Goodness*, Works (Boston), XII. 119.

² See Spedding's *Letters and Life*, V. 356.

word *compass* is quite frequent in Bacon's writings and in the plays. It appears in the "Richard II.," thus:—

"Why should we in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?" — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

It is highly probable that Bacon's mind was full of these matters of the power legatine and the statutes of *præmunire*, at the date when the play of "Henry VIII." was written, and more than probable that he was acquainted with the history of Cardinal Wolsey; and if we may suppose that he had so recently introduced them into the play, along with this expression, it would be easy to believe it had readily fallen from his pen, again, when treating of *præmunire* against the Lord Chancellor.

Theobald states in his note¹ that the author of the play followed Holinshed, and that Holinshed "gives this very description of the *præmunire*." But he could not have meant to say that Holinshed gives this language of the statute of Richard II., for it will be seen, on examination, that he does not, nor even mentions the statute. He simply alludes to the *præmunire* in these words: "In the meantime, the king, being informed that all these things that the Cardinal had done by his power legatine, within this realm, were in the case of *præmunire* and provision, caused his attorney Christopher Hales to sue out a writ of *præmunire* against him"; and again, "the learned counsel said plainly that they were all in the *præmunire*";² but it is nowhere said "*within the compass of a præmunire*." It is clear, then, that the writer of the play, in following the precise words of the statute of Richard II., and in using this expression, did not follow Holinshed. The phrase might not be uncommon among lawyers. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a barrister of the Middle Temple, relates that Lord Chief Justice Coke had been put out of his place, "upon his attempting to bring

¹ Theobald's *Shakespeare*, V. 66.

² Holinshed's *Chronicles*, III. 740, 765. London, 1808.

the old Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, *within the compass of a premunire.*"¹ And again he writes, "It is a dangerous thing to *fall within the compass of a guilty conscience.*"² And it is very probable it might be found that other writers of the time had used the same expression. As proof, therefore, that Bacon wrote the play, this single circumstance alone would amount to nothing; but, putting all the circumstances together, they may be allowed to carry some weight of probability. We seem to have another reminiscence of like kind in Bacon's letter to the King, in 1615, on this same business, in which he writes: "I did think these greater causes would have comen to period or pause sooner, but now *they are in the height*; . . . and it is no part of a skilful mariner to *sail or row against a tide, when the tide is at strongest*;" imagery, which may have been unconsciously repeated from the "Julius Cæsar":—

"Bru. We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."—*Act IV. Sc. 3.*

And in another letter of this same year: "But my Lord Coke floweth according to his own tides, and not according to the tides of business;"³ and again he says, "Particular conspiracies have their periods, and if they be not taken in their time, they take vent and vanish." Here is identity with a difference: the reader may take his choice.

Again, Bacon's memorial for the King's speech in the Star Chamber, just preceding his final decree, contains this account of the Court of Chancery:—

"It is called the dispenser of the King's conscience, following always the intention of law and justice; not altering

¹ *Autobiography and Correspondence*, by J. O. Halliwell, I. 212.

² *Ibid.*, II. 390.

³ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, V. 225.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 165.

*the law, not making that black which other courts make white, nor e converso ; but in this it exceeds the other courts, mixing mercy with justice, where other courts proceed only according to the strict rules of law ; and where the rigor of the law in many cases will undo a subject, then the Chancery tempers the law with equity, and so mixeth mercy with justice as it preserves men from destruction. And thus (as before I told you) is the King's throne established by mercy and justice."*¹

Here, in like manner, we have repetitions of the doctrines and metaphors of the "Merchant of Venice" (of 1597) ; for he could never treat of any subject, however dry and formal, without clothing it in the same poetic language and broad conceptions with which his powerful imagination had illuminated these dramas. The merciless Shylock "craved the law" —

"The penalty and forfeit of my bond," —

to the utter destruction of the hapless merchant, Antonio. When Shylock came before the Duke, and stood for judgment upon the law, the Duke, like King James, exercised his *royal prerogative to put off the cause*, thus : —

"Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day."

But Doctor Bellario, happening to be sick, sent Portia to act the Chancellor in his stead, "dressed like a Doctor of Laws," having been "made acquainted with the cause in controversy," and "furnished with his opinion," which would be "bettered with his own learning," as they had "turned o'er many books together"; and clearly this learned Doctor understood something of equity and the mixing of mercy with justice, if we consider this part of her decree : —

¹ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, V. 383.

Por. Then must the Jew *be merciful*.

Sky. On what compulsion must I? tell me *that*.

Por. *The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there."*

So, when Bassanio tendered "twice the sum" to save the forfeit of the pound of flesh, Chancellor Portia still admitted the strict rules of law, "*not altering the law*":—

"Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :

*'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the State.*

"Sky. A Daniel come to judgment ; yea a Daniel !"

Nevertheless, continuing with Bacon's draft of the King's decree, "*forasmuch as mercy and justice be the true supporters of our royal throne*, and that it properly belongeth to us in our princely office to take care and provide that our subjects have equal and indifferent justice ministered to them ; and that where their case deserveth to be relieved *in course of equity* by suit in our Court of Chancery, they should not be abandoned and exposed *to perish under the rigour and extremity of our laws*," so the learned Portia

proceeded to give sentence that the plaintiff should have
"merely justice and his bond," thus :—

"*Por.* This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the State of Venice."

And then it was Gratiano, on the other side, that exclaimed, —

"A Daniel, still say I : a second Daniel !"

And when the decree still further pronounced that by the laws of Venice, —

"If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,"

he shall forfeit to the State both his life and his goods, the merciless Jew had no resource left but to "*beg the mercy of the Duke*" for pardon.

It is plain throughout that the writer of this play (as well as Portia) knew the exact difference between law and equity, and that while the courts of equity never override or contradict the positive law, still the sovereign power in the State, through the courts of equity acting on general principles of justice and mercy, will interfere to prevent the strict law from being made an instrument of fraud and injustice, contrary to the real intention of the law itself.

Indeed, it is clear that Dr. Portia's knowledge extended even to Chancery Practice, and continued to the end of the piece : —

"*Por.* . . . Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully."

For the *charges, interrogatories, and answer* had to come in, though the syllables should prove somewhat refractory for musical verse.

Another instance may be noticed here. It has been mentioned that, in 1597-98, Bacon and Coke were rivals for the hand of the rich and beautiful Lady Hatton, and that Coke's great wealth and powerful influence won her against the eleven objections,—ten children and himself. The lady positively refused a public ceremony, and they were married at a private house, without bans or other compliances with the rules of the Church, and at the risk of the "greater excommunication" to be thundered from Lambeth. And when the archbishop caused suit to be instituted against all parties concerned, Coke put in the excuse that they were "ignorant of the ecclesiastical law," and made an humble submission; whereupon the archiepiscopal mercy was extended to him.¹ The "Othello" appeared somewhat later (1604-1611). Whether or not the writer of it remembered the archbishop's libel against Coke as well as the arts and practices which had won the lady, and was not ignorant of the statutes of the realm, certain it is that there was an old statute of 3 Hen. VIII.; 5 Eliz. c. 5, in force in those days, with which Francis Bacon would be likely to be familiar, and which enacted, that "*It shall be felony to practise, or cause to be practised, conjurations, witchcraft, enchantment, or sorcery to get money; or to consume any person in his body, members, or goods, or to provoke unlawful love,*" etc.

Now Brabantio in the play did not rely upon the ecclesiastical law of which he too might have been ignorant, but evidently grounded his indictment upon this old statute:—

"*Brab.* Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
*That thou hast practised on her with foul charms;
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
 That waken motion.*
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
*For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;—
 Lay hold upon him.*

¹ Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, I. 220.

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted,
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense),
Sans witchcraft could not."

"I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her."

Othello, confronted thus with "the bloody book of law" (as the Duke calls it), and compelled "to read in the bitter letter," meets the charge with an intelligent comprehension of the point in issue, thus:—

"*Oth.* I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; *what drugs, what charms,*
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For with such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

Of course, in a community where such statutes were still in force, and were perhaps sometimes put in execution, any writer for the stage might have been sufficiently familiar with their provisions and terms to account for all that this passage contains; and I should not undertake to say that William Shakespeare could not have known as much. Nor, in this instance, can I put my finger upon any special particular that would cleave to Francis Bacon rather than to any other lawyer of the time; and yet there is such a semblable coherence between his life, experiences, and humor, and this supposition, as would seem to render it not improbable. Certainly, no other lawyer of that age can be named whom the coat would fit as well.

In all these passages, as elsewhere, besides those common legal phrases which might be known to any writer, there is a nice selection and fit use of words having a peculiar legal propriety and definite sense, not likely to be noticed by others than professional lawyers, such as "*the words expressly are,*" "*the strict court of Venice,*" *vouch, proceeding, charge, recorded for a precedent, and answer to interrogato-*

ries; or if any scholar might use these particular words, still a novice in "the freemasonry" of the law (as Lord Campbell calls it), in a series of works like these, would be pretty sure to blunder somewhere and often, if he ventured to try it at all. And when jurists like Lord Campbell and Mr. Rushton certify to the wonderful accuracy of the legal ideas and expressions of this author (so numerous as they are), it is superfluous to add more, and next to impossible (I should think) for any lawyer to doubt that he was not William Shakespeare, but some accomplished jurist, if not Francis Bacon.

Page 25. *His learning in medicine.*

In the "History of Henry VII.," giving an account of a pestilent fever, Bacon writes: "*It seemeth not seated in the veins or humours, . . . only a malign vapour flew to the heart, and seized the vital spirits; which stirred nature to strive to send it forth by an extreme sweat. . . .* For if the patient were kept in an equal temper, both for clothes, fire, and drink moderately warm, with temperate cordials, *whereby nature's work were neither irritated by heat nor turned back by cold,* he commonly recovered."¹ I had not noticed this passage when the following lines from the "Romeo and Juliet" were cited:—

"—through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat."—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Here, the idea of a flowing of the blood to and fro—inward to the heart and outward to the extremes,—and of its being sent forth by heat and turned back by cold, is in exact accordance with that which Dr. Bucknill inferred from the plays. In the play, "*a cold and drowsy humour*" ran through all the veins, and "*seized each vital spirit,*" causing the pulse to surcease to beat: here in the prose, "*a malign vapour*

¹ *Works* (Boston), XI. 55.

flew to the heart," and "*seized the vital spirits*"; but nature strove to send it forth by "*an extreme sweat,*" and commonly succeeded in saving the patient, if her work were "*neither irritated by heat nor turned back by cold,*" which as before would cause the pulse to surcease to beat.

In 1604, Bacon uses the like imagery in a business paper:—

"That the commerce between both nations be set open and free, so as the commodities and provisions of either may pass *and flow to and fro without any stops or obstructions into the veins of the whole body*, for the better sustentation and comfort of all the parts; with caution nevertheless, that *the vital nourishment* be not so drawn into one part, as it may endanger a consumption and withering of the other."¹

The same physiological science seems to pervade these lines from the "*Coriolanus*":—

"*Men. . . . Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd. —
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.*" — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

In a note upon this passage, Theobald observes, that "Lord Bacon somewhere in his *Essays* makes this very remark concerning the seasons of solicitation."² And in a note upon the following passage from the same play:—

"*Auf. . . . — he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of Nature,*" —

he remarks: "Shakespeare, 'tis well known, has a pecu-

¹ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, III. 243.

² Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VI. 103. London, 1733.

liarity of thinking; and, wherever he is acquainted with Nature, is sure to allude to her most uncommon effects and operations."¹

Some think that the plays exhibit no more trained scholarship, or natural science, than William Shakespeare may have picked up for his occasions. Whoever takes it for granted, or is induced to believe, that he wrote them, must necessarily think so; but here as everywhere, whether in law, medicine, science, the classics, or indeed anything else, he seems to have exactly the science, the knowledge, the habit of mind, and the training of Francis Bacon, neither more nor less.

Page 57. *Classical attainments.*

In the body of this work, I have barely noticed this topic, citing some of the critics and merely referring to a few instances. It was taken for granted that it had been sufficiently demonstrated by others that the writer of the plays was familiar with the classic authors. A few instances were mentioned to show that it was a matter of indifference with him whether those authors were translated, or untranslated. I was not then aware that Theobald had pointed out so many of the sources of this classical knowledge, by citing the passages in his notes. It is no wonder that these notes should have led Mr. W. H. Smith to doubt whether Shakespeare could have been the author of the plays; the wonder is, that the learned editors and critics had not doubted it long ago. They seem to have been driven to the necessity of magnifying the conjectural gropings of William Shakespeare among translations and other English books, or even of underestimating this feature of the plays. A late writer, in an elegant essay on Shakespeare, cites a number of these classicisms which I have not seen noticed elsewhere; but he seems to regard them as trifles, commonplaces, or chance resemblances, though curious, and imagines that Shake-

¹ Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VI. 100.

speare "may have laid hold of an edition of the Greek tragedians, *Græcè et Latinè*, and then with such poor wits as he was master of, contrived to worry some considerable meaning out of them." He observes that the *Electra* of Sophocles "is almost identical in its leading motive with *Hamlet*," and that "the Chorus consoles *Electra* for the supposed death of *Orestes* in the same commonplace way which *Hamlet's* uncle tries with him,"¹ and cites the passages, thus:—

"Θνητοῦ πάφικας πατρός, Ἠλέκτρα, φρόνας·
Θνητὸς δ' Ὀρέστης ὥστε μὴ λίαν στένε,
Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῦτ' ἐφαίλεται παθεῖν."

"Your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his . . .
But to persevere
In obstinate condolence is a cause
Of impious stubbornness . . .
'Tis common; all that live must die."

I will add the following lines from the "*Julius Cæsar*," which would seem to be an echo of the same passage:—

"*Bru.* Why farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now." — *Act IV. Sc. 3.*

This passage may be compared with the speech on Fortitude, in the newly discovered *Masque* of 1592,² written by Bacon. By the light of this speech, the Greek lines may admit of this version:—

Electra, think:
Thyself wast of a mortal father born,
And mortal was *Orestes*: grieve not then
Exceedingly: all must all things endure.

Indeed, the like resemblances, not only with the classic authors, but with Bacon's writings, also, are so numerous throughout the plays, that they would seem to indicate that the writer had no need to worry his classical lore out of an

¹ *Among My Books*, by James Russell Lowell, A. M., Boston, 1874, pp. 190, 191.

² See *post*, p. 672.

edition *Græcè et Latinè* (a very necessary supposition for William Shakespeare), but that his classical inspirations flowed abundantly out of the depths of a full strong memory.

Page 100. *The plays cease to appear.*

The plays ceased to appear in 1613, when Bacon became Attorney General, and not long afterward (on the 5th of January, 1613-14), John Chamberlain, who appears to have been a collector of court news, more especially of a political character, but who seems to have paid no attention to Shakespeare or his plays, though he mentions Lord Bacon and Sir Tobie Matthew, writes from London to Dudley Carlton: —

"I never knew any Christmas bring forth less variety of occurrences. The world is in motion round about us, and yet we have no news. Here at home, we pass on with a slow pace, and nothing fallen out worth the remembrance. They have plays at least every night, both holidays and working days, wherein they show great —, being for the most part such poor stuff, that instead of delight, they send the auditory away with discontent. Indeed, our poets' brains and inventions are grown very dry, insomuch that of five new plays not one pleases, and therefore they are driven to furbish over their old, which stand them in best stead, and bring them most profit. To-morrow night there is a masque at court, but the common voice and preparations promise so little, that it breeds no great expectation."¹

This is mere gossip, and does not come near enough to our subject to be of much value; but it is not without some interest as affording a glimpse of the state of London news, at that day, and some confirmation of Ben Jonson's invocation: —

"Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light."

Page 127. *If's and And's.*

The very case of Buckingham's treason in an *if* is thus mentioned by Bacon: "And I put the Duke of Bucking-

¹ *Court and Times of James I.*, I. 290. London, 1848.

Page 130. *Queen Elizabeth and King James.*

I have shown how the author of the "Henry VIII." sought to please King James by complimenting Elizabeth, and cited the passage containing these lines :—

"All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : . . .
And those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

In his letter to the King (in 1621), Bacon addresses his Majesty directly in very similar terms : "I have therefore chosen to write the reign of King Henry the VIIth, who was in a sort your forerunner, *and whose spirit, as well as his blood, is doubled upon your Majesty.*" ¹

Page 144. *John Davies and concealed poets.*

In a volume of poems by Sir John Davies (1621), is the following anagram to Bacon : —

"To the Right Honorable Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, Lord High Chancellor of England.

Anagram. { Bacone.
 { Beacon.

Thy vertuous Name and Office joyne with Fate,
To make thee the bright Beacon of the State." ²

And in the conclusion of the "Orchestra" (1596), Davies makes allusion to some half a dozen unnamed poets, whose names are conjectured by Mr. Grosart, besides one other (whose name he does not venture even to guess, and which I leave to be guessed), in these lines :

"Yet, Astrophel might one for all suffice,
Whose supple Muse chameleon-like doth change
Into all forms of excellent devise." ³

¹ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, VII. 303.

² *The Fuller Worthies Library*: Poems by Sir John Davies. By Alex. B. Grosart, VI. 23. London, 1869.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 230.

The dark allusion to "concealed poets," in Bacon's letter to Davies, is noticed also by Mr. Grosart, who makes this remark upon it: "We have noble contemporary poetry unhappily anonymous; and I should not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it. May I live to have my expectation verified."¹

Mr. Spedding, in his note upon this letter of Davies, observes: "Mr. Davis was no doubt John Davies, the poet, author of *"Nosce Teipsum,"* and afterwards Attorney General for Ireland. The allusion to "concealed poets," I cannot explain. But as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices, which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davis may have been in the secret."² This is certainly a very plausible supposition, but a rather lame explanation; but it may do for those who cannot see any evidence that Bacon was a concealed poet. That Davies was in the secret, would seem to be as certain as that Ben Jonson and Tobie Matthew also were.

Page 167. *Ben Jonson.*

It is certainly a remarkable fact that Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," characterizes Bacon in the same words which he had applied to Shakespeare in his Eulogy, prefixed to the Folio of 1623. This circumstance was first brought to my notice by Mr. William Henry Smith's "*Bacon and Shakespeare,*"³ after the publication of my book. Mr. Smith's commentary upon Ben Jonson's testimony must be admitted to have much force. He notices that the "Discoveries" were first published in 1640, three years after Jonson's death, and suggests that they have the appearance of "detached thoughts and reflections," entered in a

¹ *The Fuller Worthies Library*, I. 21. London, 1870.

² *Letters and Life*, III. 65, n. 1.

³ *Bacon and Shakespeare: An Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers in the days of Elizabeth.* By William Henry Smith, Esq. To which is appended an abstract of a MSS. respecting Tobie Matthew. London, 1857.

commonplace book, at different times, and that the passage in which he speaks of Shakespeare and the actors may have been written before his Eulogy for the Folio of 1623, and possibly before his nearer intimacy with Lord Bacon had begun; and he points out that the lines of the Eulogy have a double aspect, "and throughout exhibit a mysterious vagueness quite at variance with the general character of Ben Jonson's laudatory verses."¹ And it is evident from the context that the passage in the "Discoveries," in which he speaks of Lord Bacon, was written after the death of Bacon in 1626. Now, on the theory that Francis Bacon was in fact the author of the plays, and that when Ben Jonson wrote this Eulogy (if he did not also write the dedication and preface to the Folio, as Malone believed), he had become aware of that fact, this mysterious ambiguity would be accounted for, since the secret was still to be kept, and the plays printed in the Folio as what they were already known for to the public, namely, as "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." There would be a kind of necessity that he should dwell upon the "Volume's light," and avoid the man. There is certainly more in this Eulogy that is directly and fitly applicable to Francis Bacon and the volume than can well be understood of William Shakespeare, if we are to take his picture from his external biography. His characterization of the poet seems to have no congruity with this man. And when he applies to the poet here the same language and the same lofty comparison that are afterwards appropriated to Bacon by name in express terms, it must impress the mind as something more than an accidental coincidence of expressions, and may be taken as some positive evidence that he was all the while thinking of one and the same person. He might venture to say in this Eulogy:—

"To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:

¹ *Bacon and Shakespeare*, pp. 25-29.

While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much."

Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
To life again, to heare thy *Buskin* tread,
And shake a stage: *Or, when thy Sockes were on,*
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
*Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."*¹

But when, long afterwards, he is deliberately setting down in plain prose his critical judgment upon all the great wits and learned men of his time, he not only selects the Lord Chancellor Bacon for this same comparison, with a significant reference to something which he had performed "in our tongue," and which "had filled up all numbers," but omits to make any mention at all of William Shakespeare. He is speaking of wit and eloquence. The whole passage, which has a special reference to the Lord Verulam, may be cited thus:—

"Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his discretion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was, lest he should make an end.

"Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner,

¹ *Eulogy*. White's *Shakespeare*, Vol. II.: Preliminary Matter of the Folio of 1623. Boston, 1859.

were for their times admirable; and the more because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nic. Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The earl of Essex, noble and high, and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or stile. Sir Henry Savile, grave and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. *But his learned and able (but unfortunate) successor is he, that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.* In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honor a language, or help study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and *ἀκμή* of our language."¹

It is observable that the discourse runs more upon orators than poets, and it is not impossible that the writer may have forgotten what he had said so long before of the poet Shakespeare. But even this would fall short of explaining the whole matter. Certainly these plays (by whomsoever written) might come into this consideration of our language, if not of wit and eloquence, and would as well justify that comparison and preference over the ancients as anything else done by Bacon in our tongue, though he were to be "named, and stand as the mark and *acme* of our language."

The Rev. Dr. A. C. Kendrick, in a recent philological discourse, very aptly remarked that "in a country possessing the English language, and in which two such writers as Bacon and Milton were possible, a Shakespeare was not impossible."² And I will venture to add my belief (in accordance with this statement of Ben Jonson), that a Shakespeare was possible, then, precisely because Francis Bacon then lived, and, alone of all the English wits known to Jonson, had reached this mark and *acme* of our language, and had written Shakespeare.

The article in Chambers' "Edinburgh Journal"³ (from which I have quoted already) continues:—

¹ *Works of Ben Jonson*, VII. pp. 98–100. London, 1756.

² Address before the Amer. Philological Society, at Providence, in 1873

³ No. 449, August 7, 1852, p. 87.

"But if Southampton really knew him [Shakespeare] to be the author of the dramas, how came it that Raleigh, Spenser, and even Bacon — all with genius so thoroughly kindred to the author of *Hamlet* — have all ignored his acquaintance? Raleigh and Bacon seem not to have known of his existence; while Spenser, if he alludes to the works, takes care to avoid the name. In short, Heywood, Suckling, Hales, and all the others who are recorded to have spoken of Shakespeare, with great admiration, confine themselves to the works, and seem personally to avoid the man, always excepting "Rare Ben Jonson;" and we confess, if Ben is to be entirely believed, Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. But Ben, if unsupported, is somewhat disqualified from being what the Scotch would call a 'famous witness.'

"We repeat, there is nothing recorded in his every-day life that connects the two [Shakespeare and *Hamlet*], except the single fact of his selling the poems and realizing the proceeds, and their being afterwards published with his name attached; and the statements of Ben Jonson, which, however, are quite compatible with his being in the secret."

If there be anything in our view of the ambiguity of "Rare Ben's" Eulogy (besides all this other impeachment of his testimony), this writer might have forbore to make an exception even of him; for he would seem to have been almost as careful as the rest to avoid any mention of the man himself. On any other theory, how should he forget and omit William Shakespeare altogether, in this enumeration of the wits of his time, especially when he had once previously, and in the same terms, set him at the topmost height of all? On the whole, it would seem that this authentic fact, when considered in connection with the intimate relations that are known to have existed between Ben Jonson and Bacon, his certain familiarity with Bacon's writings, and his connection with that Folio of 1623, might go far toward removing the last doubt from the critical mind, that Ben Jonson knew the secret and meant to keep it. That there was a secret to be kept, with regard to this authorship, is another and distinct fact, which must rest mainly upon other evidence, namely, all that goes to prove that William Shakespeare was not, and that Francis Bacon was, the real poet and author.

Page 170. *Traditions.*

Mr. William Henry Smith also notices¹ an excellent observation of Mr. Hallam (in 1842) upon the later researches into biographical facts, or rather vague traditions, relating to Shakespeare, as follows: —

“I laud the labors of Mr. Collier, Mr. Hunter, and other collectors of such crumbs, though I am not sure that we should not venerate Shakespeare as much if they left him undisturbed in his obscurity. To be told that he played a trick to a brother player in a licentious amour, or that he died of a drunken frolic, as a stupid vicar of Stratford recounts (long after the time) in his diary, does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote *Lear*. If there was a Shakespeare of earth (as I suspect), there was also one of heaven; and it is of him we desire to know something.”

The drift here is clear and sharp in reference to the new discoveries relating to Shakespeare, but is quite ambiguous in reference to our question, which is not exactly what sort of a man William Shakespeare was (though that is important), or whether his earthly or his heavenly part were the better worth knowing. Coleridge, A. W. Schlegel, and some others, were as certain as no doubt Mr. Hallam was, that (taking it for granted that he wrote the plays) there must have been a heavenly nature in him, though we have no history but of his earthly existence. But not taking that for granted, this criticism loses none of its force as pointing to the necessity of still searching for more exact information of the man who wrote *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and all the rest.

Page 176. *Sir Tobie Matthew.*

Another important fact which had escaped my search (but which Mr. Smith did not fail to notice)², is Sir Tobie Matthew's description of the character and qualities of Bacon's mind, taken from his “Address to the Reader,” which was prefixed to his printed “Collection of Letters.”³ The

¹ *Bacon and Shakespeare*, London, 1857, p. 25.

² *Ibid.*, p. 97.

³ *A Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Matthew, Kt., with a Character of the most excellent Lady Lucy, Countess of Carlisle: To which are*

intimate relations and literary correspondence of the two men make it quite certain that Mr. Matthew was a competent judge of this matter. Bacon often made him his 'inquisitor' and critic. As an additional testimony to this intimacy, I may cite a passage from John Chamberlain's Letter of the 9th of August, 1617.¹ Lord Chancellor Bacon had retired to his country seat at Gorhambury for the summer vacation, and Mr. Tobie Matthew (having shortly before obtained the King's leave to return to England) was staying with him at Gorhambury. Chamberlain writes: "I have not seen Mr. Matthew but once since I wrote last, when we dealt as confidently one with another as need be, and so I will do whensoever he shall give me occasion. He hath been ever since at Gorhambury, being so exceedingly proved and respected by that lord, that it is thought *aliquid nimium* that a man of his place should give such countenance to one so affected; and some stick not to say that former private familiarity should give place to public respect." Considering that Bacon was in the habit of sending him, now and then, a "little work of his recreation," the expression in one of Mr. Matthew's letters in reply, "*I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but Measure for Measure,*"² may have some significance, and help to explain that notable Postscript to another letter of Mr. Matthew to his lordship.³ At any rate, this description will show what Mr. Matthew understood by "the most prodigious wit" of all England, at that day. As it did not come within the plan of Mr. Spedding's "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon" to include letters addressed to Bacon, it could not be expected, perhaps, that he should take any notice of these

added many Letters of his own to Several Persons of Honor, who were contemporary with him. London, 1660.

¹ *Court and Times of James I.*, London, 1848, II. 25-27; Spedding's *Letters and Life*, VI. 216.

² *Bacon and Shakespeare*, by Wm. Henry Smith, Esq., p. 96; from Tobie Matthew's *Collection*.

³ See *ante*, p. 175.

mysterious allusions in Sir Tobie Matthew's replies. The Address to the Reader runs thus : —

"We have also rare compositions of minds amongst us, which look so many fair ways at once that I doubt it will go near to pose any other nation of Europe to muster out in any age four men, who, in so many respects, should excel four such as we are able to show — Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Bacon; for they were all a kind of monsters in their several ways.

"The fourth was a creature of incomparable abilities of mind, of a sharp and catching apprehension, large and faithful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment for as much as might concern the understanding part: — a man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world.

"I know this may seem a great hyperbole and strange kind of riotous excess of speech; but the best means of putting me to shame will be for you to place any man of yours by this of mine. And, in the meantime, even this little makes a shift to shew that the Genius of England is still not only eminent, but predominant, for the assembling great variety of those rare parts, in some single man, which used to be incompatible anywhere else."

On what study I have been able to give to the plays of Shakespeare, I should say it would not be possible for any man to give a more just, accurate, and complete account of the genius of Shakespeare, in the same space, if he grounded his judgment alone upon what the plays contain. I have put the question how Ben Jonson came to omit William Shakespeare in his list of the great wits of his time; and I cannot do better here than to repeat the question of Mr. Smith: "How was it the name of William Shakespeare — a man equal if not superior to Bacon in the points enumerated — did not occur to Sir Tobie Matthew?"¹

Now I will venture to place by the side of this contemporary judgment of Bacon's genius the conclusion of a very learned and profound modern critic as to that of Shakespeare, in which (if he would allow me to take the two for all one) I should most heartily concur: —

"But out of the circle of religious books, I set Shakespeare as the one

¹ *Bacon and Shakespeare*, p. 98.

unparalleled mind. No nation has produced anything like his equal. There is no quality in the human mind, there is no class of topics, there is no region of thought, in which he has not soared or descended; and none in which he has not said the commanding word. All men are impressed, in proportion to their own advancement in thought, by the genius of Shakespeare. The greatest mind values Shakespeare most. It is wonderful that it has taken ages to esteem him. We find with wonder that he was not appreciated in his own time; that you can hardly find any contemporary who did him any justice. Still his fame and the influence of his genius have risen with the progress of time. As there has been opportunity to compare him with other poets and writers, his superiority has been felt, and never so much as at this day. In reading Shakespeare, you will find yourself armed for the law, for divinity, and for commerce with men."¹

Judging from what Mr. Emerson has said of Bacon, one would imagine he would find no difficulty in believing him capable of reaching those "summits of Shakespeare" from which Milton, as by a "stair or high table-land, let down the English genius."² Coleridge calls Plato the Athenian Verulam and Bacon the British Plato. There is perhaps no question of Bacon's ability to soar to the heights or descend to the depths of all philosophy; but it may not be superfluous here to cite another extract from Mr. Smith's book,³ taken from Osborne (a contemporary who speaks from personal observation), touching those characteristics which are apt to lie nearer the surface and more open to the casual observer, and which are more akin to the stage. He fully confirms the opinions of Matthew and Ben Jonson: —

"And my memory neither doth (nor I believe possibly ever can) direct me to an example more splendid in this kind than the Lord Bacon, Earl of St. Albans, who in all companies did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. So as I dare maintain, without the least affectation of flattery or hyperbole, that his most casual talk deserveth to be written, as I have been told his first or foulest copies required no great labour to render them competent for the nicest judgments: high perfection attainable only by use and treating with every man in his respective profession, and which he was most versed in.

¹ Address of R. W. Emerson, at Washington, D. C., in January, 1872.

² *English Traits*, p. 244.

³ *Bacon and Shakespeare*, p. 102.

"So as I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time outcant a London surgeon. Thus he did not only learn himself, but gratify such as taught him, who looked upon their calling as honoured by his notice. Nor did an easy falling into arguments (not unjustly taken for a blemish in the most) appear less than an ornament in him; the ears of his hearers receiving more gratification than trouble; and no less sorry when he came to conclude, than displeased with any that did interrupt him. Now, the general knowledge he had in all things, husbanded by his wit and dignified with so majestic a carriage he was known to own, struck such an awful reverence in those he questioned, that they durst not conceal the most intrinsic part of their mysteries from him, for fear of appearing ignorant or saucy. All which rendered him no less necessary than admirable at the council-table, when in reference to impositions, monopolies, etc., the meanest manufactures were an usual argument; and, as I have heard, he did in this baffle the Earl of Middlesex, who was born and bred a citizen, etc. Yet without any great (if at all) interrupting his abler studies, as is not hard to be imagined of a quick apprehension, in which he was admirable."

If all this in addition to all the rest is not sufficient to demonstrate the capability of Bacon to perform this poetical and dramatic work, it would be useless to dwell further on this topic. True, the capacity for it does not prove the doing of it; but as preliminary to the main argument to be founded on a thorough critical comparison of the two writings, it may clear the way, and open the eye and ear to the more direct evidence of the identity of the writer of both.

Page 230. *Amare et Sapere.*

Theobald cites the classical sources of this expression in his note to this same passage in the "Troilus and Cressida," as follows: Terence's "Eunuch," Act I. sc. 1; Horace's "Serm." Lib. II. 8; Pliny the Younger, Bk. IV. Epist. 27; and Menander's "Greek Epigram."¹ I had quoted the phrase from the "Essay on Love," and we have it again, in the recently discovered manuscript copy of the Masque of 1592, of which one of the speeches is on Love, thus: "I thought you deserved a patent that hath been granted but seldom, and that is *Amare et Sapere*."² This may be taken

¹ Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VII. 63.

² Spedding's edition of the Masque, in *A Conference of Pleasures* etc., London, 1870.

as a fair specimen, perhaps, of the classical phrases that were in common use among scholars at that day, and entirely within the reach of any writer for the stage. Nevertheless, these instances show that Francis Bacon was in the habit of using it, whenever he had occasion.

Pages 286-290. *The Northumberland MSS. and the "Julius Cæsar" and "Love's Labor's Lost."*

There was discovered, in 1867, in the library of Northumberland House in London, a remarkable MSS., containing copies of several papers which were the work of Francis Bacon. One of these pieces (being a Masque) has been carefully edited by Mr. Spedding under the title of "A Conference of Pleasure, etc., by Francis Bacon," with an introduction giving an account of the MSS. and its discovery, together with a fac-simile of the title-page of the whole document.¹ Without undertaking to repeat the entire account (which is well worth an attentive perusal), I must notice here the leading facts that seem to bear upon the question of the authorship of these Shakespeare plays, — a question which Mr. Spedding seems not to have regarded as any part of his function to examine or consider. It appears that this MSS. was found in a box of old papers, which had apparently remained unopened for about a century past; but how or when it came into the library, is not certainly ascertained, though some circumstances rendered it probable that it had been purchased at some auction sale. The whole document appears to have been the work of one or more copyists: no trace of the handwriting of Bacon is recognized in it. The title-page contains, first, a list of the titles of the pieces (apparently) that had been copied. These titles answer very nearly to the pieces that remain, so far as they go; but a portion of the original volume (perhaps one whole quire of sheets together with some

¹ *A Conference of Pleasure*, composed for some festive occasion about the year 1592, by Francis Bacon. Edited, from a MSS. belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, by James Spedding. London, 1870.

sheets out of the middle of the other quire) would seem to have been detached and lost; so that the MSS. now contains no pieces answering to the following titles:—

*“Orations at Graie's Inne revells.
 Queen's Ma^{ty}
 By Mr. Frauncis Bacon.
 Essaies by the same author.
 Richard the Second.
 Richard the Third.
 Asmund and Cornelia.
 Isle of Dogs frmnt.
 By Thomas Nashe, inferior places.”*

The portion that remains comprises, first, the Masque (that of 1592), entitled “*Mr. Frauncis Bacon Of Tribute or giving what is dew.*” It consists of four speeches in character with as many distinct titles, namely:

*“The praise of the worthiest vertue” (of which the subject is Fortitude).
 “The praise of the worthiest affection” (Love).
 “The praise of the worthiest power” (Knowledge).
 “The praise of the worthiest person” (the Queen).*

The first two were unknown before: the two last were known from another MSS. and were edited by Mr. Spedding in the first volume of his “*Letters and Life of Lord Bacon.*” And then, secondly, there are three or four first draughts or fragments of well-known tracts, or letters, of Bacon (one of which is not mentioned in the list of titles) and certain speeches for masques or tilts, a letter or two, and a portion of “*Leycester's Commonwealth* (incerto auctore),” which are named in the list. And then, the blank space at the side and between the titles is scribbled all over with various words, letters, phrases, and scraps of verse in English and Latin, as if the copyist were merely trying his pen, and writing down whatever first came into his head. Among these scribblings, besides the name of Francis Bacon several times, the name of William Shakespeare is written eight or nine times over. A line from the “*Rape of Lucrece*” is written thus: “*Revealing day through every eranie peeps and,*” the writer taking *peeps* from the next

couplet instead of *spies*. Three others (not noticed in Mr. Spedding's Introduction) are *Anthony comfrt. and consorte* and *honorificabilitudino* and *plaies*. I must accept Mr. Spedding's opinion, that the handwriting of Bacon does not appear in the MSS. "I think I am in a condition to assert," he says, "that there is no trace of Bacon's penmanship in any part of the volume ; and the name of Shakespeare is spelt in every case as it was always printed in those days, and not as he himself in any known case ever wrote it."¹ He states, however, that he discovers nothing in the chirography that would lead him to assign the MSS. to any period later than the reign of Elizabeth. This is an important fact : it brings the date of these curious scribblings as well as the volume certainly within the lifetime of Bacon and within the period in which the plays were written. The date 1596 (mentioned in one of the titles) gives a limit on that side : it could not have been completed before that date. The compositions are all productions of that reign.

The most obvious interpretation of the words *Anthony comfort and consorte* would seem to be, that the scribbler had in mind the brother Anthony Bacon associated with the idea of his being an intimate companion also ; and it is well known that the intimacy between them was extremely close even for brothers. We know that Anthony Bacon had lodgings in Gray's Inn in 1592-93 ; that, in 1594, his house was near the Bull Inn Theatre, and that both he and Francis and the young lords and courtiers, their associates, were much given to theatres and plays ; and that he died in 1604. It is a fair inference that this scribbling was done before the death of Anthony, and while his presence about his brother's lodgings in Gray's Inn must have been quite frequent, and when it would be highly probable that an amanuensis or copyist in the employ of Francis would have the brother Anthony in mind also, while casually trying his pen. It is, indeed, possible that this might have

¹ Introduction, p. xxv.

'been some other Anthony ; but the probability would seem to be all the other way.

The "Richard II." and "Richard III." had been printed in 1597, and the "Love's Labor's Lost," in 1598, and this copyist (whoever he was) may have read them after these dates, or heard them at the theatre before ; and he may very well have known of them as reputed plays of Shakespeare. It is not likely he would copy a printed play, nor that he would be able to get a copy of a play from the theatres, since they kept their copies very close ; nor is it easy to imagine how he could get a copy from William Shakespeare. The word *honorificabilitudino* is not found in any dictionary that I know of ; but in the "Love's Labor's Lost" (Act V. sc. 1), Costard, the clown, bandying Latin with the tall schoolmaster and curate (who had "been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps"), exclaims : —

"O! they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinatibus*."

It is pretty evident that these words were coined in the same mint, or at least that one was derived from the other ; but whether this same amanuensis had copied the "Love's Labor's Lost" also, or had read it in the quarto of 1598, or had heard it at the theatre, or whether the word may not have been merely a common slang term of the time, must be left to conjecture. But since it is quite certain that he had copied the "Richard II." and the "Richard III.," there would seem to be no improbability in the supposition that he had, at some time, copied the other play as well. Mr. Spedding seems to have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that this copyist (whoever he was) had copied the two Shakespeare plays named in the list of titles into this manuscript volume as it was originally ; but he grounds his inference on the fact that the name William Shakespeare is 'most prominent' among the scribblings, "being written

eight or nine times over for no other reason that can be discerned." But having started out with the wholly gratuitous assumption that this volume was made by some stranger to Bacon's workshop, or elsewhere than in his study, — by some "London *quidnunc*," or fancy collector of circulating manuscripts, — and that the idle penman was his copyist and some young man whose head was running on theatres and actors, he takes it only as "one of the earliest evidences of the growth of Shakespeare's *personal* fame as a dramatic author; the beginning of which cannot be dated much earlier than 1598." It is indeed very probable that Shakespeare had, at that time, acquired a general reputation of which this scribbler had heard, and it is, perhaps, barely possible, but scarcely credible, that this collection was made by some such London *quidnunc*; but this mere hypothesis is not enough to explain the whole matter. It is quite as easily and perhaps better explained by considering that if this scribbler were Bacon's amanuensis, and that he had been employed in copying plays from Bacon's own originals, he would know very well who was the real author of them, and, at the same time, would know (what Sir Tobie Matthew knew perfectly well) that the most prodigious wit of all England was of the name of Bacon, though he were known by another; and this singular fact might very readily pop into the head of a wicked amanuensis (even some years later than the completion of the volume), and draw the name of William Shakespeare from his idle pen.

There are other grounds for the inference that these were the Shakespeare plays of those names. One is, that the names appear in a list of titles, the majority of which designated compositions of a dramatic character: a prose history, or an essay, would hardly be denominated in that style. Another is, that no other plays of that age are known that bore anything like these titles; and the circumstance may be worthy of mention that the words (as I read them) *Bacon ends of the Asmund and Cornelia* and *plaies* distinctly

appear in the fac-simile of these scribblings. I think it may safely be inferred that these titles did in fact mean the Shakespeare plays. It is possible, too, that they were first sketches, or merely some materials intended for them.

Mr. Spedding further suggests "that the list of contents being now complete, the writer (or more probably another into whose possession the volume passed) has amused himself with writing down promiscuously the names and phrases that most run in his head." This statement would be consistent enough with the idea that this volume passed from the hands of one amanuensis into those of a subsequent one in Bacon's chambers; but the conception of the writer evidently was, that the volume probably passed from the hands of the first London collector of circulating manuscripts into the hands of another owner, at some date within the period to which the chirography is assignable. His idea certainly was, that Bacon never had anything to do with it. It is not necessary to suppose, on either hypothesis, that the scribblings were jotted down while the volume was in the process of making up; the copyist would then hardly venture to use the title-page in that manner; but it is not improbable that, during a period of twenty years, or say the lifetime of Bacon (from 1598 to 1626), this manuscript volume may have fallen into disuse, and been laying about the tables where a careless amanuensis might be hastily trying his pen. Nor is it necessary to suppose that the pieces contained were all copied at or about the same time. Mr. Spedding observes that the ink of the beginning of the list of titles is of the same color as that of the first portion of the volume; and he distinctly intimates that the latter part of the list of titles is in a different handwriting from that of the first part; but, of course, the latter part of the volume being gone, he could not speak of that. But it is enough for the purpose here that the handwriting belongs to the age of Elizabeth.

This view of the origin of the manuscript may receive some confirmation from Mr. Spedding's account of another manuscript, or "fragment of a paper book," which would seem to have been very similar in character, and to have had a like fortune, and which the learned editor does not presume to have been made anywhere else than in Bacon's own study. This account was given (prior to this new discovery) in the first volume of the "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon." It was a "paper-book" that contained other copies of the two speeches in praise of Knowledge and in praise of the Queen only, and which were there connected with the supposed masque or device prepared by Bacon, at the instance of Essex, for the triumphs exhibited before the Queen, on the 17th of November, 1592. This manuscript (he informs us) was found among the papers submitted to Stephens by Lord Oxford (printed by Locker in 1734), and somehow found its way into the British Museum, where it is still to be seen. He then wrote concerning it thus: —

"They [the two speeches] are both contained in a fragment of a paper-book, into which some of Bacon's early writings have been copied; — among others the *Colours of Good and Evil*, with the dedicatory letter to Lord Mountjoy, of which one leaf remains, and the *Essays* as printed in 1597; the two last of which (*Of Faction* and *Of Negotiating*) are copied on the other side of the leaf on which the Discourse in praise of the Queen begins. What else the book originally contained one cannot guess, this portion having evidently been preserved only for the sake of these two pieces. They are written in a fair close Saxon hand; probably contemporary, though there is nothing to fix the date; and I think the hand of a mere transcriber; who wrote straight on without thinking of the meaning. . . . The copy does not appear to have been revised by anybody, and has certainly not been corrected by Bacon." ¹

It is certainly significant that this paper-book also contained several pieces or fragments that were evidently not intended for publication, or for circulation in manuscript; that a part of it was gone; that the part remaining had "evidently been preserved only for the sake of these two

¹ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 131.

pieces;" and that the writing was a fair close Saxon hand, probably contemporary, and that of a mere transcriber. It would seem to have been just such another paper-book as this now in question.

Now comes the inquiry, how and for what purpose came these two Shakespeare plays to be copied into that collection of Bacon's compositions, at that period? Ten of the thirteen titles are evidently masques or plays. Two only are certainly not his work; one of these ("Leycester's Commonwealth") is marked *incerto authore*, and the other (the "Isle of Dogs") is said to be "by Thomas Nashe." The other piece (not named in the list) is a first draught or fragment of a well-known tract of Bacon. Some three or four of the pieces are manifestly first copies, mere rudiments, or unfinished papers. These, certainly, were not such compositions as would be likely to be circulated abroad in manuscript copies.

Let us consider this more particularly. The piece next to the Masque of 1592, is *Of Magnanimitie or Heroicall Vertue*, a fragment or first draught of a passage which appears "in better form" (says Mr. Spedding), in the "Advancement of Learning." The next piece is a mere "rudiment" of the succeeding paper, which is a complete copy of the *Advertisement Touching the Controversies of the Church of England*, a well-known tract of Bacon, first printed in 1640. The next is a *Letter to a French Gentleman, touching proceedings in England in Ecclesiastical Causes, translated out of the French into English by W. W.*, which is a copy so far as it goes (ending at the missing sheets) of a letter of Sir Francis Walsingham to M. Critoy, Secretary of France, which Mr. Spedding believes to have been drafted by Bacon; and this will explain why Bacon should have in his paper-book a translation by W. W. from the French copy. It is perhaps possible also that some London *quidnunc* might have obtained a copy. The next piece is the *Essex Masque* of 1595, written by Bacon, and

of which he would be likely to preserve a copy in this manner. The next is the Speech for the Earl of Sussex's tilt, in 1596, addressed to the Queen, and apologizing for the absence of Essex. This, too, he might well preserve. The next is a Letter, without heading or signature, but is a very good copy of Bacon's letter to Elizabeth, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou. This (probably a first draught) would be more likely to be preserved by Bacon than to be circulating abroad in that unfinished state. And then follows the fragment that remains of Leycester's Commonwealth. The rest is all gone. The lost pieces (as indicated by the list of titles) were the *Orations at Graie's Inne revels*, that is, most probably, the Masque of the Prince of Purpoole, which was performed at Gray's Inn in 1594, and of which an account is given in the *Gesta Grayorum*; the *Essaie's by the same author*, first printed in 1597, and of which copies had been preserved in this paper-book; and the *Richard the Second*, the *Richard the Third*, *Asmund and Cornelia* (evidently a play of which all we know* is that in the scribblings appear the words *Bacon ende of the Asmund and Cornelia*, the scribbler associating it in his mind with Bacon in some way) and the *Isle of Dogs frmt, by Thomas Nashe*, *inferior places*, of which Mr. Spedding remarks that Thomas Nash wrote the Introduction and first act, and the players the rest; but of which no copy has been found. Here, it may be observed, that if Bacon were a writer of plays, it should not be at all surprising that he should have all sorts of scraps and "inferior places" in his collection of materials.

When the character of these writings is considered, it becomes highly improbable, or next to impossible, that such a collection of Bacon's papers in manuscript could have been brought together anywhere else than in his own study, or copied by any other than his own amanuensis, during that period. They are not such papers as could have been intended for publication; the volume has the

appearance of a collection of the author's private papers ; and the copies would seem to have been made for preservation merely, and evidently for the use of the writer himself. We know that manuscript copies of sonnets, poems, essays, and other like finished compositions, did circulate from hand to hand, in those days, and even as late as John Chamberlain's Letters ; but not, I imagine, such private, rudimentary, and unfinished manuscripts as some of these were. Copies of the masques and tilts may, indeed, have gone into the hands of the performers and others ; and so of copies of finished tracts ; but mere fragments, or rough draughts, would scarcely be allowed to get abroad in that way. And copies of plays, whether from Bacon's laboratory, or from Shakespeare's theatres, would certainly be withheld from general circulation. Nor is it easy to imagine what sufficient motive or object any collector of literary gems would have in making a collection of manuscript copies of such writings as these were. It is indeed conceivably possible ; but to my mind not half so probable as that the collection was made by the author's direction and for his own use ; and if it were once conceded, on all the other evidence, that Bacon was really the author of the plays, then this probability would rise almost to the rank of a certainty.

Mr. Spedding suggests the possibility that the detached portion of the manuscript volume might still somewhere turn up. Suppose, then, it should come to light. Still, on the theory that William Shakespeare was the author of the plays, the question would remain, how they came to be copied into this volume of Baconian tracts ? or how they were ever obtained from the author ? since Francis Bacon is nowhere recorded to have had any acquaintance with Shakespeare, nor Shakespeare with him ; and the managers at the theatre were so careful of their copies that the printers (in several known instances) had to steal them from the mouths of the actors. Nor would there be less difficulty in conceiving how any London *quidnunc* could have

obtained them, either from Shakespeare, or from his theatres. And the supposition that William Shakespeare employed his amanuensis (if he ever had one) in copying these writings of Bacon for his use would be scarcely more credible. The spelling of his name in the scribblings would contradict that.

On all these facts, the more tenable theory would seem to be, that this unique manuscript came from Bacon's own study; and it is known that he took especial care to preserve all manuscripts that were deemed valuable, and, before his death, directed such of them as he intended to leave behind him to be locked up in boxes and cabinets, and committed them to the care of his friends and executors. On the supposition that this was one of them, there would certainly be scarcely a possibility that these scribblings could have been made elsewhere than in his chambers, during the reign of Elizabeth, or before his death in 1626; and it must have been a long time after that, before Bacon's manuscripts began to be distributed from those boxes and cabinets out of the hands of his executors and editors. And that this volume passed, in some way, whether by auction sales or otherwise, from their possession into the library of Northumberland House, would seem to be no very difficult hypothesis.

In view of all this, the assumed *quidnunc* theory of Mr. Spedding, with some theatre-loving "law-stationer's apprentice" added, however conceivably possible, cannot be admitted as "a quite sufficient" explanation of the matter; even with the negative circumstance that the learned editor failed to identify the handwriting of the copyist with that of any amanuensis known by him to have been employed by Bacon.

In short, it is just no explanation at all, or at least an altogether unsatisfactory one. On the contrary, the theory that would seem to be much better warranted, on all grounds of inference, may be stated thus: That, during

the period to which the chirography belongs, such a collection of such papers could not well have been made elsewhere than in Bacon's own study; that the "idle penman" was his amanuensis (if not one of those "several good pens" he is known to have employed); that this amanuensis must have known that Bacon himself was the author of the manuscript compositions which he was employed in copying, or of which he was the author, and of which not; that there is no probability that Bacon, or any third person, could have obtained copies of Shakespeare's plays, either from himself or his theatres, to be copied into a collection of Bacon's writings in that manner; that a knowledge of the secret of Bacon's authorship of the plays would be far more likely to cause the names of Shakespeare and Bacon to flow together from the pen of this idle copyist into those scribblings than any reputation which William Shakespeare had otherwise acquired,—more even than any interest the "idle penman" had acquired in plays and theatres; and that this volume would in all probability go into those boxes and cabinets, and remain there until long afterwards distributed by his executors and editors in various ways; but that Bacon, before his death, intending to suppress all evidence of his authorship of the plays (for such must have been his intention if he were in fact the author of them), had detached and destroyed these copies of the "Richard II." and the "Richard III." (and perhaps also some other of these dramatic pieces), overlooking, perhaps, the name of Shakespeare and these titles, concealed as they were from a hasty glance among those scribblings on the title-page. In this case, the missing portion should not be expected ever to turn up; nor, if it did, is it easy to see, that such mere copies could throw upon our question (the authorship of the originals) any more light than what we have already from this curious manuscript.

I have said that if Bacon were the author of the plays, it would seem that he must have taken some pains to sup-

press the manuscripts, since none remain. This fact is not a little perplexing. The reasons already suggested for concealment during the period in which the plays appeared, being the earlier part of his life, are not so difficult of appreciation ; but that he should not desire posterity to know the fact, seems almost inexplicable. We may imagine a variety of considerations : we cannot know the actual reasons. In the later days of his higher dignities and renown, so far as the mere lustre of his name was concerned, he may have regarded these plays (sufficiently preserved in the Folio) as trifles in comparison with his prose writings and his graver philosophical works (which he certainly deemed most important of all), and preferred that his reputation with the next ages should rest on them ; or, he may have designed from the beginning to throw the dramas upon the world's stage, and leave them to work their own way in the popular mind upon their inherent merits, regardless of the name and position of the writer ; or, again, when he had fallen from power, and the sentence of the House of Lords had cast a stain upon his reputation and character, that would inevitably be impressed upon the general mind, howsoever unmerited, and would diminish, if not utterly destroy, the influence and effectiveness which the plays were designed to have, when written, as a means of popular instruction in matters of civil wisdom, social virtues, the whole nature and state of man, morals, and even religion, he may have deemed it wiser to hand them down under the mask of the same name in which they were already known. And this very reason might be urged by some, and not without some plausibility, why they should be allowed so to remain. Nevertheless, since the more recent researches have thrown some new light upon his personal history and real character, and reduced that killing sentence, in the more charitable construction of this modern age, to the aspect of a political event — a sudden reform of a custom that had led to abuses, — or (as Ben

Jonson said) an accident that could do no harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest, not necessarily involving moral turpitude, or delinquency beyond the common frailty of human nature, it should no longer prevail, perhaps, against the more weighty reasons why mankind should correctly understand this miracle also.

In justice, it should be borne in mind that the main object of Mr. Spedding was, to edit the newly discovered Masque as an ascertained part of Bacon's Occasional Works. Starting with the prepossession that William Shakespeare was the unquestionable author of the plays, it was inevitable, perhaps, that he would find no more in this manuscript than some evidence of the growing reputation of Shakespeare as a dramatic author. "What other inferences," he adds, will be drawn from it "by those who start with the conviction, that Bacon, and not Shakespeare, was the real author of 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.,' I cannot say." It does not appear to have occurred to him to compare the Masque with the plays. Indeed, in his view of the proposition, such an undertaking must seem scarcely less than absurd, and according to his appreciation of that sort of evidence, utterly futile. Nevertheless, for others as well as myself, a critical comparison of the newly discovered speeches of the Masque with some of the plays may be the most important thing of all.

One of the new speeches is in praise of the worthiest virtue, *Fortitude*. The merits of this virtue are set forth with much skill, and with the author's usual depth of learning, and illustrated by examples drawn from the great characters of antiquity, Socrates, Vespasian, Severus, and especially Julius Cæsar and Marcus Brutus. The reader cannot fail to be reminded at once of the play of "Julius Cæsar," in which the same virtue of courage or fortitude in the greatest persons, under the severest trials, dangers, and afflictions, are exemplified in a very admirable manner. Passing by the general tenor of the moral instruction, doc-

trines, and ideas, in both the speech and the play, I proceed to notice certain distinct traces or earmarks of the author himself (italicizing for convenience the more particular expressions).

The speech begins thus: "My praise shall be dedicated *to the noblest of the virtues. Prudence to discern between good and evil. Justice to stand indifferent between self-love and society. Temperance to decide aright between desire and reason.* These be good innocent things. *But the virtue of action, the virtue of resolution, the virtue of effect, is fortitude.*

The play makes Brutus the great exemplar of these virtues: they are the very virtues which Antony did not have as appears in the "Antony and Cleopatra," where he is characterized as one

— "That would make his will
Lord of his reason."

Indeed, the antithesis of this virtue of fortitude, namely, weakness in state and person, is the leading subject of that play, —

"You will find there a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow."

In the "Julius Cæsar," Antony is made to speak thus over the body of Brutus: —

"*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

Speech: "Thus is fortitude the marshal of thoughts, the armour of the will, and the fort of reason. Let us turn our consideration, and behold justice, the sacred virtue, the virtue of refuge, the virtue of society. Doth not she also shroud herself under the protection of fortitude? Let a man be abstinent from wrong, exact in duty, grateful in obligation, and yet dismantled and open to fear or dolor, what

will ensue? Will not the menace of a tyrant make him condemn the innocent? *Will not the sense of torture make him appeal his dearest friends and that untruly?* But pain hath taught him a *new philosophy*. He beginneth to be persuaded that *it is justice to pay tribute to nature*, to yield to the rigour of pain, to be merciful to himself. *He would give others leave to do the like by him: he would forgive them if they did.*

“And therefore now we have showed how fortitude maketh the mind bring the works and actions of virtue to the taste and fruition of pleasure, it is time to set forth what it can do against *those extreme things called evils*. *These evils*, let them be mustered. Are they *pain of body? grief of mind? slander of name? scarcity of means? solitude of friends? fear of death?* Why none of them are ill with fortitude, which can bear pain of body without violating the repose of our minds in themselves or omitting our care for others. . . . Let no man quarrel *with the decree of Providence*. . . . So as that which doth draw from men lamentations, outcries, *excess of grief*, it is not the outward enemy but the inward traitor. *Nothing is to be feared but fear itself. Nothing grievous but to yield to grief.*”

Turn now to the Tent-scene (*Act IV. Sc. 3*) between Brutus and Cassius, and read the whole scene to see how Cassius appeals his dearest friend Brutus, under a sense of torture, and is forgiven; but certain particular expressions about *justice, philosophy, evils, fear of death, grief, Providence, and meditation on death*, may be noted also.

“Bru. Did not great Julius bleed *for justice's sake?*
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is *a-weary of the world*:

.
O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes.
I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O, Cassius, *I am sick of many griefs.*

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came.

Bru. Why farewell, Portia. — *We must die, Messala:*
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.”¹

Speech: “I do wonder at the Stoics that accounted themselves to hold the masculine virtues, esteeming other sects delicate, tender and effeminate, that they should so urge and advise men to the meditation of death. . . . More manfully thought the voluptuous sect that counted it as one of the ordinary works of nature.”

So Cassius turns upon the voluptuous sect: —

“*Cas.* You know that *I held Epicurus strong*
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Bru. Ev’n by the rule of *that philosophy,*
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.” — Act V. Sc. 1.

Speech: “Therefore it is fortitude that must help or consummate or enable all virtues. . . . But this I may say, that *fear is the mother of deformity,* and that *I never saw a man comely in fear.* So it is fortitude that giveth a majesty, a beauty to all actions.”

So Brutus meditates on the fear of death and is full of grief, yet bears himself majestically: —

“*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, *he meditates.*

¹ See ante, p. 643.

Ch. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

The Essay is a plain, didactic statement of doctrines and principles: the play exhibits the same in action and operation before the eyes "as in a visible history or a speaking picture;" and of course the high poetic style is adopted in the drama, and, as style merely, seems to be quite different from the prose; but the sharp critic will easily discover the same ideas, doctrines, words, and expressions, cropping out all along in a like order and in connection with the same topics, exactly as might be expected when the same full mind is writing upon kindred subjects, even in forms so different as poetry and prose, and at different times, unconsciously, no doubt, and in spite of himself.

Next comes the reference to great examples.

Speech: "Julius Cæsar, *the worthiest man that ever lived*, the bravest soldier, a man of the greatest honour, and one that had *the most real and effectual eloquence* that ever man had; not a sounding and flowing eloquence for a continuant speech, *but an eloquence of action, an eloquence of affairs, an eloquence that had suppressed a great mutiny with a single word (Quirites), an eloquence to imprint and work upon any man that which he spoke.* See now whether he varied from himself at his death."

The same ideas, manner, and even words, may be seen in the play, as for instance these: —

"*Ant.* — nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
— *the noblest man,*
That ever liv'd in the tide of times." — *Act III. Sc. 1.*
"That struck the foremost man of all this world." — *Act IV. Sc. 2.*
"*Ant.* O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to *mutiny and rage*,
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of *mutiny.*" — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

Moreover, this description of Cæsar's eloquence finds the most perfect exemplification in the speech of Antony over

the dead body of Cæsar, who had fallen early in the action, and whose wounds only could speak now in the play (borrowing the voice of Antony),—

“Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue.”

That this speech is a masterpiece of eloquence and a model for all time, no one will dispute. It is not “a sounding and flowing eloquence for a continue speech,” but “the most real and effectual eloquence that ever man had,” and “an eloquence to imprint and work upon any man,” that which is spoken. And here the general question might be put, Was it William Shakespeare, or Francis Bacon, that was, in historical fact in that age, this consummate master in the art of eloquence? Ben Jonson, Matthew, Osborne, Howell, all his contemporaries, and indeed Bacon’s known works, may furnish the answer. There is no other and extrinsic specimen of Shakespeare’s eloquence to rebut that answer.

Speech: “The first wound that was given him *on the neck by Casca*, that stood *behind his chair*, he turned about and caught hold of his arm: traitor Casca, what doest thou?”

The play continues (*Act IV. Sc. 1*), beginning with a stage direction, thus:—

“[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck*. CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm*. He is then *stabbed by several other conspirators*, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

“*Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar.*”

Observe now that this expression, *and last by Marcus Brutus*, is a distinct echo of the *Speech*, which proceeds thus: “At last when Marcus Brutus gave him a wound (*and thou my son*).” Having chosen the Latin for the play, these words, *and thou my son*, could not come in here; but the idea of his being Cæsar’s son did not fail to make its appearance further on, as thus:—

“*Bru. That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,*
You should be satisfied.” — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

Again, in the stage direction, there is no mention of the fact that Casca stood behind Cæsar's chair; but the author had not forgotten that circumstance, which comes in more fitly in another place:—

"*Ant.* Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

Here, it is not *in* (as in the stage direction) but *on* the neck (as it is in the Speech).

Speech: "Should he have *implored help*? He would rather have lost a thousand lives. Should he have *cried out*? — that had been also an imploring of aid."

So in the play:—

"*Cas.* Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'

Alas, *it cried*, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'—
As a sick girl.'" — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

Speech: "Well, they came about him unarmed, *and as a stag at bay*, yet he never ceased to put himself in defense impoing of their weapons and all the means of an unarmed man. A form excellently well becoming a military man, though he knew *it would not help*."

This simple prosaic idea of his being attacked unarmed and as a stag at bay is, in the play, poetically enlarged into the following imaginative amplification and higher diction of poetry, thus:—

"*Ant.* — *Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart*;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!" — *Act III. Sc. 1.*

It is curious, also, that here is almost a pun on the word *hart*. Ben Jonson said of Bacon, that he could with difficulty "spare or pass by a jest." Something like this punning play upon words is particularly noticed by Theobald, and it is evident enough to all as a habit of this writer, whether in prose or verse. Observe, too, that plain *stag*

would do for prose, but for poetry the word must be *hart* or *deer*. *Bay* would answer for both; but the prose phrase *at bay* had to be changed into the one-syllabled verb, either by the exigencies of the verse, or perhaps to give strength to the expression. Now, from these differences, a severe critic might be disposed to infer a different hand altogether, especially if he did not stop to note the identities also. The idea, however, the metaphor, the symbolism, the imagery, is identical; and making due allowance for the proper difference of the poetical and the prose style, I must venture to pronounce the passages not merely parallel, but essentially identical,—the coinage of the same brain, an unconscious reminiscence of one and the same full mind. Such critic, too, might remark that the prose style of the *Masque* is singularly stiff, cramped, elliptical, and brief, as if the writer were paying little attention to rhetorical finish, or elegance, and perhaps truly enough; but it should be remembered, also, that while there are many parts of the plays that reach the highest elegance, beauty, and rhythm of musical verse, there are many other parts that are in nowise distinguished for such exquisite polish of words and musical flow as might be found in the nicest modern poets. Indeed, there is much reason for believing that this author was always more intent upon the substance than the form, the matter than the verse, and the elegance, depth, and beauty of the thought than the mere polish and jingle of words.

Speech. "This word [and thou my son] turned itself afterwards into the likeness of an *ill spirit that appeared unto him in his tent*. . . . Noble Cæsar, he had no weapon to wound Brutus again, but this word wounded, this word pierced him, *this word enchanted him*, this word made him ever *despair of a final good success of the war*, although the cause were just and his proceeding at the first prosperous."

This same *ill spirit* makes his appearance again as follows: —

*Act IV. Sc. 3. Brutus' Tent.**Enter the ghost of CÆSAR.**Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.*Bru.* *Ill spirit*, I would hold more talk with thee.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails." — *Act V. Sc. 3.*

"Bru. Why this, Volumnius.
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come." — *Act V. Sc. 5.*

Brutus is enchanted and in despair.

Let this suffice for the "Julius Cæsar." Considering that the Masque was written in 1592, and the play about 1607 (having been first printed in the Folio of 1623), it would be a little remarkable that so many distinct traces of the same matter should appear in the play written so long afterwards, if there were not so many other instances of like kind; for numerous like reminiscences of the ideas and words of some previous play appear in prose compositions of a long subsequent date, as has been before shown. As a general thing, however, like matter and the most striking metaphors and similitudes are sure to appear in some prose writing of Bacon and in some play that were both written at about the same time, or within a period of three or four years. It might occur to a captious critic that William Shakespeare had seen the Masque (which is indeed possible); but all possibility of borrowing is so absolutely excluded in so many instances of equal or even greater force than this as to preclude this explanation altogether. This has been demonstrated in the body of this work. Another example of it may be seen in what follows concerning the "Love's Labor's Lost."

The second Speech of the Masque was in praise of the worthiest affection (i. e. Love). It is a general essay upon the nature of love as an affection of the mind. While the

doctrines and ideas accord well enough with what may be found in the plays in general upon this subject, there seem to be but few of those particular identities of diction, or imagery, or other peculiarities, that are sufficiently marked to bear citation here. The most striking resemblances, however, are to be found in the "Love's Labor's Lost." This play must have been written at about the same time as the Masque (or but little before), being assigned to the period between 1588 and 1593; so that, looking to the dates, there is scarcely a possibility that William Shakespeare could have seen the Masque before the play was written. Some traces of this Speech might be expected to be found in it, if anywhere in the plays; and it is precisely here that they are most distinct. The word *honorificabilitudinibus* has already been noticed in reference to the scribblings on the title-page of the Northumberland manuscript. Now, we are to compare the newly discovered speech itself with the play.

Speech. "My praise shall be dedicated to the happiest state of the mind; to the elevation of mind to the noblest affection. The virtues are moderators: they are the laws of the mind; they restrain it, they limit it, they govern it, they amplify it not. . . . *They be the affections which make the mind heroical, that give it power to exceed itself, and to fascinate and bind others.* . . . It is motion therefore that animateth all things: it is vain to think that any strength of nature can countervail a violent motion. *The affections are the motions of the mind: the virtues pray in aid of the affections.* . . . *Let no man fear the yoke of fortune that is in the yoke of love. What fortune can be such a Hercules as shall be able to overcome two?* . . . Lastly, to leave where love beginneth, who discerneth not that the eye is the most affecting sense? They be tales, the propositions to the contrary. . . . Now therefore love is a fountain of curiosity, a most sweet ground set with infinite changes, a journey of strangest and most various adventures."

Now compare Birone's speech in the play : —

" *Bir.* For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?

*But love, first learn'd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all the elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of thrift¹ is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?" — Act IV. Sc. 2.*

And again : —

" *Arm.* I think it scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear
Cupid. Comfort me, boy, what great men have been in love?
Moth. Hercules, master!" — Act I. Sc. 2.

And in the first act : —

" *Bir.* Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by."

The identities of thought, word, and simile, here, are so palpable and peculiar that no comment could make it

¹ So Theobald's *Shakespeare*, II. 144; which I think is a better reading than "theft."

plainer. It seems to set at defiance all attempt to explain it on the ground of accidental coincidence, or the common usage of contemporary writers, or mutual influence. I may conclude this comparison with a citation from the "As You Like It": —

"*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve *the propositions of a lover.*" — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

And the following passage of the speech is, at least, suggestive of the melancholy of Jaques — "a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

Speech. "The humour of melancholy importuneth those that are overcome with it, *with the memory of the most affecting dislike.* Confer with one who is entering to be melancholy; shall you hear him complain of harsh sounds or odious savors represented to his imagination? *No, but always meditating of fearful and disliking forms.*"

So the melancholy Jaques meditated, and moralized into "a thousand similes" of disliking forms whatever came in his way, from the "Seven Ages of Man" to the "motley Fool" and "poor sequestered stag" that

"Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears. . . .
Thus *most invecively* he pierceth through
The body of the county, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

Now the mere fact that identities of this kind are found in this newly discovered writing of Bacon really adds but little to the force of the whole evidence as drawn from the writings hitherto well known, beyond the circumstance that every composition of his that turns up, especially of the period in which the plays were written, is sure to furnish

additional proof of his authorship of these plays. This is a kind of record evidence. It is not hearsay, nor mere matter of opinion. It is beyond any possibility of tampering. All idea of borrowing is absolutely excluded. All attempt to explain it on the notion of the common usage of writers is simply futile. The identity of thought, diction, imagery, and manner, is palpable enough everywhere. This evidence lies, too, in the sphere of philosophical criticism of mind, morals, character, and language, where mere guessing, ordinary coincidences, common usage, or the dreams of fancy, are utterly vain and idle. It is emphatically the peculiar mode of thinking and writing of one and the same mind. No such similarity can be shown to exist between the writings of any two different persons in all literary history. The chief difference is only that which should distinguish the poetical style from plain prose. The prose and poetry of Milton are not more like, nor less different.

It may very well be said that this new manuscript, unique and curious as it is, gives no additional result. At best, it must now be regarded as merely cumulative — more of the same sort. If the same issue had not already been sufficiently proved by an ample demonstration of evidence of like kind, then indeed it is possible that this new discovery will not much help the matter. The need really is, not so much of more evidence, as that what we have should be studied and duly weighed. The reader must be able to see with the mind's eye. If the physical eye could be brought to bear upon it, it might be so much the better, as when Newton wrote to Flamsteed to point his telescope at the moon, and see if she were actually there, where the theory of the heavens would place her.

Page 299. *The Philosopher and the Poet are one.*

In further justification of this conclusion, I will refer to a late masterly Essay¹ upon the art and method of Shakespeare, in which these topics and the magic symbolism of the plays are exemplified and demonstrated, with an unrivalled appreciation, in a particular examination of the "Twelfth Night," the "Hamlet," and the "Macbeth."

The writer compares the "Macbeth" with the philosophy of Bacon on the nature and state of man, in respect of both body and mind, as given in the "Advancement" and the Latin enlargement of it in the "De Augmentis," and points out the stubborn fact that the play follows the additions of the latter, which Shakespeare could never have seen. He suggests that the great poet and the great philosopher may have arrived at the same ideas and conclusions, and remarks:—

"If this be true, it presents one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the human mind. It makes necessary the conclusion, that two men, living contemporaneously in the same town, then a comparatively small city,—one a philosopher, endowed with a most brilliant imagination, the other a most imaginative poet, possessing the profoundest philosophical genius, and both reckoned among the greatest thinkers the world ever saw,—still, at the same time, and probably in the same year, and certainly at the same period of their lives, write, without any interchange of views or opinions, upon the same identical subject, follow the same train of thought, arrive at the same conclusions, and digest the same results of their study, reading, and meditation, into the same system or body of philosophy, the which one stated to the world in abstract scientific propositions, while the other embodied it in poetic forms and dramatic creation. No coincidence of mental action so remarkable as this can be found, it is believed, in any age of the world, however prolific of genius."²

Obvious and inevitable as the proper conclusion here is, the writer nowhere ventures to say, even if he thought, that this philosopher and this poet were in fact the same person, and that Francis Bacon. It might require some boldness to declare that the fact was so, and some courage even to confess a belief.

¹ *The Method of Shakespeare as an Artist*, etc., by Henry I. Ruggles, New York, 1870.

² *Ibid.* p. 289.

Page 432. *Creation.*

Indeed the author of "Hamlet" would seem to have been aware that all creation is artist-mind work, whether human or divine:—

"*Ham.* My father, — methinks I see my father

Hor. O, where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio."

Page 444. *Dreams.*

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on,¹ and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep." — *Tempest, Act IV. Sc. 1.*"

It may not be certain that this passage was borrowed, but it sounds like a reminiscence, from Sophocles. The philosophical conception as to the mode of creation as being a work of thought is essentially identical with that which is implied in these lines of the Greek poet:—

ὁρῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν
αἰδωλ', ὅσοι περ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν. — *Ajazz, 125-6.*

[I see we're nothing else, just as we are,
But dreams: our life is but a fleeting shadow.]

Pindar has a similar expression:—

Ἐπάμεροι. τι δὲ τις; τι δ' οὐ τις;
Σκιᾶς ὅναρ γ' ἀνθρώπων. — *Carm. II. § 135.*

[What are we, what not, but ephemera!
The shadow of a dream is man.]

A similar idea comes from the Talmud:—

"The life of man is like a passing shadow; not the shadow of a house, or a tree, but of the bird that flies: in a moment, both bird and shadow are gone."

The German philosopher, Schopenhauer, has noticed this resemblance of Shakespeare to Sophocles. He adds: "Life and dream are leaves of one and the same book: actual life is a reading in causal connection, but a dream is only here and there a leaf, without order or dependence;

¹ Theobald's *Shakespeare*, i. 59.

and we have to admit, with the poets, that life is but a longer dream." ¹

Page 468. *The cliff.*

Hamlet was on this same high road that conducts the traveller "to places precipitous and impassable," and he was as ready as Gloster himself to take the fearful leap: —

"*Ham.* It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It warns me forth again: — I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason." — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

The next five lines —

"And draw you unto madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fadoms to the sea,

And hears it roar beneath, —"

were omitted in the Folio of 1623, and probably by the author himself, and for two reasons, perhaps: first, that they add little or nothing to the sense or force of what has been said already; and second, that as the critics find (on comparison with the previous quartos), several such passages, some of them containing wise maxims and important teachings, were weeded out in the Folio, and most probably, because they too much incumbered the onward progress of the dramatic action.

Again, Hamlet exclaims from the very summit of the cliff: —

"*Ham.*

What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

¹ *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, i. 20, Leipzig, 1850.

Making night hideous and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? — *Act I. Sc. 4.*

In a grave business paper, in 1604 (the same year in which the perfected "Hamlet" was first printed), we find Bacon speaking of "his royal Majesty's sovereign and high wisdom" as "*able to pierce and penetrate far beyond the reach of our capacities*;"¹ — so naturally do analogous ideas fall into like forms of expression, with the same author, even in compositions of the most diverse kinds.

Page 469. *The fingers of the powers above.*

In another place, Bacon uses the expression "*the providence and finger of God*."² It is also used by Sir Simonds D'Ewes,³ in 1634 (speaking of John Winthrop and his Puritan colonists), thus: "*That the very finger of God hath hitherto gone with them.*" And I notice this as one of the many instances in which the common use of the time might be sufficient to explain a parallelism of this nature. It was doubtless a common phrase of speech with which Shakespeare, as well as Bacon, or D'Ewes, might have been familiar. The citations prove, however, that Bacon was in fact in the habit of using it; but there is no evidence whatever that William Shakespeare did in fact use it in a single instance. If it stood alone it might go for nothing. But it does not stand alone, but is associated and inseparably connected with other expressions still more marked and peculiar, such as "*shaking off her flesh*" and "*shuffling off this mortal coil*;" so that we have, not the single resemblance only, but the assembled concatenation of resemblances in one and the same whole picture in both writings.

¹ Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon*, III. 245.

² *Ibid.* IV. 120.

³ *Autobiography*, etc., by J. O. Halliwell, II. 116, London, 1845.

Page 491. *The giants' three hills.*

'Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam,
Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum: " —

(Mountain on mountain thrice they strove to heap,
Olympus, Ossa, piled on Pelion's steep;) —

When these lines (with the translation) were cited from Bacon's Works,¹ I had not noticed that we have in the "Hamlet," a substantial translation of this same Latin couplet by the author himself; and though that given above is very good, I think "Hamlet's" much better, thus: —

"*Ham.* Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus."

"And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart." — *Act V. Sc. 1.*

In the passage cited from Bacon, the allusion was, doubtless, to the giants Otus and Ephialtes, sons of Neptune and Aloëis, who attempted to scale Heaven, in that manner, until transfixed by the darts of Apollo and Diana, according to Longinus,² — καὶ τὰ περὶ τοὺς Ἀλῳαδάς τῇ ποιητῇ παρατετολμημένα,

Ὅσσαν ἐν Ὀλυμπῷ μεμασάνθμεν αὐτὰρ ἐν Ὅσσῳ
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἀμβατὸς εἴη.

Longinus cites the lines from Homer ("Odyss." XI. v. 315) but Bacon takes them directly from Virgil: —

"Et conjuratos cælum rescindere fratres:
Ter sunt conati," etc. — *Virg., Georg., I. v. 280.*

Page 498. *Heaven and earth.*

Bearing in mind that Bacon's notion was that the soul was not a part of "heaven and earth" (i. e. the material

¹ *Works* (Boston), VIII. 507.

² *De Sublimitate*, Dublin, 1733, pp. 26-28.

world), but was "a spirit newly inclosed in a body of earth," and that spirits were breathed directly from God, "so that the ways of God with spirits are not included in Nature or the laws of *heaven and earth*" (using the word *heaven* in the ancient sense as synonymous with the sky, or the heavens, and not in our modern sense of a spiritual sphere beyond the skies), we shall be in a position to see the point of Hamlet's remark; for the poet, for his purposes, had actually brought the ghost upon the scene within the reach of mortal sight, as if he were a part of *heaven and earth*. Now Horatio, reflecting upon this wonderful appearance of the ghost (who had thus unceremoniously included himself in the actual phenomena of Nature), and awakened, perhaps, to some slight reminiscence of that ancient birth of Cupid from underneath the "brooding wing of Night," thus exclaims:—

"*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger, give it welcome.

There are more things in *heaven and earth*, Horatio,
Than are dream'd of in our philosophy." — *Act I. Sc. 5.*

Evidently the idea had occurred to Hamlet that a ghost might become a visible part of *heaven and earth* (according to Bacon's use of the words), though such a thing had not been dreamed of in the received philosophy. But in the ordinary course of nature, a soul was to be regarded as "the simplest of substances," and as "a special and peculiar work of Providence," enjoying no rest, according to the axiom that "*the motion of things out of their place is rapid, and in their place calm*;" and hence, —

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in *his motion* like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:

Such harmony is in immortal souls." — *Mer. of Ven., V. Sc. 1.*

All this, too, is in full accordance with the theory of his metaphors in his learned argument on the *Postnati*; ¹ "so we see, there be precedents or platforms of monarchies, both

¹ *Works* (Boston), XV. 198.

in nature and above nature; even from the monarch of *heaven and earth* to the king (if you will) in a hive of bees."

In a recent work on British Philosophy,¹ the writer, discussing this subject, quotes these lines from the "Hamlet," as being "a godsend to the Spiritualists," but concludes that the doctrine taught is nothing more after all than "a stronger form of the always philosophical notion that the phenomenal cosmos of our sentiency is not necessarily the phenomenal cosmos of all contemporary sentiency." The chief difference here between our philosopher and the poet would seem to be merely this, that while the philosopher was perfectly aware that spirits (immortal souls) might have a phenomenal sentiency and a visible appearance, "above nature," to one another, or to the "quivering angels and young-ey'd cherubins," the poet thought proper to bring that fact down into *heaven and earth*, to the tangible apprehension of the stage; but the "perturbed spirit" (thus in motion out of place) was forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house, since

— "this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood."

For the author doubtless knew that beings thus constituted must necessarily be invisible to mortal sight, otherwise than by the magic of Prospero, or in the way that Hamlet saw his father —

— "In my mind's eye, Horatio."

And perhaps the author had read, if he did not copy (as Theobald thought²), this passage from Lucretius: —

"Quod multa in Terris fieri, Cœloque tuentur,
Quorum operum causas nulla ratione videre
Possunt." — *Lib. I. v. 152.*

Somewhat similar notions are manifest in these lines: —

"Hor. In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

¹ *Recent British Philosophy*, by David Masson, New York, 1886, p. 234.

² Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VII. 257.

The graves stood tenantless; the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
 Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the Fates,
 And prologue to the omen'd coming-on,
 Have *Heaven and Earth* together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen."¹ — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

These lines were omitted from the Folio of 1623. Whether it were one of those passages that had to be weeded out as superfluous, or were dropped out by mere accident in printing, must be matter of conjecture; but it would seem to be much in the vein and habit of thinking of this author.

The same words are used again, in the second part of the "Henry VI.," in a like sense, but in a somewhat different connection, thus: —

"*Clif.* O let the vile world end,
 And the *promised* flames of the last day
 Knit *earth and heaven* together!" — *Act V. Sc. 3.*

Upon this word *promised*, Theobald made the observation, that "Shakespeare is very peculiar in his *adjectives*; and it is much in his manner to use the words borrowed from the *Latin* closer to their original signification than they were vulgarly used in; so here he uses *promised* in the sense of the word from which it is derived, *præmissus*"² (*i. e.* sent before). This is the use of a writer whose mind is so thoroughly imbued with the Latin language that he unconsciously incorporates it into his English. Other critics have remarked this of these plays, and also of Bacon. It is a constant peculiarity of his writings, far beyond what was common with the writers of his time; and it is scarcely to be questioned that he enlarged the King's English out of the Latin.

¹ Theobald's *Shakespeare*, IV. 295.

² *Ibid.*, VII. 229.

Page 513. *Providence and Fate.*

I have endeavored to show that an idealistic philosophy lies at the foundation of Bacon's physical science, however obscurely disseminated in scattered fragments, or vaguely inwrapped in his somewhat strange, half scientific, half poetical, but sublimely imaginative and grandly speculative manner. His depths are not easily fathomed, and his system has many phases. He is a sort of Plato, Aristotle, and Homer, all in one. He reiterates Parmenides, that, in the last analysis, being and knowing is all one. He figures the universe as an intellectual globe, with physical and metaphysical hemispheres. He anticipates, and in a measure foretells, the operations, organizations, instrumentalities, and developments of the modern sciences. He declares that heat is motion, that matter is a form or mode of motion, and that there is transition of species. He begins a reinstatement of all science, and predicts its completion. He would have a Natural History that should be, like another Scripture, exact and true upon the verity of an oath. He would have the Book of God's Works read from beginning to end. He would have a marriage of the Human Mind to the Universe, with the Divine Goodness for bridesmaid. The mind of man was capable of the image of the universal world, and he would have its conceptions copied there for instruction and use. He converts all the realms of nature into a symbolism of thought and a means of expression. All fantastic gods, spirits, and demons, he remits, without benefit of clergy, to the "limbo of Paracelsus and the darksome authors of magic." It was man's business to live in the world as it is found, make himself master of all the powers of nature, and learn to live wisely. He reconstructs from the foundations the scheme of morals and of the civil State. He makes an anatomy of the characters, natures, and dispositions of men and women. He paints the colors of good and evil. There

was a lesser Providence, and a greater as well. There was a Fate, too, which was also a kind of Providence, if conceived and known aright. The highest wisdom in the conduct of life he would place before the eyes of men in the most attractive form as in a model, where the higher moral, social, and civil laws, the interplay of Free Will, Fate, and Providence, the differences of good and evil, the contrasts of vice and virtue, of honor and baseness, of justice and injustice, of love and hate, of chastity and lewdness, of courage and weakness — all the antinomies of confounding contraries — through the entire scale of the passions, emotions, vanities, and nobilities of human nature, with inevitable and exact measure of justice and retributive divine vengeance, too, might be seen and heard and felt, if not wholly understood.

Such models we seem to have in these plays of Shakespeare. At any rate, we may discover, in the "Measure for Measure," the just Duke and the unjust Athenian substitute, the chaste Isabella and the Lucio of lewdness; in the "Henry IV.," the Hotspur of honor in extreme, and the Falstaff of baseness bedizened in wit, exhibited in full contrast of opposites and consequences; in the "As You Like It," the thoughtful melancholy of the seer in Jaques and the sprightly Rosalind of fortune's changes, instructed of a great magician; in the "Timon of Athens," the vicissitudes of wealth and patronage, the unbalanced misanthrope and the well-poised philosopher, who understands the secrets of nature and art, and sees the highest beauty in life and motion as the work of creative thought; in the "Tempest," the Prospero of universal knowledge and the Caliban of savage ignorance, half human, half brute; in the "Troilus and Cressida," the marriage of mind to the universe, thought and oblivion in the wisest men; in the "Macbeth," the victim of violated conscience and superstitious error, in contrast with the anticipations of true foreknowledge; and in the "Richard III.," the deformity of body and soul that

makes a devil quoting Scripture and a tyrant of will and power in one, riding rough-shod over all laws, divine and human, till the avenging Nemesis nicks the thread. In the Roman plays may be found the maxims of civil polity, the antitheses of democracy and imperialism, the individual person and the family or nation, fortitude (whereof Brutus is the great exemplar) and weakness in state and person (as in Antony and Cleopatra); and in other plays, also, the characters, natures, and dispositions of men and women, as if they had been a study from the life. In the "Wars of the Roses," may be seen the true sovereignty, falling by weakness and folly, and the false usurpation, bringing endless evils on the state and people. And finally (not to enumerate the whole), in the great play of "Lear," more particularly are exhibited the terrible workings of fate upon all mankind, and especially upon those who fail to heed the invisible and inexorable laws, and the chances and fatalities as well, — the old King grown unwise, who banishes his best counsellor, and cannot distinguish the good from the bad in "such different issues" as are governed by the stars, — the unaccommodated man, even in the honest Edgar, whom

"— the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes," —

and the blind Gloster, too, —

"— that will not see,
Because he does not feel," —

who has no way, and therefore wants no eyes, having stumbled when he saw.

There is nothing more remarkable in the plays, perhaps, than this sure unrolling of Parca's fatal web. Here, may be remembered the fate of Rosencranz and Guildenstern, who were sent with Hamlet to England, bearing secret dispatches to the King to put Hamlet to death on his arrival there. Hamlet managed to alter the dispatches, on board ship, and escaped back to Denmark. These willing instru-

ments of a nefarious transaction, on their arrival in England, were put to death in his stead ; and when the news of their death was announced to Hamlet in Denmark, he made this notable observation : —

*“ Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incenséd points
Of mighty opposites.”*

And in the final scene, the principal actors in this life-drama come inexorably between the pass of the poisoned cups and rapiers, and the intricate web of fate and retribution, which they have all been so industriously weaving for themselves, is suddenly unraveled in a very surprising and tragic manner. Hamlet dies, wishing only to be reported aright : —

*“ Ham. Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
The rest is silence.”*

Indeed, in the moral aspect, the complications of Fate and Free Will that almost inevitably arise out of the limitations of nature and the contradictions of human weakness, folly, and depravity, to the physical, civil, and moral laws, and to the eternal principles of reason, justice, honor, love, and truth, — to the order of Providence in the Universe, — are displayed in a marvelous manner throughout the plays, in which the whole fabric and order of discovery, in the highest and noblest subjects, are (as Bacon expressed it) “placed under the very eyes, as in a representative visible history, or a speaking picture.” In the “Hamlet,” more especially, the wisest teachings are cunningly interspersed, or woven into the texture of the story. The whole portraiture is artistically shaded into light and darkness, — into all the colors of good and evil. The struggles of the greatest and purest soul with the dark problems of life and eternity, in a bewildering maze of fatalities

and powers that lie beyond their knowledge or control, are exhibited in the most tragic and awful grandeur. The imagery and the symbolism are like a work of magic. The piece is tempered with the finest feeling, and seasoned with religion as with salt. And the higher philosophy of the supernatural in the natural shines through it, illuminating from within both the structure and the surface, as if it were, like the universal world itself, all swimming in a sea of celestial fire.

Page 516. *Art and Nature.*

This doctrine of Bacon, that Art is subject to Nature, is translated into poetic diction, and aptly illustrated in Shylock's story of Jacob and Laban's sheep and the streaked and pied lambs, Laban's thrift with the peeled wands, and Antonio's reply, in the "Merchant of Venice": —

"*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

It appears again in the "All's Well That Ends Well": —

"*Lafleur.* A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor — the very hand of Heaven.

Par. Aye, so say I.

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence." —

Act II. Sc. 3.

So, the allegory of Atalanta signified that Art was swifter than Nature, "and as we may say the better runner, and comes sooner to the goal;" and this piece of ancient wisdom, thus vividly impressed upon the writer's memory, might readily furnish him with another brilliant metaphor, thus: —

"*Jaques.* You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels."

Again, we have a similar expression in the "Antony and Cleopatra," thus: —

"O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork Nature." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

Theobald notes this passage "as alluding to that fine picture done by Apelles, the beauty and limbs of which he copied, 'tis said, from Campaspe, his beloved mistress," and cites Ovid:—

"Si Veneram Cœus nunquam posuisset Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoris Illa lateret aquia."¹

Page 535. *The world-prison.*

It may be well to note that this idea of the world being a prison may have come from Longinus. It is related in his *Life*,² that his fame as a critic and philosopher drew him from Athens to the Court of Queen Zenobia, who finally made him her chief counsellor, and that he dictated the Queen's letter to the Emperor Aurelian (when besieged by him in Palmyra), which so offended him, that when they were both taken captives, Zenobia was pardoned, but Longinus ordered to be put to death; and that he died unmoved, like a philosopher, addressing his friends (who sought to console him) in these last words: "*Si terra non aliud quàm magnus quidem carcer existimari debeat, eum felicissimum esse, qui primus in libertatem vindicetur.*" (If the world is to be deemed nothing other than a great prison, then is he the most happy who is first to gain his liberty.)

¹ Theobald's *Shakespeare*, VI. 242.

² *Longinus De Sublimitate*, by Z. Pearce, A. M., Dublin, 1733, p. xxxi.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT.

SINCE the APPENDIX was added to the third edition, in 1875, some further particulars have come to my notice, which are deemed to have a sufficiently important bearing upon the subject to be given in this Supplement. Some of them are matters of curious interest in themselves apart from our question, and, altogether, they may at least confirm believers, or strengthen the skeptical in their wavering faith, even if they should carry no more conviction to the minds of dissenters than what has gone before. As additional evidence, it is rather cumulative than different in kind from that heretofore produced, and it is limited to those items which seemed to me to have some direct and peculiar weight upon the immediate question of Bacon's hand in the work, or as showing distinct traces of his learning, mind, and genius, earmarks (as it were) of what properly belonged only to himself; not imagining, however, that I have exhausted them all. The less weighty might easily grow weaker and weaker until they ran out to the infinity of zero.

The most notable accession to the evidence that has recently come to my knowledge is that made by Mrs. Henry Pott, of London, in her important publication of Bacon's "PROMUS,"¹ with elucidations from the Shakespeare plays. It impresses me, on the whole, as "confirmation strong as

¹ *The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies by Francis Bacon*, illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakespeare. By Mrs. Henry Pott, with a Preface by E. A. Abbott, D. D. Boston, 1883.

proofs of Holy Writ." Still, it is only more of the same sort. Its most striking peculiarity (I should say) is, that, like the Northumberland MS., it gives us an authentic glimpse of Bacon in his literary workshop.

Among others, whose writings in the same direction may be especially worthy of notice, I may mention William Henry Smith, Esq., of London, the late Henry G. Atkinson, Esq., of Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dr. William Thomson, of Melbourne, Australia, Hon. O. Follet, of Sandusky, Ohio, Edward W. Tullidge, Esq., of Salt Lake, Utah, and Appleton Morgan, Esq., of New York, who, since the publication of his "Shakespearean Myth," has become (as I am credibly informed) a thorough believer in the Baconian authorship of the plays; and Mr. W. H. Wyman, of Cincinnati, though not professing to be a convert to the same opinion, has published an excellent "Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy,"¹ with notes and extracts.

Page 7. *Employments.*

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, in his "Outlines,"² gives a copy of a bill of complaint filed by John Shakespeare against Edmund Lambert, in 1589, which mentions "William Shakespere" as his son ("*filio suo*"), and remarks that it is "the only positive mention or notice of the great dramatist, between the years 1585 and 1592, which has yet been discovered." He speaks also (p. 676) of the "Lord Strange's Servants" as existing in 1592, of the "Earl of Pembroke's Servants," in 1592-93, of the "Earl of Sussex's Servants," in 1593-94, and of the "Lord Chamberlain's Servants," in 1594; and he supposes that William Shakespeare may, at first, have become attached to one or more of these earlier companies before he became one of the "Lord Chamberlain's Servants," out admits that "the

¹ Cincinnati, O., 1884.

² *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, F. R. S., F. S. A., etc., 2d ed., London, 1882, p. 570.

proofs are weak." Mr. R. G. White¹ was ready to believe (exactly on what evidence it does not very clearly appear) that Shakespeare went from Stratford to London, somewhere "within the years 1585 and 1586," and "with *Venus and Adonis* written, if nothing else," but "not unlikely a play" in his pocket.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips also states that it is recorded on Shakespeare's monument at Stratford-on-Avon that he died "April 23d, 1616," aged 53. And we learn from Theobald's Preface (1733) that his widow "dy'd that very Year in which the *Players* publish'd the first Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 years," as it appeared "from her Monument in *Stratford-Church*."

Page 20. *Dr. Harvey's Discovery.*

It would appear to be certain that Bacon knew Harvey, and that he must have heard something of his discovery of the circulation of the blood, though not until after the plays were written. Aubrey informs us that "Harvey had been physician to Lord Chancellor Bacon, whom he esteemed much for his wit and style, but would not allow him to be a great philosopher. Said he to me, 'He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor,' speaking in derision."² This is an interesting circumstance. Such an acquaintance is just what we might expect. Nor is it at all surprising that a strictly scientific observer, like Harvey, should make just that criticism on Bacon's philosophy. Harvey wanted a naked registry of dry facts. Bacon endeavored to interpret the meaning of facts. When I read a paper before the Academy of Science of St. Louis on the *Human Races*, "Why," said Dr. Engelmann, "you argue like a lawyer." Harvey (says Aubrey) "was wont to say that man was but a great mischievous baboon." He had probably arrived at some glimpse of the Darwinian "Descent of Man." This other

¹ *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare*, Boston, 1865, pp. 78, 79.

² *Letters and Lives*, by John Aubrey, ii. 381. London, 1813.

statement is worthy of mention also (p. 381): "I have heard him [Harvey] say that after his book of the circulation of the blood came out, he fell off mightily in his practice, and 't was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained, and all the physicians were against his opinion and envied him; with much ado, at last, in about twenty or thirty years' time, it was received in all the universities of the world, and, as Mr. Hobbes says, in his book *De Corpore*, he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his lifetime."

Chambers says (Encyclop. V. Title *Harvey*) that "it was not until 1628, that Harvey published his views at large in his treatise, *De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, 4to, Franc., though they were announced in his lectures at the College of Surgeons in the spring of 1616." It is very clear that William Shakespeare could never have heard of them. The plays had ceased to appear since 1613, and Shakespeare died April 23d, 1616. Harvey's book did not appear until two years after Bacon's death in 1626. According to Dr. Richardson,¹ Harvey had been expounding his doctrine "for nine years before the publication of his book," or since about 1619; and it was about this time, or not much later, that he became Bacon's physician; and he was appointed physician extraordinary to the king in 1623. So it is clear, also, that if Bacon had heard of the discovery at all, it was not until after the plays (or the greater part of them) had been written. There is nothing in the plays to show that their author had any knowledge of Harvey's discovery.

Page 22. "*Laf. To be relinquished of the artists.*"

Mrs. Pott gives us the following "Promus" entry (1275, p. 411): "Quod expertus facile relinquit. (What one has tried he readily relinquishes.)"

Mrs. Pott cites the above line, and remarks that it is the

¹ *Ministry of Health*, by Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., LL. D., etc., New York, 1879, p. 46.

only time this word *relinquished* is used in the plays. It always struck me as a singular expression, and this entry in the "Promus" may explain how it was that it appeared in both the prose and the verse, and in connection with Celsus, Galen, Paracelsus, and the other "authentic fellows."

Page 23. "*Poisonous mineral*."

Bacon's "Promus" entry 81 (Mrs. Pott) is, "Minerall wyttes strong poison, and they be not corrected."

"The other stream of hatred was of a deeper and more mineral nature." Bacon's "Charge against Somerset."

And again, he uses the expression, "a certain mineral spirit of bitterness."

This entry in the "Promus" may help further to explain why "poisonous minerals" and a mineral wit, or spirit, or nature, came together in both writings.

Pages 31-35. *Early Plays.*

I add the following Notes:—

(1.) Now (in 1878) I have read enough of the "King John" of 1591 (Hazlitt's Shakes. Library, Vol. V.) to satisfy myself that the author of the Shakespeare play never had anything to do with it, and made no use of it, though he may have known of it, as he probably did know something of most of the literature of his time.

(2.) On reading this old "Timon" (Hazlitt's Shakes. Library, Vol. VI., 1875), I am decidedly of Mr. Knight's opinion. It is not probable that either Shakespeare or Bacon ever saw it. It is indeed written by "a scholar," and I should think by some young collegian for a college club, with his head full of the classics and the literary jargon of his fellows, but yet a man of sprightly genius, full of fantastic humor and boyish wit, and a good master of language. The style and matter are about as far away as possible from that of the Shakespeare plays.

(3.) On reading the old play of "The Famous Victories

of Henry V." (Hazlitt's Shakes. Lib., Vol. V. Lond., 1875), I am inclined to the opinion that the author of the Shakespeare plays never had any hand at all in it, and that it was written by another writer altogether.

(4.) The first Part of the "Contention," etc., was first printed in 1594, and the second Part, called "The True Tragedy of the Duke of York," in 1595, without any author's name on the title-page, and then again in 1602; and then both together, in or about 1619, with the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page. This first Part (Hazlitt's Shakes. Lib., Vol. V. Lond., 1875) I believe to have been written by the author of the Shakespeare plays, and afterwards rewritten, and greatly enlarged and improved, before 1623, by the author himself (namely, Bacon). Such is my theory of it.

Mr. White's essay has satisfactorily demonstrated that the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were first drafts of the second and third Parts of the "Henry VI.," and were written by the author of the Shakespeare plays (whom he takes, of course, to have been William Shakespeare); but his attempt to show that Greene and others had a hand in it, I consider a failure, and chiefly for the reason that the earlier hand of Francis Bacon may just as well explain all the differences of style and manner that are noticeable.

Page 34. "*Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*"

Bacon's "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 248) has this entry: "Neither too heavy nor too hot."

"*Too light*" was more fit for Plautus than "*too hot*," and hence, probably, the variation.

Pages 35, 36. "*The Taming of the Shrew.*"

In this play we have unmistakable traces of the author's studies in Italian literature. The story, incidents, and names are all Italian, and the scene is laid in Padua, the chief

school of art at that day ; and there are frequent interspersions of Italian phrases, together with Latin quotations from Terence and Ovid.

There was an older play by another hand named "The Taming of a Shrew, in 1594," which may be found in Hazlitt's Shakes. Lib., Vol. II. One would think that a simple reading of it ought to satisfy any one that the author of the Shakespeare play never had anything to do with it. In respect of merit, or matter, it is mere nonsense to mention it in the same connection, though possibly it may have been one of the stories which suggested that play ; and possibly the practical joke played upon Sly, the tinker, in the "Introduction," may have been borrowed from it. But we may just as well suppose that he drew it from the original source, which may be found in the Italian novel called "*Il Grasso Legnaiuolo*" (the fat wood carver), and written in the Florentine dialect about 1409.¹ A similar comic *beffa* appears in it. The name of the victim was not Sly, but Manetto, and a gentleman of his acquaintance invented the practical joke of having him arrested for a debt of one Matteo, and sent Matteo's brothers and friends to him in jail, with instructions to treat him as if he were himself Matteo ; and, in spite of all his protestations to the contrary, they fooled him until he fairly lost all sense of his own identity. In the older English play, Sly wakes up at the end of the piece, and, coming to himself again, thinks that his lordship and the play he had seen were all a dream : in the Shakespeare play nothing is said of Sly at the end, nor is he mentioned anywhere but in the "Introduction."

Bacon speaks of dramatic poetry as "a visible history" and "an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature as they are, that is past" (*ante*, p. 198) ; and again, "For as statues and pictures are dumb histories, so histories are speaking pictures" (*ante*, 129).

¹ *Raccolta dei Novellieri Italiani*, vol. xii. ; Symonds' *Renaissance in Italy*, i. 253. London, 1881.

And in the Masque, his hero is advised not to "fix his view only upon a picture in a little table, while there be so many tables of histories, yea, to the life, excellent to behold and admire" (*ante*, p. 195). And these ideas crop out again in this "Introduction" thus:—

"2 *Servt.* Dost thou love pictures?

Servt. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play: Is it not a comonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No my lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history." — *Introd.*, *Sc.* 2.

Mr. White observes that at least one incident of the play seems to have been taken from Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's "Suppositi," as pointed out by Farmer. This is very possible; but then, if the author himself were familiar with Italian literature, he may as well be supposed to have gone to the original writers. In his "Life of Shakespeare" (ed. of Works, vol. i. p. xxi.-xxiv.), Mr. White cites parallel passages from untranslated Italian authors, and is obliged to infer that William Shakespeare could read Italian, without a particle of proof of any such fact, and contrary to all legitimate presumptions. That Francis Bacon was extensively acquainted with Italian literature, as well as with the French and Spanish, we have certain demonstration in his "Promus" entries (as given by Mrs. Pott), and in his numerous references to authors in those languages throughout his own writings; and, of course, if we may take him for the author of the plays, all this difficulty is at once cleared up.

More than a dozen Italian authors are cited in the "Advancement of Learning" alone. Many of the plays are founded upon Italian tales. The learning of Italy, next after the classical, was chiefly in vogue as far north as London at that day. Boccaccio, Bandello, Cinthio Gheraldi, Ariosto, and many others, furnished a common storehouse

of romantic material for novelists and poets. The Merchant of Venice," the "Othello," the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the "Measure for Measure," and this "Taming of the Shrew," especially, display an intimate acquaintance with Italian names, places, tales, manners, and history. Hamlet says of his play: —

"He poisons him i' the garden of his estate,
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant,
And writ in choice Italian." ¹

And here it may be mentioned that in the Italian books of the 16th century the story is told of the Duke Sforza, of Milan, that he gave to the pirate of Lake Como (*Il Medighino*) an open letter of instructions to the governor of the Castle of Musso to deliver up the castle to him, and also a *sealed letter* instructing the governor to cut his throat on his arrival there. The pirate destroyed the sealed letter, delivered the other, and so got the castle.² It is, at least, not improbable that the incident of the king's *sealed letter* to put Hamlet to death on his arrival in England (which also failed of its purpose) had its source in this Italian story.

It need not be supposed that this author, in his selection of popular tales from these old Italian sources, or from any other, as a foundation for his dramas, would follow them very closely either in matter or in manner. Nor need it be in any way surprising that he should borrow the ground story or incident only, that he should freely add or omit, and transform and invent, characters, situations, incidents, and all manner of details, and, when the question was of human nature, of actual human life, of natural law, of ethical right, or of the retributive divine justice, or when "the spirit of man" required "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be

¹ *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 2.

² *Sketches and Studies in Italy*, by J. A. Symonds, p. 129. London, 1879.

found in the nature of things,"¹ mould the drift and the lesson to his own special objects and his deeper purposes. We may find it illustrated, in many instances, what Theobald said of the "Measure for Measure," that the "turns" which were given "to the story" were quite different from what he found in Cinthio Gerald's novel, that "the episode of Mariana," as also "the Duke's remaining at home to supervise the conduct of his Deputy," was "entirely our author's fiction," and that while he thought he could demonstrate that Shakespeare had perused the story of "Promos and Cassandra" in Whetstone's "Comical Discourses," yet that "whoever has seen and knows what execrable mean stuff they are, will acquit him of all suspicion of plagiarism."²

Page 51. *Theatres and Doubtful Plays.*

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips³ finds that from 1580 to 1594 there were two theatres in London, one at Shoreditch in Finsbury Fields, outside the walls of the city, called *The Theatre*, and another near by, called *The Curtain*, both situated near to the old Priory of Holywell, or Halliwell. "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants" usually played at *The Theatre*, though in some instances, it seems, at *The Curtain* also, or elsewhere. *The Theatre* was built by James Burbage on leased ground. He was the father of Richard Burbage, the great actor. And Mr. Halliwell-Phillips thinks it was probably to this theatre that William Shakespeare came on his first arrival in London. The Blackfriars House, near Ludgate, was purchased by James Burbage on the 4th of February, 1596, and was converted into a theatre. The "Fortune" theatre, near Golden Lane, London, was built by Allen and Henslowe, Jan. 8, 1599-1600. In this year, the theatres near London were suppressed by order of the Council, and then the "Globe

¹ *Adv. of Learn.*, Bk. II.

² *Works of Shakes.*, vol. i. p. 398, n. London, 1733.

³ *Outlines of the Life of Shakes.*, pp. 321-398. London, 1882.

Theatre" was built in Maiden Lane on the Bankside, Southwark, County of Surrey; but the "Blackfriars," though prohibited, seems to have continued undisturbed until 1617, when it was finally suppressed. It would seem, therefore, that between 1585 (the earliest date which any one has imagined for the arrival of William Shakespeare in London) and 1596 (when the Blackfriars House was purchased), the "Lord Chamberlain's Company" (to which Wm. Shakespeare belonged) performed at *The Theatre* in Shoreditch, outside the walls of London, but (as Mr. Halliwell-Phillips himself has stated) there is no positive evidence of Shakespeare being in London before 1592. It was in this year that he was mentioned by Greene as a *Johannes Factotum*, who was supposed to be writing plays.

It is stated, also, that a play of "Henry VI." was brought out by the "Lord Strange's Servants," under the management of Henslowe, at Newington or Southwark, on the 3d of March, 1592, and was the First Part of the "Henry VI." of Shakespeare, first printed in the Folio of 1623 (*ibid.* p. 64). And he further informs us that the "Reign of Edward III." was produced before or in 1595, and quotes from it several passages, which show (as he thinks) the style and manner of Shakespeare, and among the rest one containing this line: —

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," —

which appears again in the 94th Sonnet; and from this fact, he infers that Shakespeare had some connection, not only with that old play of "Henry VI.," but also with the play of "Edward III." But besides the identity of this line (which may have been borrowed from the Sonnet), and agreeing that the other passages cited have a certain tinge of the Shakespearean style, I should say that it might just as well prove (if it proved anything), by a like course of reasoning, that the "Edward III." had some connection with Francis Bacon.

Pages 54, 55. *The "Pericles."*

The following passage from the "*Romeo and Juliet*" (*Act II. Sc. 3*) exhibits some touch, also, of Lord Cerimon's skill in herbs, plants, and stones:—

"O, nimble is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that in the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling in abuse:
Virtus itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Mrs. Pott compares another passage from the "*Pericles*" with Bacon's "*Promus*" (entry 362, p. 183), as follows:—

"*Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco.*" — Erasmus' *Adagia*, 703.

"The strong and powerful become more so at the cost of the less powerful, as Aaron's rod, turned into a serpent, swallowed up those of the magicians." — *Essay of Nature*.

"3. *Fish*. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *Fish*. Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all." — *Per.*, *Act II. Sc. 1*.

The identity of thought here is very palpable, and the passages furnish a striking instance of the manner in which (as Mrs. Pott has shown in many other cases) the idea, or maxim, noted in the "*Promus*," was developed and amplified in prose and verse alike; and this one may help to fasten the "*Pericles*" on Bacon, though omitted in the Folio of 1623.

Page 57. *Classical Attainments.*

Notes: (1.) That the "Comedy of Errors" was little more than a reproduction of the "Menoechmi" of Plautus, was too strongly stated on the authority of the editors. On a further examination of it, I do not find that much more was taken from it than the leading incident, or a bare outline of the story — scarcely more, indeed, than the simple idea of two persons looking so much alike as to be mistaken for each other — on which both plays are founded. The "Comedy of Errors" is altogether different in its matter, treatment, and dress, though probably suggested by the Latin play; but it was evidently designed chiefly for the entertainment of the gowned and wigged gentry of Gray's Inn, before whom it made its first appearance at the Christmas Revels of 1594.

(2.) Prof. Lewis Campbell¹ compares the "Antigone" of Sophocles with the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and the "Antony and Cleopatra," thus: —

— μέθος αἰσχύνει,
Νεφέλη δ' ὀφρύων ἔπερ αἵματόν
Τεγγούς' εὐώπα παραινέειν. — 528-530.

"*Lys.* Why is your cheek so pale?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes."

Mid. N. Dr., Act I. Sc. 1

"*Eno.* Will Caesar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face."

Ant. and Cl., Act III. Sc. 2

Mr. Symonds² quotes Shakespeare's "sea of troubles" along with Æschylus' κακῶν πῆλαγος. Theobald³ also cites κακῶν θάλασσα and κακῶν τρικυμία; and Prof. Mahaffy⁴ speaks of the choral ode on Age and Youth in the "Heraclides" of Euripides as "so like Shakespeare's crabbed Age and

¹ *Sophocles*, I. 502.

² *Studies of the Greek Poets*, 2d ser. London, 1876.

³ *Works of Shakes.*, VII. 286. London, 1733.

⁴ *Hist. of Greek Literature*, I. 348.

Youth." He also notices "a very curious and instructive parallel to the *Choephori* of Æschylus, the more curious because accidental." And still more curious (I should say) because not likely to be accidental, when a learned poet is in question. Prof. Mahaffy also mentions "a strange external resemblance between the concluding scene of the 'Alcestis' of Euripides and the 'Winter's Tale.'"¹

As Hamlet saw his father's ghost, so Clytemnestra saw the ghost of Electra's father, in the "Electra" of Sophocles (417-419, ed. of Lewis Campbell, LL. D., Oxford, 1881):—

Χρ. λόγος τις αὐτὴν ἐστὶν εἶσι δαῖν πατρὸς
τοῦ σοῦ τε κἀμοῦ δευτέραν ὁμιλίαν
ἐλθόντος εἰς φῶς.

Compare also the death of Clytemnestra (Elec. 1400-1441) with the murder of Duncan in the "Macbeth," for a striking resemblance in the manner of the whole scene. Such instances are altogether too numerous to be purely accidental.

Prof. Stapfer² gives many happy examples of the use made of the classics in the plays, whereof here are two specimens:—

"Non nunc e manibus istis,
Non nunc e tumulto fortunataque favilla
Nascentur violae." — *Persius*.

"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring." — *Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 1.*

And alongside of —

"The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,"

he places these lines from Catullus, —

"Qui nunc it per iter tenebricorum
Illuc, unde negant redire quamquam," —

and asks "why the imaginations of the two poets may not have met?"

¹ *Hist. of Greek Literature*, p. 270.

² *Shakes. and Classical Antiquity*. London, 1880.

Possibly, indeed, they might meet by pure accident, and this would suit the case for William Shakespeare, great as the wonder might be; but if we know that the author himself was familiar with the Latin classics, and was not an uneducated stage-manager, with "small Latin and less Greek," we may find therein an easy explanation why their imaginations did in fact meet at many points.

The violet seems to have been a favorite flower with Bacon. "For March," he says, "there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest;" and in the *Essay on Gardens*, it is said, "Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (when it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. . . . That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide; next to that is the Musk-rose." These (it is probable) were the

"violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Page 58. *Stories of the Plays.*

Notes: (1.) A review of the contemporary literature (as given by Hazlitt in his *Shakes. Library*, Lond. 1875) shows that the story of the buck-basket in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" came from Fiorentino's "Il Pecorone," rather than from the other pieces there printed, and that the story of the "Much Ado about Nothing" came from Bandello's novel of "Timbreo di Cardona," rather than from Harrington's "Ariosto," or Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

(2.) Having read in 1878 (in Hazlitt's *Shakes. Lib.*, Vols. II. and III., London, 1875) the extant stories, supposed to have suggested the plot of the "Measure for Measure," I should think it probable that the author got the basis of the

tale from Cinthio Giraldi (nov. v. dec. 8), for some passages are very much alike; but I find no trace of the play in the rest of the trash there printed; nor do I find anything in Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra" (1592) to compare with it, beyond some general resemblance in the story.

(3.) As to Bacon's knowledge of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages and literature, but little is said in any of his biographies. It might be gathered from a study of his writings that his attainments therein must have been considerable. Mr. Spedding's account of the MS. "*Promus* of Formularies and Elegancies,"¹ bearing the date of Dec. 5th, 1594, on the first page, and containing entries in French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as in Latin and Greek, made it pretty certain that he could read those languages; and the citations contained in Mrs. Henry Pott's publication of the "*Promus*" in full are of such a character as to make it sufficiently certain that he was familiar with much of the literature of those tongues from the original sources, even if the use made of them in his writings were not enough; and her illustrations of his use of the various materials collected into this "*Promptuary Store*," both in his prose works and in these Shakespeare plays, are so full and convincing — nay, so completely unanswerable — that any one who can study them, and still doubt the fact of Bacon's hand in the plays, must be a person hopelessly given over to strong delusions.

Page 67. *Copyright.*

The earliest instance I have noticed of the granting of a copyright was in 1622, when King James I., by a royal letter addressed to all printers and booksellers, gave to George Withers, his executors and assigns, "the sole liberty of printing his 'Hymns and Songs.'" — Masson's *Life of Milton*, I. 344.

¹ Bacon's *Works* (Boston), XIV. 11-12.

Page 68. *The "Othello" of 1622.*

It appears that this copy of the "Othello" was printed by "N. O." for Thomas Walkley, the stationer, who wrote an Address to the Reader upon the setting forth of the book, in which he says, "The author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee, and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his worke." — (White's Shakes. XI. 369.)

That name would make the book sell, and that was enough for Walkley. He gives no hint from what source he obtained the copy. It would seem from the tenor of the address that the publication was an enterprise of his own motion. This play was entered at Stationers' Hall by Walkley, on the 6th of Oct. 1621, by the title of "The Tragedy of Othello, the Moore of Venice."

There was no earlier entry in the Stationers' Co.'s Register of any play named "Othello." The names *Othello* and *Iago* are not found in Cinthio's novel (which may have been at least one source of the tale), but they appear to have been borrowed from an Italian story, which was embodied in John Reynold's "God's Revenge against Adultery," or from the "History of the Famous Enordamus, Prince of Denmark," 4to, 1605 (White's Shakes. XI. 361), in which both names occur.

A play of the name of the "Moor of Venise" is mentioned by Peter Cunningham as performed at Whitehall in 1604; and Mr. Halliwell-Phillips quotes a member of the German Embassy to England as saying (in 1610) that "he went to the Globe, where he saw represented *l'histoire du More de Venise*;"¹ and a play called the "Moor of Venice" is mentioned, together with the "Winter's Tale" and four other Shakespeare plays, in the accounts of the Lord Treasurer Stanhope, as played at Whitehall in 1612-13. The "Othello" of 1622 was the only quarto of a new play

¹ *Outlines*, pp. 517-521.

(says Mr. White) that had been printed for the thirteen years next after 1609. It would seem certain that the Globe Theatre had been in possession of a play called the "Moor of Venice," since 1604; and it is quite possible, not to say highly probable, that this was an older play by some other author, and not the "Othello" of Shakespeare. And it may very well have been that older play in which Richard Burbage (who died in March, 1618-19) was famous in the character of "the Moor;" as it would appear from a "Funeral Eulogy" in a MS. upon his decease, "written in the early part of the seventeenth century" (says Mr. White), reading thus:—

"But let me not forget one chiefest part,
Wherein beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
The griev'd Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave;
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed."

Still it may have been this "Othello" in which Burbage played, though "a slave" is not a very exact designation of Iago, who had been a soldier under the Moor:—

— "of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen:"—

and he had aspired to be his lieutenant (instead of Cassio), and was appointed his "ancient," that is, his ensigu, or bearer of his flag. But the smaller poet may have called him a slave for the sake of the rhyme.

Mr. White was inclined to place the date of composition of the "Othello" "rather after 1611 than before that year." The style of the play certainly exhibits the maturest hand of the author. It is at least quite uncertain, still, whether that older play, so uniformly styled the "Moor of Venice," was in fact the same as the "Othello" of Shakespeare, or even a first sketch of it; and there is reason for the opinion that nothing was known of the Shakespeare "Othello," until it appeared in the quarto of 1622, six years after the death

of William Shakespeare, and in the Folio of 1623, with important emendations on that quarto.

A similar doubt still hangs over the date of the "Troilus and Cressida." Mr. Halliwell-Phillips (Outlines, p. 519) finds a play of that name mentioned "as acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants," and "entered on Feb. 7th, 1602-3." He also states (p. 182 and n. 279) that there was an older play of this name by Decker and Chettle, which was "owned by the Lord Admiral's Servants," in 1599, and that in 1608 one Roberts, a printer, applied for a license to print a play of the same title, which was refused; and from the fact that Roberts was sometimes printer of plays performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, he infers that this one was the Shakespeare play, which was licensed and printed in 1609. It is a large conclusion from very weak premises; and especially, if any weight is to be given to the express statement, in the printer's Preface to the play, that "you have heere a new play never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palmes of the Vulgar."

Much overstrained effort has been made to find the sources of the plays in books and translations, which are supposed to have been within the reach of the unlearned William Shakespeare. Mr. Hazlitt has published several volumes of these old stories, novels, and plays, but on the whole to very little purpose. Among the rest, he gives an account (Shakes. Lib. Vol. II.) of certain Middle-Age French poems in which something like the *wager* of the "Cymbeline" is contained; and he cites an extract from a novel of Boccaccio, which is much like the story in the play. My own opinion is that Bacon got the story from Boccaccio. The incident of the chest is found in his novel, but not in the French poems. There is no evidence, and no probability, that William Shakespeare could read Italian: Bacon was familiar with that language.

It appears from Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' "Outlines" (p. 541) that the Folio of 1623 was entered at Stationers' Hall

by Blount and Jaggard (Nov. 8th, 1623) as "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, see many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men, viz., — *Comedyes*: Tempest, Two Gent. of Verona, Meas. for Meas., Errors, As You Like It, All's Well that Ends Well, Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale. *Histories*: 3d Part of Henry VI., Henry VIII. *Tragedyes*: Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, Anthonie and Cleopatra, Cymbeline." These, at least, it was necessary to have entered and licensed, before they could be printed in the Folio; of the rest the inference must be that they had somehow acquired the rights (whatever they were) of those "other men" therein.

Page 70. *Stolen and Mangled Copies.*

These "stolen and mangled copies" were probably taken down from the mouths of the actors on the stage by *short-hand* writers, who were sent to the theatre by the printers for that purpose. They had no other way of procuring copies for publication. And it is certain that *short-hand* writing was practiced in London at that day. These lines are quoted from Heywood by Mr. Collier:¹ —

"That some by stenography drew
The plot, put in print, scarce one word true."

Thomas Shelton says (in 1642) that he had himself had "twenty years' experience as a *short-hand* writer," and he was the author of "Shelton's System," which Samuel Pepys used in his Diary.² It was an imperfect system, doubtless, and not to be compared to that of the present day; and it need not be matter of surprise that the reports were bungling and inaccurate, sometimes giving verse as prose, and prose as verse.

¹ Bowen's *Gleanings from a Literary Life* (New York, 1880), p. 414, 415.

² Wheatley's *Life of Samuel Pepys* (New York, 1880), p. 131.

Page 73. "*Othello*" and the "*Ebb and Flow of the Sea*."

In Isaac Gruter's collection of "Baconian Tracts" (Amsterdam, 1653) first appeared the Latin tract "*De Fluxu et Refluxu Maris*" (the Ebb and Flow of the Sea). It is not known when it was written; but it is mentioned by Dr. Rawley in his list of the works written during the last five years of Bacon's life,¹ and it appears, by a letter of Tobie Matthew (dated 1619) from Brussels, that a MS. copy of it had been sent to Galileo, before that date.² Montagu gives a translation of it, "by W. G. G." (Works, III. 523). Spedding gives another in his edition of Bacon's Works (Vol. X. Boston, p. 234, 235). I give here still another of one passage, following Bacon's Latin (ed. Spedding, Boston, V. 262), as literally as good English will allow, as follows:—

"For the Red Sea also has a very strong flow, and the Persian Gulf, running more directly to the west, a still stronger. And the Mediterranean (which is a very large bay) and its parts, the Tuscan [Tyrrhenum], the Pontick [Pontus], and the Propontick [Propontus], and likewise the Baltic, which all return towards the east, have hardly any or very weak flows. But this difference appears especially in the parts of the Mediterranean which, so long as they verge towards the east, or bend to the north (as in the Tuscan and those we have mentioned), act quietly and without much violence. But where they turn to the west like the Adriatic, they acquire a notable flow. To which may be added, that in the Mediterranean what little ebb there is begins from the ocean, but the flow begins from the opposite parts, so that the water rather pursues its course from the east than is a reflux of the ocean [magis sequatur cursum ab oriente quam refluxionem oceani]."

Now the "*Othello*" (pretty certainly written after 1611, and perhaps not finished much before 1622) contains this passage:—

"*Iago*. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the Pontick sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on

¹ Craik's *Bacon*, pp. 602-622; Montagu's *Life of Bacon* (in *Works*, ed. Philad.), p. cix.

² Napier, in *Trans. Roy. Soc. Edinb.*, VIII. (1818) p. 421.

To the Propontick and the Hallespont:
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

The passage first appeared in the Folio of 1623 (*Facsimile* ed. 326). Duyckinck says that it was not contained in the quarto of 1622, and he thinks that the quarto of 1630 was not printed from either of these copies, but from another, because it contains passages "inferior to both." But Mr. White, on a careful reading, concludes that the quarto of 1630 was printed from that of 1622, and corrected by the text of the Folio of 1623, with only some "few unimportant corrections and sophistications." Mr. Dyce (*Works of Shakes.*, VII. 485, Notes to the "Othello," p. 429) shows that Duyckinck was right as to the absence of the passage above cited from the quarto of 1622, and gives from the quarto this passage instead of it:—

"*Oth.* Never;
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words."

But the quarto of 1630 did contain the passage, and it was probably taken from the Folio of 1623.

The important matter here is the absence of this passage from the quarto of 1622. Mr. White does not mention it. Not being contained in it, the question how it came to be in the Folio of 1623 becomes as difficult to answer, on the theory that William Shakespeare was the author (having died in 1616), as the other like instances already mentioned (p. 73).

However this may be, the parallelism above shown remains a significant fact. It is highly probable that the "Ebb and Flow of the Sea" and the "Othello" were written at about the same time or within a few years of each other, and while Bacon's studies into the motions of the tides were still fresh in his memory. I have given, in this book, numerous instances of the author's habit of drawing upon

such quarries of materials for his similes and metaphors. It would doubtless be replied by a literary Shakespearean critic that such resemblances were a matter of common usage among writers of the time, and prove nothing. But here is emphatically more than any common use can explain. The singular identity of the idea, and the peculiarity of the notion itself, implying a scientific observer of Nature (as Theobald noticed in many instances), and also the exact words, or nearly identical expressions, show too palpably the earmarks of the author in both cases, and particularly the notion that the flow from the east "*rather pursues its course than is a reflux of the ocean*," and the words "*quietly and without much violence*," compared with the expressions in verse "*current and compulsive course*," "*but keeps due on*," "*retiring ebb*," and "*violent pace*," and the recurrence of the "Pontick" and "Propontick" in both. But of course any literary critic, who will lay more stress upon words than things, and can see no resemblance between prose and verse, is at liberty to explain it on the score of common usage or accidental coincidence, if he can do so to his own satisfaction.

Page 79. *The Dedication of the Folio of 1623.*

It may be interesting to compare some other passages from Bacon (to which my attention has been called by Mr. J. T. Cobb, of Salt Lake) with this Dedication. After making an humble offering of the plays to the noble patrons, it continues, "Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection."

In his Dedication¹ of the "Advancement of Learning" to the king, Bacon says, "Wherefore representing your Majesty many times unto my mind, and beholding you *not*

¹ *Works*, by Spedding, VI. pp. 87, 88, 113-116, ed. Boston.

with the inquisitive eye of presumption to discover that which the Scripture telleth me is inscrutable, but *with the observant eye of duty and admiration.*" And again, speaking of the manner in which learned men should make application to particular persons, he intimates that they should "dwell in the exquisite *observation* or examination of the nature and customs [of such person]. . . . For the honest and just bounds of *observation* by one person upon another," etc., and mentions the custom of the Levant, that "subjects should forbear to gaze or fix their eyes upon princes" as "in the outward ceremony barbarous; but the moral is good; for men ought not by cunning and bent *observations* to pierce and penetrate into the hearts of kings, which the Scripture hath declared to be inscrutable." . . . Neither is the moral dedication of books and writings, as to patrons, to be commended; for that books (such as are worthy of the name of books) ought to have no patrons but truth and reason; and the ancient custom was to dedicate them only to private and equal friends, or to entitle the book with their names; or if to kings and great persons, it was to some such as the argument of the book was fit and proper for."

The similarity of idea, subject, and expression here is very noticeable, and it may add confirmation to what has been before pointed out as showing that Bacon himself most probably wrote this dedication. Such is my belief.

Another paragraph of the same runs thus: "But to be speculative into another man, to the end to know how to work him, or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart which is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous; which, as in friendship, it is a want of integrity, so towards princes or superiors is want of duty."

With which compare Hamlet's dealing with Polonius, and with Rosencranz and Guildenstern:—

"Pol. Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you, my son." — *Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 1.*

"*Pol.* Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

"*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; y' are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. *Honest*, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be *honest*, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand." — *Ibid.*

"*Guil.* O, my lord! if my *duty* be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. It is as easy as lying. . . . Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were likewise employed by the king as instruments to work upon Hamlet and spy out his secrets; and their fate, too, may illustrate how such conduct is "a want of integrity," and "towards princes or superiors is want of duty." When Horatio announces their death in England to Hamlet, he says:—

"*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensèd points
Of mighty opposites." — *Act V. Sc. 2.*

The late Mr. Spedding doubted (*ante*, pp. 616, 617) "whether there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with the several styles, and practiced in such observation." It is not quite certain, perhaps, what was meant by "five lines together," but I, for one, should be curious to know what a critic of this doubting stamp would make of these passages from Bacon and the play. I can imagine that his comment might run thus: "Why, don't you see that the one is plain prose and the other is in musical verse, and that hardly a word is the same!" that in one it is "to work him or wind him," and in the other to "bait" the carp with falsehood, and try him with "wind-laces," "indirections," and "assays of bias;" that in one it is simply "to be speculative into another man," or "to pierce and penetrate into the heart of him," and in the other, to "play upon me," to "know my stops," to "pluck out the heart of my mystery," and "sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass;" that in one it is "not entire and ingenuous," or is "a want of integrity," and in the other "honest," or "I would you were so honest a man;" and that in one it is a plain "want of duty," and in the other, "if my duty be too bold," or,

"I hold my duty, as I hold my soul."

Truly enough, there is some difference of style and manner between imaginative poesy, or exquisitely artistic verse, and ordinary prose, but that does not seem to me to amount to much, my friend, in reference to the matter we have in hand here. There is, doubtless, in the play, an increased brilliancy of metaphor, some amplification of phrase, and a certain neatness and eloquence of poetical expression, with due attention to the requisites of dramatic art and musical

I proceed with the play and the special purpose here : —

Ham. Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell. [To POLONIUS.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

And here may be added this "Promus" entry from Mrs. Pott (364, p. 184): "Optimi consiliarii mortui (the dead are the best counsellors)."

Hamlet had evidently mistaken him for the king. But whence came this suggestion of *a rat*, — “Dead for a ducat, dead,” — behind the arras?

Si tibi est machaera, et nobis veruina est domi:
Qua quidem te faciam, si tu me irritaveris,
Confossiorum soricina naenia.

And Terence in the "Eunuchi," v. 7, l. 23:—

Egomet, meo iudicio, miser quasi sorex, hodie peril

And again in Horace (Epist. Bk. I. 1):—

At pueri ludentes, Rexeris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic murus æneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ,
Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Naenia, quæ regnum recti facientibus offert,
Et maribus Cariis et decantata Camillis?

These ideas of a game, the stabbing of the rat, with the kingdom for him who hit well as a reward, if we may suppose the writer of the play was familiar with the Latin classics and the game of the *Naenia*, may very well have suggested Hamlet's expression. In Polonius' outcry behind the arras there was something like the noise of a rat in the wall, and in Hamlet's thrusting through it, something like the stabbing of the rat in the boys' game. It is evident that he conceived that a game was being played upon him, and he took the noise to be that of the king himself. If he had killed him, the kingdom would have fallen upon himself as a reward for his good hit. The exclamation, *dead for a ducat, dead!* seems to carry with it the idea of a reward as in the boys' game. The allusion is a little remote and uncertain, but still these classical ideas may possibly have suggested the sudden fancy of a rat behind the wall. It is not probable that Wm. Shakespeare was critically familiar with these Latin authors; Bacon certainly was.

Still another passage deserves notice. The Epistle Dedicatory to the Folio continues: "We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their request with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods by what means they could: And the most, though meanest of things, are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore,

we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare."

With which compare this from the "Advancement" (Works, by Spedding, IV. 194, Boston: by Montagu, I. 190, Philadelphia): "For herein the invention of one of the late poets [Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' bk. 34, 35] is proper, and doth well enrich the ancient fiction: for he feigneth that at the end of the thread or web of every man's life there was a little medal containing the person's name, and that Time waited upon the shears, and as soon as the thread was cut, caught the medals and carried them to the river of Lethe; and about the bank there were many birds flying up and down, that would get the medals and carry them in their beak a little while, and then let them fall into the river: only there were a few swans which, if they got a name, *would carry it to a Temple where it was consecrate.*"

So, the writer would consecrate these medals to their Lordships, in the name of the Temple.

And again says Bacon (Letter to Villiers, Aug. 12, 1616¹): — "And now because I am in the country, I will send you *some of my country fruits, which with me be good meditations*; which, when I am in the city, are choked with business."

Another citation (for which I am indebted also to Mr. Cobb) may be added, from the Dedication of the "AdVERTISEMENT touching a Holy War" to Bishop Andrews, as follows: —

"But, revolving with myself my writings as well those which I have published, as those which I had in hand, *methought they went all into the city, and none to the Temple*; where because I have found so great consolation, I desire likewise to make *some poor oblation*:" —

"And take thou my oblation, poor but free."

Son. cxxv.

¹ Works, by Montagu (Philad.), III. p. 20.

The Epistle Dedicatory adds, "that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L., the reputation his."

Ay, the reputation!—and nothing more, thinks Mr. Cobb, "the reputation his" being a little superfluous: that was sure enough to be his, if the plays were his own. It was a minor consideration just now with the writer of the Dedication; but "Mr. William Shakespeare" should have the reputation, their Lordships the delight that was in them.

Ben Jonson seems to have been of the same opinion with Horace about a great poet. In his "Eulogy" on Shakespeare he writes:—

"And that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvil; turne the same
(And himselfe with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a great poet 's made, as well as borne,
And such wert thou."

Horace expressed nearly the same opinion, when he wrote:—

"Et in versu faciendo
Sæpè caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.
Sæpè stylum vertas, iterum, quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus, neque, te ut misetur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus." — *Sat. l. 10.*

Page 83. *Bacon's Genius.*

Among others already cited, who have expressed weighty opinions on the character of Bacon's mind, I will now add Hume, who is quoted by H. G. Atkinson, Esq., as saying (in his *Hist. of Eng.*) of Bacon, that "the great glory of literature in this island, during the reign of James, was Lord Bacon. If we consider the variety of talents displayed by this man as a public speaker, a man of business, a wit, a courtier, a companion, an author, a philosopher, he is justly the object of great admiration."

And also Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., who says, "It is as an inspired seer, one of the greatest of men of letters,

and the prose-poet of modern science, that I reverence Lord Bacon ;" but he says of him, also, that "in speaking of representative poetry — that is, the drama — he makes no mention of Shakespeare, whom indeed he did not appreciate."¹ This last strikes me as a curious *non sequitur*. Why should he mention himself?

Page 88. *Lady Ann Bacon.*

Her letters are made to say (in the text) "that they are having plays performed at Anthony's house near the Bull Inn." It should read "*at the Bull Inn Theatre near Anthony's house.*" So also on page 115.

Page 94. *Advice to Rutland on his Travels.*

This letter of advice to the Earl of Rutland (Jan. 4th, 1595-96) though purporting to be from the Earl of Essex, is satisfactorily proved by Mr. Spedding² (if any other evidence but itself were wanting) to have been written by Francis Bacon for Essex, as several other papers were also: on the internal evidence alone I should have no doubt of the fact. Gerald Massey³ takes it, erroneously, to have been Essex's own letter: and in support of his theory of the Sonnets cites the following parallelism:—

"Some of these things may serve for ornaments, and all of them for delights, but the greatest ornament is the inward beauty of the mind." — *Letter.*

"Oh how much more doth beantie beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament that truth doth give." — *Sonnet.*

And, of course, he failed to perceive that this was only another evidence that Bacon wrote the sonnet as well as the letter (so far as it proves anything), and that Wm. Shakespeare had nothing to do with either the one or the other.

In 1597, Bacon writes thus to the Lord Keeper Egerton, concerning himself: "My estate, I confess unto your Lord-

¹ *Proc. R. Soc. Edinb.*, Vol. IX. No. 100, p. 485 (1817-18).

² *Letters and Life of Bacon*, by James Spedding, II. 4-7. London, 1862.

³ *Shakes. Sonnets*, p. 464. London, 1866.

ship, is weak and indebted, and needeth comfort. . . . I have rather aspired to virtue than to gain. . . . In practicing the law I play not all my best game; which maketh me accept it with a *nisi quid potius* as the best of my fortune, and a thing agreeable to better parts than mine, but not to mine."¹

Says Lord Cerimon, in the "Pericles,"—

"I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches."

Mr. Massey cites "Rowland White's Letters" (of the date of Jan. 30, 1598) as saying, "My Lord Compton, my Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Southampton do severally feast Mr. Secretary [Cecil about starting for Paris] before he depart, and have plays and banquets;" and on the 14th of Feb. following, "they had two plays at Essex's house."²

Page 104. *George Herbert.*

George Herbert, the poet, was born in 1593, and became Minor Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge, in 1609, B. A. in 1611, Major Fellow and M. A. in 1615, and Orator in 1619; and in that capacity he attracted the special attention of King James by his letter of acknowledgment in pure Latin, and by his conduct on other occasions when appointed to attend his Majesty. "The following year, (says Izaak Walton), the King appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great Secretary of Nature and all Learning, Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) and the ever memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desir'd Friendship with our Orator. Upon whom the first put such a Value on his judgment, that he usually desired his Appro-

¹ *Letters and Life of Bacon*, by James Spedding, II. p. 61.

² *Shakes. Sonnets*, by Gerald Massey, pp. 65 and 481 n. London, 1886.

bation, before he would expose any of his Books to be printed, and thought him so worthy of his Friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet *David's* Psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his Patron of them by a publick Dedication of them to him, as the best Judge of Divine Poetry."¹

This must have been between 1619 and 1621 (while Bacon was Lord Verulam and Lord High Chancellor). Herbert's attendance at court ended with the death of King James, and of his "powerful friends," the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, in 1625; and Bacon died in 1626. Herbert then took Orders, and became Prebend of Layton Ecclesia, Diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626.

Pages 104 and 579. *Cranfield and Williams.*

Mr. Gardiner² states that in 1619, Cranfield, having got rich, was obliged by the intrigues of Buckingham and his mother to abandon Lady Howard of Effingham, "a splendid match for a city merchant," and marry Anne Brett, a poor cousin of the Villiers family, and that, in 1624, having become Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer, he was impeached by the Commons, and condemned by the House of Lords to the Tower during the King's pleasure, to lose all his offices, and be incapable of holding office in future, and was fined £50,000 and excluded from the Verge of the court.

Lord Coke, after being deposed from the King's Bench, in 1616, was at length restored to the Privy Council, having made all straight with Buckingham, by selling his daughter to Sir John Villiers.

Gardiner says of Dean Williams that he was the son of a Welsh gentleman, studied at Cambridge, took orders, and became Chaplain to Lord Keeper Egerton (Ellesmere).

¹ *The Temple*, etc., by Mr. George Herbert, with his Life, by Walton (London, 1709), p. 13.

² *History of England*, 1603-1642, by Samuel R. Gardiner, LL. D. (London, 1883), Vol. III. pp. 212-13, 25, 98, 354-7; Vol. V. 231.

Bacon, on his succession to the woolsack, offered to reappoint him, but he declined, and became one of the royal chaplains; that he was quick and shrewd, but shallow, and had no principles whatever, but adroitness for self-advancement, and no firm belief in anything; and that "after years of experience, he dashed himself to pieces against the persistent single-mindedness of Laud, and the no less persistent single mindedness of the Puritans of the Long Parliament, as a bird dashes itself against a window-pane from very ignorance that it is there." He got the Deanery of Westminster as a reward for his services in persuading Lady Katherine Manners (daughter of the Catholic Earl of Rutland) to turn over to the English Church, and marry Buckingham; and himself performed the ceremony.

All this may be in a certain measure true, but from a reading of Bishop Hacket's "Life of Williams,"¹ one might be led to doubt if Dean Williams were so very bad a man after all. It would appear from Hacket that he came to the notice and favor of the King, independently of Buckingham, and before his intimacy with him began, and that he was named by the King himself for Bacon's successor. It is evident that Hacket obtained the materials for his narrative largely from Williams himself, and Clarendon (says Lord Campbell) "has shown that where his personal honor was concerned, his testimony is of no value."² Williams was employed to examine the records and ascertain what the lawful emoluments of the Chancellor's office were, and he reported them at £2,790; and Lord Campbell expresses his belief that it was the smallness of the pay that induced Cranfield to give up his suit for the place, and persuaded Buckingham to acquiesce in the appointment of Williams himself, on a promise that he would dispose of the patronage as the Duke should direct.

¹ *Scrinia Reserata: A Memorial of John Williams, Lord Keeper, etc.*, by John Hacket, Lord Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (London, folio 1698. (Finished in 1657.))

² *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, II. 373.

After having been closely leagued with Buckingham for several years, he lost his favor (as Bacon did that of Essex, and perhaps that of Buckingham also), by giving him better counsel than he was willing to follow. As usual in such case, the Duke at once turned violently against the Lord Keeper, and, among other expedients to get him out of office, he set on a crew of his minions to ransack all the records and offices in search of some transaction, or evidence, on which he could found a charge to pull him down; but no trace of any bribery, corruption, or other delinquency could be found against him; and at last Charles I. and himself were obliged to take the Seals out of his hands, without any charge, reason, or excuse given, other than their own secret will and purpose. He seems to have borne himself meekly, diligently, and faithfully in his great office, though never fit (as Lord Campbell justly says) "to superintend the general administration of justice throughout the realm." He had much learning of a theological and superficial kind, rather than in law or philosophy, and perhaps had no great wisdom in political affairs. But his practical keenness and good sense in ordinary matters, his judicious economies and liberal gifts, his immense industry, and a certain sturdy independence and courage in adhering to his own judgment and faith, and in withstanding the stormy fanaticisms, gross corruptions, and political confusions of his time, as exhibited in Hacket's Life of him, have raised him considerably in my estimation.

Some further notices from a contemporary gossip may be added. Howell¹ writes to his father (March 22d, 1622-23) that "the Marquis of Buckingham continueth still in fulness of Grace and Favor; the Countess, his Mother, sways also much at Court: she brought Sir Henry Montague from delivering law on the King's Bench to look to his Bags in the Exchequer, for she made him Lord High Treasurer of England; but he parted with his *White Staff* before the

¹ *Familiar Letters*, by James Howell (London, 1754), p. 118.

year's end, though his purse had bled deeply for it (about £20,000), which made a Lord of this land to ask him at his return from Court, *whether he did not find that wood was excessively dear at Newmarket*; for there he received the *White Staff*. There is now a notable stirring Man in the place, my Lord Cranfield, who, from walking about the Exchange, is come to sit Chief Justice in the Chequer-Chamber, and to have one of the highest places at the Council Table: He is married to one of the Tribe of Fortune, a kinswoman of the Marquis of Buckingham. Thus there is rising and falling at Court; and as in our natural pace, one Foot cannot be up till the other be down, so it is in the affairs of the world, commonly, one Man riseth at the Fall of another."

Again he writes (Aug. 6th, 1626, p. 191): "My Lord Keeper Williams hath parted with the Broad Seal, because, as some say, he went about to cut down the scale by which he rose; for some, it seems, did ill offices betwixt the Duke and him. Sir Thomas Coventry hath it now: I pray God he be tender of the King's conscience whereof he is keeper rather than of the Seal."

Page 125. *Somers' Voyage to the Bermudas.*

It appears¹ that an account of this voyage was written at Jamestown, in Virginia, in July, 1610, by William Strachey, and sent off to England, entitled "A True Repertory of the Wrack and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Kt., upon and from the islands of the Bermudas," etc. According to this account, "the storm or tempest" (which is vividly described) happened on the 24th of July, 1609, and the Admiral's ship (the "Sea-Adventure"), having on board Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, was driven ashore upon one of the Bermudas. The storm raged for four days. The Bermudas are said to be "so terrible to all

¹ *History of Amer. Lit.*, by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, I. p. 40. New York, 1878.

that ever touched on them, and such tempests, thunders, and other fearful objects are seen and heard about them, that they be called commonly the Devil's Islands, and are feared and avoided of all travellers alive, above any other place in the world; . . . it being counted of most that they can be no habitation for men, but rather given over to devils and wicked spirits."

It would seem highly probable that this account of Strachey may have reached England in 1610, and been published in London in that year. This is doubtless the same storm as that mentioned in Jourdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas," printed in 1610, if not the same account of it. That the author of the "Tempest" had heard of it, in some way, seems almost certain. Sir Francis Bacon was a member of the Virginia Company, and would be as likely to know of it as William Shakespeare: and it is very probable that we owe the "Tempest" to that storm, and the "born devil," Caliban, and the "hag" Sycorax, his mother, to the "devils and wicked spirits" of this account of it.

Pages 127 and 644. *Richard III.*

In connection with this peculiar turn on "Iffs and Ands," another passage from the "Richard III." may very well be noted heré. In Mrs. Pott's "Promus" we have this entry (640, p. 246): "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French." With which she cites these lines from the play:—

"Glos. Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?"—*Richard III., Act I. Sc. 3.*

This is so odd and singular, that the chances of an accidental coincidence might defy calculation.

Page 128. *Star and Vine.*

This same vine seems to be alluded to in Bacon's *Prayer*, thus: "This vine, which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have prayed unto thee, that it might have the first and the latter rain; and that *it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods.*"

Page 187. *William Herbert.*

Wm. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was born in 1580, married Mary, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and died in 1630. He succeeded to the Earldom on the death of his father, Henry, on the 19th Jan. 1601-2, was knighted by King James (1 Jac. I.), was made Governor of Portsmouth (7 Jac. I.), and Lord Chamberlain (15 Jac. I.), and he was then Chancellor of the University of Oxford. His poems were published in 1660. If he were the "Mr. W. H." of the Sonnets of 1609, he had then been Earl about seven years, and was 29 years of age. In 1623, when the Folio was dedicated to him and his brother, he was about 43.¹

Page 189. *Southampton.*

Henry, Earl of Southampton, was born Oct. 6th, 1573. His father and elder brother both died before he was twelve years old. He was admitted to St. John's Coll., Cambridge, Dec. 11th, 1585, and took the degree of M. A., June 6th, 1589, at the age of 16. Soon afterwards he went to London, and was entered a member of Gray's Inn. So, from this time onward, he was a fellow-member of the same Inn of Court with Francis Bacon, and there is further evidence that during the period of the Shakespeare poems and plays they were certainly well acquainted with each other. He married Elizabeth Vernon, Essex's cousin, a Maid of Honor to the Queen, near the end of 1598, without the

¹ 2 Collins' *Peerage*, 121; Haydn's *Dates*.

Queen's consent, and under circumstances which excited her wrath, and the Earl was ordered to keep away from Court; and "Mr. Standen wrote a letter to Mr. Bacon, that the Court ladies had said that Eliz. Vernon and her *ill good man* had waited on Sunday two hours to have spoken with the Queen, but could not."¹ Lord Burleigh was the Earl's guardian. Southampton was much favored by Essex, being twice or more times appointed to military office under him,² and at the time when Francis Bacon was Essex's counselor, and Anthony Bacon his secretary.

Page 144. *Concealed Poets.*

Aubrey* says that Henry Neville was "an ingenious and well-bred gentleman, a member of the House of Commons, and an excellent (but concealed) poet," and the "great familiar and confident friend of James Harrington (author of the *Oceana*), who dissuaded him from tampering with Poetry, which he did *invitâ Minervâ*, and to improve his proper talents, viz., Political Reflections."

Instances of concealed poets are not so very rare as to be a wonder. Perhaps not so great a poet was in Blackstone as in Murray lost, but it is a fact that William Blackstone wrote the Prize Poem on the Death of Prince Henry, which was sent in, gained the prize, and was published, under the name of Samuel Churchill (by some private arrangement), the young lawyer not wishing to be known as a poet; and of all this Churchill himself informs us in his Preface to "W. Blackstone's Reports." And it is said that M. Rémusat had written several excellent dramas, which he refrained from publishing, fearing that his reputation as a statesman might suffer if he came before the public as a writer of plays. In these later times, however, the fact of being a scholar and a poet does not always exclude a

¹ *Shakes. Sonnets*, by Gerald Massey (London, 1866), p. 57.

² *Drake's Life and Times of Shakes.*, II. 1-10. London, 1817.

* *Letters and Lives*, II. 371. London, 1818.

man from places of high political preferment. Of poets, not concealed, who were also eminent as statesmen, or as largely engaged in public affairs, the names of Seneca, Boethius, Dante, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir John Davies, Milton, Goethe, and many more (if examples were needed) might be mentioned.

Page 159. *The motion and harmony of the Orbs.*

Among the many very striking parallelisms with the "Promus" entries, cited by Mrs. Pott, is this one (page 470): — "Primum mobile turnes about all the rest of the orbes."

With which she compares this passage from the "Mer. of Venice," and also these from Bacon and Shakespeare: —

"He maketh his lordship to be the *primum mobile* in every action." — Obs. on a Libel, 1592.

"It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth, for that only stands upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another which they benefit." — Ess. of Wisdom for a Man's Self.

"Will you . . . move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light."

1 H. IV., Act V. Sc. 1.

Some other passages have impressed me as having a peculiar association with this central idea, or "seed." And I may mention that cited on page 421 of this book, together with these from the "Troilus and Cressida": —

"As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as Earth to the centre."

Act III. Sc. 2.

"The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order."

Act I. Sc. 3.

And this from the "Lear:" —

"By all the operation of the orbs,
From which we do exist, and cease to be."

Act I. Sc. 1.

And also the passages from Bacon, cited at page 498 of this work, where the soul is spoken of as "the simplest of substances," and to be regarded as "the centre of the world," and as "the pure ethereal sense and simple breath of fire:" whence it is "no marvel that the soul so placed enjoys no rest; according to the axiom that the motion of things out of their place is rapid, and in their place calm."

Bacon continues thus: "But to return. This variable and subtle composition and structure of man's body has made it as a musical instrument of much and exquisite workmanship, which is easily put out of tune. And therefore the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo: because the genius of both these arts is almost the same; for the office of the physician is but to know how to stretch and tune this harp of man's body that the harmony may be without all harshness or discord." — "Works," by S., Boston, IX. 25.

Page 166. *Eulogies.*

Milton's tribute to Shakespeare, written in 1630 (at the age of twenty-two and while he was yet in college at Cambridge), and prefixed to the Folio of 1632, is noticeable in connection with the poetical eulogy of Ben Jonson in the first Folio, and especially these lines: —

"Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long Monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die."

As with Ben Jonson, the stress is laid upon the "unvalu'd Book." The author has built himself "a live-long Monument" in that. He wonders at those Delphic lines, which make him "Marble with too much conceiving." He was only eight years old when Shakespeare died, and, of course, could have known little or nothing of the man himself personally. Mr. Masson¹ thinks that Milton must have possessed a copy of the first Folio, and this is very probable, though there is no express record of the fact. He was certainly acquainted with the book: he speaks very knowingly of that; for him the author lies sepulchred in it, and he appreciates its merits, as Ben Jonson also did. It would indeed have been a wonder if he had not done so.

Page 175. *Matthew's Postscript.*

In his "Essay of Cunning," Bacon says, "I knew one that, when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the Postscript, as if it had been a by-matter."² One might conjecture that this person must have been Sir Tobie Matthew.

Page 176. *Works of Recreation.*

The passage cited here continues thus (Letter to Matthew, 1605-9): "My Instauration I reserve for our conference; it sleeps not. Those works of the *Alphabet* are in my opinion of less use to you where you are now, than at Paris; and therefore I conceived that you had sent me a kind of tacit countermand of your former request. But in regard that some friends of yours have still insisted here, I send them to you; and for my part, I value your own reading more than your publishing them to others."³

What these works of the *Alphabet* were, Mr. Spedding "cannot guess," but thinks they might possibly refer to

¹ *Life of Milton* (London, 1835), I. p. 172.

² *Works*, by Spedd. (Boston), XII. 155.

³ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, VI. 134.

some *cypher* with two alphabets. But for this supposition there is no ground whatever.

Mrs. Pott cites the passage in connection with this entry in the "Promus" (p. 219):—

"Iisdem è literis efficitur tragœdia et comedia. Tragedies and Comedies are made of one Alphabet. — Eras. Adagia, 125."

But she wisely leaves it for tacit implication that this entry may explain what was meant by "those works of the *Alphabet*," which would be of less use to Mr. Matthew "where he was" (probably in Spain), "than at Paris." But there is nothing but conjecture to help out the insinuation. The caution added against "publishing them to others" shows that it was no *cypher* that they referred to, but that they were writings of some kind that were intended for Mr. Matthew's own reading. Bacon was in the habit of sending him philosophical treatises, as well as little works of his recreation. In the preceding lines, he had mentioned that he had sent him "a little work" of his recreation (which Mr. Matthew had not expressly requested), as well as those which he had desired. He then says that he reserves the Instauration "for our conference," and proceeds to speak of "*those works of the Alphabet*." He has not mentioned them in terms before, and there is nothing else in the letter to which "*those works*" can relate, but these same *little works of his recreation*. If such were the reference, this "Promus" entry might indeed give us a significant hint of their true nature. Evidently, it was not intended that any more express designation of them should appear in terms: Mr. Matthew would know well enough what was meant. The "Promus" may show that plays and the Alphabet lay associated together in Bacon's memory. And it is nothing unusual with him that such odd associations crop out in strange places. Mr. Matthew is equally enigmatical on this topic, both in his *Postscript* and when, in another letter, he ventures to say that "he cannot return measure for measure."

But again, it is possible that these "works of the Alphabet" may have referred to a class of topics which Bacon seems to have marked out for distinct treatment, and to be denoted by letters of the Greek alphabet, under the general title of "*The Alphabet of Nature*."¹ One part of it was "to inquire into the conditions of Transcendental Beings;" and it is evident from the terms used that it was to treat of the metaphysical categories of universal Being; such as that of "Existence and Non-Existence," "Possibility and Impossibility," "Potentiality of Being," "Potentiality of Being in Quantity," "Duration, or Durable and Transitory," "Natural and Unnatural," "Natural and Artificial," and the like. The whole investigation was to be conducted upon his method, and that method embraced the entire universe, both physical and metaphysical; but it was necessary, first, to have a complete history of facts, before a final interpretation could be ventured upon. The concluding sentences are very significant of this universal scope: "Lastly, I sometimes make attempts at interpretation, though of a very humble nature, and no way worthy in my estimation to be honoured with that name. For what need have I of pride or imposture, seeing that I so often declare that we are not furnished with so much history and experiments as we want, and that without these the interpretation of nature cannot be accomplished; and that therefore, it is enough for me if I do my part in setting the thing on foot." And he prays God, "the Maker, the preserver, the Renewer of the Universe," to protect and guide this work, "both in its ascent to his glory, and in its descent to the good of man;" — a conclusion very suggestive of these lines of George Herbert: —

"All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause."

I have endeavored, heretofore, to point out in what man-

¹ Bacon's *Works*, by Spedding (Boston, 1869), IX. 475.

ner Bacon intended to have this comprehensive method applied to human nature and human affairs, to matters moral and civil as well as natural or intellectual, for the culture and cure of the mind in all the relations of the family, society, and the state, and the attainment of a complete power of action for individual good. And from this point of view there might be no incongruity in the idea that tragedies and comedies should be associated in his mind with "works of the Alphabet;" but these were evidently prose writings of a metaphysical nature. And it is perhaps most probable that it was something of this kind that was intended by that phrase in the letter to Mr. Matthew, and not plays; and this "Promus" entry (I should say) can afford no safe ground for an inference that "those works of the Alphabet" were "tragedies and comedies," though the "little works of his recreation," which were also alluded to therein, may very well have been such.

Page 177. *On Weeds.*

In his Essay of "Nature in Men,"¹ Bacon says, "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other."

"And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker." — *Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 4.*

"Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered."
Sonnet cxxiv.

"When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds." — *Rich. II., Act III., Sc. 4.*

The resemblance here must be admitted to be such that, if it stood alone, it might very well be set down to the account of common usage, or accidental coincidence, but it is one of this author's words of frequent use.

Page 178. *Contemporary Writers.*

Mr. H. G. Atkinson quotes Professor Fowler as remarking (in his edition of the *Nov. Organum*), when speaking of

¹ *Works*, by Spedding, XII. 218. Boston.

the marvelous style and power of Bacon, that "no author can be compared with him unless it be Shakespeare." This strikes me as a true critical insight, and it has my entire concurrence. He is always *sui juris* and *sui generis*.

Page 185. *Bacon a Poet.*

Emerson quoted Thomas Moore as saying, "If Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), he did not know what poetry meant;"¹ and Mr. H. G. Atkinson cites De Maistre as saying of Bacon: "Rarement il resiste à l'envie d'être poète."

Mr. M. D. Conway thinks that Emerson "had some skepticism about the authorship of the Plays," and quotes him as saying, as early as the "Dial," that "as a poet, Shakespeare undoubtedly transcends and far surpasses him [Milton] in his popularity with foreign nations; but Shakespeare is a voice merely; who and what he was that sang, that sings, we know not."²

And Dr. O. W. Holmes cites him as saying of a certain song in the "Measure for Measure" (in 1838), "I know it is in 'Rollo,' but it is in 'Meas. for Meas.' also: and I remember noticing that the Malones and Stevenses and critical gen-try were about evenly divided, these for Shakespeare and those for Beaumont and Fletcher. But the internal evidence is all for one, none for the other. If he did not write it, they did not, and *we shall have some fourth unknown singer*. What care we who sang this or that. It is we at last who sing."³

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips (Outlines, 512) gives an extract from the "Annals or Chronicle of England," first written by John Stow, and afterwards continued down to 1614 by Edmund Howes, gent. (London, folio 1615, p. 811) as follows:—

¹ *Social Aims*, etc., p. 52. Boston, 1884.

² *Emerson at Home and Abroad*, by M. D. Conway, p. 101. Boston, 1882.

³ *Life of Emerson*, by O. W. Holmes, p. 128. Boston, 1885.

"Our modern and present excellent poets, which worthily flourish in their owne workes, and all of them in my own knowledge lived together in this Queene's reigne, according to their priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly set downe, viz., Geo. Gascoigne, Esq., Thos. Churchyard, Esq., Sir Edward Dyer, Kt., Edmund Spenser, Esq., Sir Philip Sydney, Kt., Sir Thos. Chaloner, Kt., Sir John Harrington, Kt., Sir Frauncis Bacon, Kt., and Sir John Davie, Kt., Master John Lillie, gent., Master Geo. Chapman, gent., M. W. Warner, gent., M. Willi Shakespeare, gent., Samuel Daniel, Esq., Michael Drayton, Esq. of the bath, M. Christopher Marlo, gent., M. Benjamin Jonson, gent., John Marston, Esq., M. Abraham Frauncis, gent., M. Frauncis Meres, gent., M. Joshua Sylvester, gent., M. Thomas Deckers, gent., M. John Fletcher, gent., M. John Webster, gent., M. Thomas Heywood, gent., M. Thomas Middleton, gent., M. George Withers."

This testimony of Stow (or Howes) is very notable. He was a contemporary, and he speaks as of his own knowledge. It is the only catalogue as yet known of the poets of Queen Elizabeth's reign, named exclusively as poets, and set down in the order of their priority in time, in which Sir Francis Bacon is enumerated, not generally as an orator and an author, but specifically as a poet. It states more expressly than anything said by Ben Jonson, or Sir Tobie Matthew, that Bacon was known to be a poet. The writer does not state the grounds of his knowledge, or on what information or evidence he ventured to place Sir Francis Bacon in his list of the poets of that reign. In Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," we have a list rather of orators and wits in general than of poets in particular, though Bacon is designated therein in terms that strongly imply that he was regarded as a poet, and not merely as an orator and wit, and at all events, "so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language." Neither Stow nor Howes could have founded such an opinion upon Bacon's "Metrical Version of the Psalms," for that was neither written nor published until 1624-25. The few other pieces of verse, mentioned by Mr. Spedding as doubtfully attributed to Bacon in his own time, would scarcely be sufficient (if he were in fact the author of them) to warrant the historian in placing his name among the poets of that age. Many circumstances have already been dwelt upon, which furnish strong

grounds of inference that Francis Bacon, notwithstanding his desire to remain "a concealed poet," and in spite of all his efforts to avoid a public reputation of being a playwright, or a poet, was in fact well known to Ben Jonson, Sir Tobie Matthew, Essex and Southampton, Sir John Davies, and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, if not also to George Herbert, Dr. Donne, and even the Queen herself, to be not only a poet, but the actual author of these plays; and either Howes or Stow may possibly have derived his knowledge from the same or similar sources as the rest did. Indeed sources enough are open to us now in the writings themselves, if only we will take the trouble to make a critical examination of them, with the mind's eye open.

The list also shows, of course, that William Shakespeare was likewise ranked among the poets of the time. No intimations are given of the grounds or reasons; and when we consider that the two poems were dedicated to Southampton, in his name, in 1593-94, and that he had become notorious among theatre-goers and the piratical printers as the author of these plays, as early as 1598, and that Meres and a dozen other scholars and poets afterwards, and indeed the whole general public, took him to be their author as reported, and that ever since the Folio of 1623, they have for the most part been taken for "*Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*," as proclaimed on its title-page, — there need be no wonder that Stow (or Howes) should be infected with the same delusion, prior to 1614.

Page 189. 'A Proverb.

Mrs. Pott's "Promus" (p. 247) gives this entry: "While the grasse grows the horse starveth;" and compares this same passage: —

"Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows' —
The proverb is something musty."

Such a proverb might very well have been on the tongue of many persons, but here we see that Bacon was certainly familiar with it.

Page 192. *Quintessence.*

In his letter to Rutland (4th Jan. 1595-96) Bacon writes: "So as your wit shall be whetted with couversing with many great wits, and you shall have the creame and quintessence of every one of theirs;" and again, speaking of Aristotle's "imaginary heaven and a certain fifth essence," he mentions "the four elements which this quintessence takes for granted." — *Int. Globe.*

Page 193. *Infection — Potion.*

Infection, infect, is one of Bacon's words of frequent use. Mrs. Pott (*Promus*, 1436, p. 462) shows this entry: — "To drench to potion to infect," — and cites these additional passages from the plays: —

"In sleep their drenched natures lie." — *Macb.*, *Act I. Sc. 7.*

"They fight with queasiness as men drink potions." — *2 Hen. IV.*, *Act I. Sc. 1.*

"The potion of imprisonment." — *Ib.*, *Sc. 2.*

"Thou minister'st unto me a potion that thou would'st tremble to receive." — *Per.*, *Act I. Sc. 2.*

"They are infected in their hearts." — *L. L. L.*, *Act V. Sc. 2.*

And she adds that *infect*, in a metaphorical sense, is used in the plays "about fifty times."

Page 204. *A Model.*

So likewise, in the "Essay on Gardens," it is said, "So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it."

Page 207. *Fastigia rerum.*

Much like Bacon's expression is this passage from the "Tempest" (*Act IV. Sc. 1*): —

"*Isis.* . . . I met her Dely
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her."

And this from the "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 328) suggests that from the "Timon of Athens : " —

"Longae (*sic*)

Ambages sed summa sequar fastigia rerum. — *Virg. Æn.*, I. 346."

"(Long and intricate [is the story]; but I will trace the topmost points of things, i. e., the chief facts.)"

This entry furnishes an interesting key to open the secret of all these passages: it is (as it were) the primitive "seed" from which they sprung.

It is true enough that "*summa sequar fastigia rerum*" was an old and a common phrase, and might have been used by any classical scholar. Nevertheless, this "*cutting the liquid air of philosophy*," and "*cutting the clouds towards Paphos*," would seem to have a nearer kinship. If *cutting* here was more poetical than the Virgilian *follow*, or *pursue*, then Bacon was more poetical than Virgil — was in fact just as poetical as "Mr. William Shakespeare."

Page 215. *Order of the Helmet.*

The similarity of the second *Item* of it with the following from Mrs. Pott's edition of the "Promus" (p. 298) is very striking: —

"Dedecus publicum. — Eras. Ad. 812. (Public shame — disgrace.)"

"*Item*. . . If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly devise. — *L. L. L., Act I. Sc. 1.*"

Page 230. *"Morning of his eyes."*

In his "History of Great Britain" Bacon uses this expression: "And therefore it rejoiced all men to see so fair a morning of a kingdom."

Page 247. *Preëminence and Power.*

"The crown is not a garland or mere outward ornament, but consists of preëminence and power." — Bacon's Speech.

So King Henry says to the Prince in the "2 Henry IV." (*Act IV. Sc. 4*), speaking of the crown :—

"*K. Hen.* So, thou the garland wear'st successively."

And King Lear, when investing Albany and Cornwall with their sovereignties :—

"*K. Lear.* I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preëminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty."

Page 283. "*By that sin fell the Angels.*"

So says Bacon (*Essay of Goodness*): "The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowlege in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come to danger by it."

Page 292. "*Thy angel becomes a fear.*"

In the "Advice to Villiers," Bacon says: "It is true that the whole kingdom hath cast their eye upon you as the new rising star, and no man thinks his business can prosper at Court unless he hath you for his good Angel, or at least that you be not a *Malus genius* against him."

Page 298. *Prophetic Visions.*

Bacon's "Promus" (*Mrs. Pott*, p. 470) contains the following: "The nature of anything is best consydered in the seed."

And together with this same passage from the "2 Hen. IV." (*Act III. Sc. 2*), she cites these others :—

"If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me." — *Macb., Act I. Sc. 3.*

"Seeds and roots of shame and iniquity."

Bacon frequently uses the expression "seeds or atoms," in his philosophical discussions; and here is the idea of an evolution in nature, in history, and in men's lives, that has

a wide scope, reaching even to a power of prediction and prophecy of the main chance of things. And these passages have struck me as peculiarly Baconian, and as significant on our question.

Page 307. *Parallelism.*

The "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 412) has this entry: "Spes in dolio remansit, sed non ut antidotum, sed ut major morbus. (Hope remained in the jar, but not as an antidote, but as a worse disease.)"

"It was an idle fiction of the poets to make hope the antidote of human diseases," etc. — "Med. Sacrae."

"The miserable have no other medium but only hope."

Meas. for M., Act III. Sc. 1.

"With some sweet oblivious antidote." — *Mach., Act V. Sc. 3.*

Another "Promus" entry (Mrs. Pott, p. 479) is this: "Il n'y a meilleure mirroire que le veil amye. (There is no better glass than an old friend.)"

And Mrs. Pott compares the following passages: "It is a strange thing what gross errors and extreme absurdities many . . . do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them. . . . As St. James saith they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour." — "Ess. of Friendship."

"Pride is his own glass." — *Tr. and Cr., Act II. Sc. 3.*

"A sample to the youngest, to the most mature,
A glass that feated them." — *Cymb., Act I. Sc. 1.*

To all which this may be added from the "Advancement of Learning: —

"Wherein as the divine glass is the word of God, so the politic glass is the state of the world, or times wherein we live; in the which we are to behold ourselves."¹

Dr. Thomson cites these lines from the "Julius Caesar (*Act I. Sc. 2*): —

¹ *Works* (Boston), VI. 370.

"*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of."

And also from Bacon (apparently): "For who can by often looking in the glass discover and judge so well of his own favour as another with whom he converseth?"

The "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 233) adds this also:—

"A man's customes are the mouldes where his fortune is cast."

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."—*Ham., Act III. Sc. 1.*

Here is another parallelism to which my attention has been called by Mr. Jas. T. Cobb, of Salt Lake: in 1603 was printed Bacon's "Discourse of the Union," in which it is said: "So we see when two lights do meet the greater doth darken the less. And when a smaller river runneth into a greater, it loseth both its name and stream. And hereof, to conclude, we see an excellent example in the kingdoms of Judah and Israel."

In the "Merchant of Venice" (written about 1597) we have these lines:—

"*Por* That light we see is burning in my hall,
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters."

This double simile of both light and water, appearing alike in both passages, only illumined a little in the verse by the poetic imagination, as was fit there, may defy all explanation by common usage, borrowing, or accidental coincidence; and it may show in what manner and with what skill the author worked up his maxims, "seeds" and "skeins," into the fabric of his verse, and what bold meta-

phors they suggested; as, for instance, when the lesser state of the substitute "empties itself" on the appearance of the greater, — a figure of speech that would have been quite unintelligible, if not absurd, if it had not been immediately illustrated by the simile of "a smaller river running into a greater," or of an "inland brook" emptying itself into "the main of waters," and so made to sparkle on the imagination like a new cut diamond. "But," says our sentimental critic, "the one phrase is Baconian prose, the other is Shakespearean poetry, and as different as light from darkness, if only you had an eye to see." It may be taken as another instance of Bacon's borrowing, not from the play, but from himself.

Again we have the following: —

"That I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces." — Bacon's Prayer.

"For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your gifts and graces to tell." — *Sonnet ciii.*

"This sixth direction which I have thus explained is of good and competent liberty for whiteness fixed and inherent, but not for whiteness fantastical or appearing." — Bacon.

"Truth needs no color with his color fixed." — *Sonnet.*

Here is another which has struck me with much force: —

"They are not wise of the payment day. . . . They step out of the world unfurnished for their general account, and being all unprovided, desire yet to hold their gravity, preparing their souls to answer in scarlet." — "Essay of Death."

"Thus was I, . . .
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
With all my horrible imperfections on my head."
Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 5.

This is cited by Mrs. Pott under the "Promus" entry (p. 447): "Furnyshed, etc., — as phappes you are [perhaps you are] (instead of are not)."

And it would seem very possible that this note in the "Promus" may have been the "seed" from which the idea was developed for both passages. The more imaginative terms, *unhousel'd* and *unanel'd*, are scarcely sufficient to disguise the identity here, and make a distinction between the poet and the proser.

In the "De Aug.,"¹ speaking of the persuasions of rhetoric, Bacon says, that "like a musician accommodating his skill to different ears, a man should be, —

Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinus Arion."

With which compare the following in the plays: —

"Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see." — *Tw. N., Act I. Sc. 2.*

... "His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in." — *Ant. and Cleo., Act V. Sc. 2.*

Other poets made like allusions to Arion, as the following instances may show: —

Ben Jonson (in the *Poetaster*, IV. 1), refers to the same classical fable: —

"Another Orpheus, yon slave, another Orpheus! An Arion riding on the back of a dolphin."

And Ford, according to Emma Phipson (*Animal Lore of Shakes.*, p. 96), has these lines: —

"Straight comes a dolphin playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up." — *Lover's Mel., Act I. Sc. 1.*

And again, in the "Mids. N. Dr.," we have: —

"And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back."

Mrs. Pott cites also the "Promus" (p. 181): "Orpheus

¹ *Works* (Boston), IX. 184.

in silvis, inter delphinas Arion, Virg. Eccl. VIII. 56 (*An Orpheus in the woods, an Arion among dolphins*)," together with the like passage as that above cited, and these lines from the "Two Gent. of Verona" (*Act III. Sc. 2*):—

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge *leviathans*
Forsake unsounded deeps."

See *ante*, pp. 151–158, for further references to Orpheus and the power of his music.

Of course, any learned poet, with a mind full of classical lore, might make such similes and metaphors; but here we see for certain that Bacon's mind was well stored with these poetic fables and images. A simple allusion to Orpheus and Arion, or to the dolphin, alone, might be said to prove nothing; but in connection with all the rest, and to ears that are open to delicate echoes, these several references may furnish a happy instance of Bacon's way of using his materials.

Page 323. *Equivocation.*

On the trials of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, in 1606, a MS. treatise on *Equivocation* was found among the papers of Tresham, corrected in the handwriting of the Jesuit priest, Garnet, which gave examples of equivocations that were not deemed perjury, or lying, in Jesuitical morals. It is not known that Sir Francis Bacon had any hand in those trials, though he was King's Counsel at that time; but Mr. Spedding finds that he inclosed to his friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, "a relation" or account of them (*Letters and L. III. 255*). The *Macbeth* appeared in 1607; and Prof. Gardiner¹ cites the following passage from that play and mentions that it was noticed by Prof. Hales (in *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1878) as apparently making some allusion to Garnet and his doctrines, thus:—

¹ *Hist. of Eng.*, I. 282. London, 1882.

"Porter. Knock, knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name? — 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: O, come in, equivocator. . . . I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire." — *Macb.*, Act II. Sc. 3.

It is highly probable that Bacon was more or less concerned in that legal business, or was at least well acquainted with the proceedings; and such a document as that tract was would be likely to fix his attention. The "*Macbeth*" was written somewhere in these years (1605–6), and if we may imagine Bacon to have been the author of the play, the passage may become still more noticeable; and it may be compared with this passage from Bacon's letter to his friend, Sir Toby Matthew (in 1607–8):—

"And I entreat you much sometimes to meditate upon the extreme effects of superstition in the last Powder Treason, *fit to be tabled and pictured in the chambers of meditation as another hell above the ground*, and well justifying the censure of the heathen that superstition is worse than Atheism."¹

Page 326. *Similitudes.*

Though the list might be extended almost without limit, I will add one more in this place for the benefit of those dissenters whom (it seems) no amount of evidence of this kind can satisfy. It has been noticed by Mr. Wm. Henry Smith.²

The "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*" of 1623 was an enlargement in Latin of the "*Advancement of Learning*," published in 1605. In the latter we have Bacon's English in this passage: "Behavior seemeth to me as a garment of the mind, and to have the conditions of a garment. For it ought to be made in fashion; it ought not to be too curi-

¹ *Introd. to Bacon's Essays*, by Edwin A. Abbott, D. D., I. cxii. London, 1882.

² *Bacon and Shakes.* (London, 1857), p. 41.

ous; it ought to be shaped so as to set forth any good making of the mind, and hide any deformity; and, above all, it ought not to be too straight or restrained for exercise or motion."¹

In the Latin of the "De Aug.,"² the words for "conditions of a garment" are "*vestis commoditates*," the advantages, or (as we should now say) the *conveniences* of the dress. In the "Lear" it was said, "Our defects" may "prove our commodities." And instead of "*too curious*," the Latin has "*too curious and costly*" ("*nimis delicata et sumptuosa*"); and concludes with the words, "*postremo, et super omnia, ne sit nimis arcta, atque ita animum angustiet ut ejusdem motus in rebus gerendis cohibeat et impediat*," which may be translated thus: "Lastly, and above all, it ought not to be too tight, and so straiten the mind as to constrain and hinder its motions in business affairs."

And in the "Hamlet" (*Act I. Sc. 3*) these lines are to be found:—

"Pol. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the chief rank and station,
Are most select and generous in that."

In the "Advice to Villiers," Bacon writes: "Let vanity in apparel, and (which is more vain) that of the fashion be avoided. I have heard that in Spain (a grave nation whom in this I wish we might imitate) they do allow the players and courtizans the variety of rich and costly cloaths, but to sober men and matrons they permit it not, upon pain of infamy."

With these lines from the "Hamlet," Mrs. Pott cites this from the "Promus" (p. 188): "Cultus major censu. (His dress is beyond his income)," and also this (p. 463): "The ayre of his behavior; fashons."

¹ *Works*, by Spedding (Boston), VI. 350.

² *Works* (Boston), III. 57.

Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?" — *W. T., Act IV. Sc. 4*

Polonius' instructions to Reynaldo (whom he is sending to France to look after his son, Laertes) go very much upon the wisdom here expounded:—

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, *Str.*
Inquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris* :
And how, and who; what means, and where they keep;
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, — 'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him.'

Marry, sir, here 's my drift ;
And I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying there slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,

¹ *Works* (Boston), VI. 361; III. 94; XII. 274.

Having ever seen in the predominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:

'I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such or such; and as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,' —
Videlicet, a brothel, — or so forth. —
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out." — *Ham.*, Act II. Sc. 1.

"This above all, — to thine own self be true." — *Ham.*, Act. I. Sc. 3.

"And be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others." — *Ess. of Wisdom or a Man's Self.*

It is said also in the "Essay of Simulation and Dissimulation:" "And, therefore, it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, *Tell a lie and find a truth.* As if there were no way of discovery but by simulation." This proverb is also noted in the "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 240).

And a little further on, in the "Advancement," it is said: "The second precept concerning this knowledge is, for men to take good information touching their own person, and well to understand themselves: knowing that as St. James saith, though men look oft in a glass, yet they soon suddenly forget themselves; wherein as the divine glass is the word of God, so the politic glass is the state of the world or times wherein we live; in the which we are to behold ourselves."¹

So Hamlet's end and purpose of playing was, —

"To hold, as 't were, the mirrour up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

Now, a hasty critic, or a born genius, might jump to the futile conclusion that Shakespeare had read Bacon, or Bacon

¹ *Works* (Boston), VI. 369.

Shakespeare; but the "Hamlet" was certainly written before 1603, and the "Advancement" was not published until 1605. There was a period (says Mr. Spedding) of some years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603-4, when Bacon "had little to do with public affairs;" but he was doubtless busy with his literary occupations, — writing works in verse and in prose (as we may conjecture) at about the same time. And (as the case is in so many other instances of like kind) we find the same matter — thought and word — falling (perhaps unconsciously) into both kinds of writings. Of course, it is quite certain that William Shakespeare could never have borrowed anything from the "Advancement" for the "Hamlet" nor for any other play that was written prior to 1605; and when the question is, if Bacon did not borrow from the play of Shakespeare, there is so much more of the same sort in his prose writings that it becomes manifest that such a supposition can have no weight, if it be not entirely preposterous on other grounds. Instances enough have already been given, where there was no conceivable probability (if indeed a possibility) of Bacon borrowing from the plays otherwise than as he was himself the author of them, and carried the same matters in his mind and memory for longer or shorter periods. As a general thing, the similitudes are sure to occur in writings (prose and verse), the composition of which belongs to nearly the same date, whenever the dates can be definitely ascertained.

Only one more will be added here: In the "Natural History" (chap. viii. § 771), which was not printed until after his death in 1626, though he had been collecting materials for it nearly all his life, Bacon says, "But I find in Plutarch and others, that when Augustus Cæsar visited the sepulchre of Alexander the Great in Alexandria, he found the body to keep its dimension: but with all, that notwithstanding all the embalming (which no doubt was the best), the body was so tender, as Cæsar, touching but the nose of it, defaced it."

And it appears in the "Hamlet" thus: —

"*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth unto dust; the dust is the earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the Winter's flaw!"

Ham., Act V. Sc. 1.

And, generally, wherever we can come upon his quarry of materials, we are pretty sure to find them worked up into his finished writings in some form or manner, whether in verse or prose.

Page 335. *Received Custom.*

This expression appears again in Bacon's Letter to Mountjoy: ¹ "I send you the last part of the best book of Aristotle, who (as your Lordship knoweth) goest for the best author. But (saving the civil respect which is due to a *received estimation*) the man being a Grecian and a hasty wit, having hardly a discovering patience, much less a teaching patience, hath so delivered the matter, as I am glad to do the part of a househen, which without any strangeness will set upon pheasant's eggs."

This is (I think) that same "*more recepto*," or *received custom*, and it is important only as showing an habitual manner of expressing himself.

The customs, as well as the natures and dispositions of men, were a special subject for consideration with Bacon. His study of the "characters of natures and dispositions" is referred to at pages 341 to 344 of this book. "And in truth," he says, "*I cannot sometimes but wonder that this part of knowledge should for the most part be omitted both in Morality and Polity, considering it might shed such a ray of light on both sciences.*"

¹ *Works* (Boston), XIII. 263.

In these plays, we certainly have an emphatic exemplification of the wisdom and value of such knowledge. "His [Shakespeare's] comedies," says Aubrey,¹ "will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*; now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood."

The following "Promus" entry² may be mentioned in this connection: "A man's customes are the mouldes where his fortune is cast."

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form." — *Ham., Act. III. Sc. 1.*

There is some repetition of this in the "Essay of Custom and Education:" "In other things the predominancy of custom is everywhere visible; insomuch as *a man would wonder* to hear men profess, protest, engage, give great words, and then do just as they have done before; as if they were dead images, and engines moved only by the wheels of custom." And with all this repetition, we need not wonder that "the assault that Angelo hath made to Isabella," practicing "his judgment with the disposition of natures," should make the Duke exclaim, "But that frailty hath examples for his falling, *I should wonder at Angelo.*" And, "Certainly," continues the Essay, "the great multiplication of virtues upon human nature resteth upon societies well ordained and disciplined."

Page 345. *The "As You Like It."*

On reading Dr. Lodge's "Rosalynd or Euphues Golden Legacy" in Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library (Vol. II. London, 1875), I am further satisfied that nothing of the matters which I have noted as Baconian came from that work. It may have been one source of the fable. Though there is some general description of the incidents of different ages of man in Lodge, Bacon has plainly substituted for all

¹ *Letters and Life*, II. 539. London, 1813.

² Mrs. Pott's *Promus*, p. 233.

that his own *Seven Ages*, drawn chiefly from his "History of Life and Death." This is so obvious that it confirms me in my statement that all the decidedly Baconian traits are to be found in the characters and parts, which were super-added to the common story.

It is more probable that Bacon's idea might have been suggested by Solon's poetical description of the seven ages of man : —

Τῇ δεκατῇ δ' ὅτε δὴ τελέθῃ θεὸς ἔστ', ἰππαινοῦς
οὐκ ἂν ἄμρος ἔιν μοῖραν ἔχον θανάτου.

"It is the oldest known," says Professor Mahaffy.¹ Or, quite as probably, it may have been suggested by the *Seven Ages* of Hippocrates (an author with whom Bacon was likely to have been acquainted), viz., Infancy, Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, Manhood, Middle Age, and Old Age, as stated by Philo Judaeus,² who also refers to Solon : —

"When God has granted ten times seven,
The aged man prepares for Heaven."

The seven ages in the play will be found to correspond exactly with those of Hippocrates and Bacon.

The following entry in the "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 324) may be compared with Bacon's "wheels of vicissitude :"
"Omnium rerum vicissitudo est. — Eras. Ad. 624. (Vicissitude in all things.)"

The "last scene of all" ends "this strange eventful history."

Page 355. *Lucian*. Pages 362–67. *The "Timon of Athens."*

It appears that the Italian author, Boiardo, towards the end of the fifteenth century, versified Lucian's "Timon" for the stage.³ It is very possible that Bacon may have seen it.

¹ *Hist. of Greek Lit.*, I. 177. New York, 1880.

² *Works*, by C. A. Yonge, B. A., I. 31. London, 1854.

³ *Symonds' Renaissance in Italy*, I. 458. London, 1881.

The "Promus" (Mrs. Pott, p. 452) contains these entries : —

"As please the paynter."

"A nosce teipsū (A chiding or disgrace). [*Know thyself.*]"

Under which she cites, among many other passages (in which this famous maxim is repeated), this one from the "Timon" (*Act II. Sc. 2*) : —

"*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves."

Mrs. Pott also gives us the "Promus" entry (p. 306) : "Tanto buon che val niente."

This Italian proverb is referred to also in the "Essay of Goodness : " "The Italians have an ungracious proverb, *Tanto buon che val niente ; so good that he is good for nothing.* And one of the Doctors of Italy, Nicholas Machiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, *That the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust.* Which he spake, because indeed there was never law, or sect, or opinion, did so much magnify goodness, as the Christian religion doth."

Mrs. Pott cites under this entry, among other passages from the plays, this one : —

"Goodness, growing to a pleurisy, dies in his overmuch."

Ham., Act VI. Sc. 7.

And this from the Timon : —

"Poor honest lord ; brought low by his own heart,

Undone by goodness ! Strange unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good."

Tim. Ath., Act IV. Sc. 2.

It appears again in the "Tro. and Cressida" (*Act III. Sc. 2*), where the Duke is made to say, "There is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it" (*Ante*, p. 461).

The "Essay of Goodness" also says, "I take goodness in this sense, the effecting the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call *Philanthropia*, and the word *humanity* (as it is used) is a little too light to express it."

Timon was "*opposite to humanity.*"

"*Tim. Burn, house ! sink, Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity.*"

I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind."

Cicero (Tusc. Quaes. *Lib. IV. c. 2. § 25*) mentions

"Timone, qui *Misáthropos* appellatur."

The tenor of these passages is so in keeping with the tone of the play in the parts referred to that it would seem impossible that they should not impress the mind of any critical reader as having a significant bearing upon our question of the authorship of the plays.

Page 386. *The Fable of Cupid.*

The following extracts from Bacon's "Cogitationes de Natura Rerum"¹ show very clearly that he rejected the atomic theory of Democritus altogether, and laid the stress on the active power in Nature, and that he regarded Matter as a kind of living Proteus, capable of transforming itself into all manner of shapes, forms, and motions, and as being the first essential cause or *Causa sui*, which was itself without a Cause other than itself, and was coeval with Chaos. But, while it is evident that he must have conceived it, in some vague way (as the Neoplatonists also had done), as identical with absolute Intelligence, there is no attempt in his writings (as there is none in theirs) to give it an exact logical statement: that work he left for the future ages to accomplish.

"But the proper question is" [he says], "whether all bodies do not likewise pass through regular circuits and intermediate changes. For there

¹ See Trans. by Spedding, *Works* (Boston), X. 291.

is no doubt but that *the seeds of things*, though equal, as soon as they have thrown themselves into certain groups and knots, completely assume the nature of dissimilar bodies, till those groups and knots are dissolved."

"But Democritus, acute as he is, . . . when he comes to examine the principles of motions, appears to be unequal to himself, and to be unskilful. . . . And I know not whether this inquiry I speak of concerning *the first seeds or atoms* be not the most useful of all, as being the supreme rule of act and power, and the true mediator of hope and works."

"And this prepares the way to overthrow the theory of Democritus on *the diversity of seeds or atoms*. . . . As if a man should make it his object to inspect the anatomy of the corpse of Nature, instead of inquiring into her living faculties and powers. . . . And we should try to *enchain Nature like Proteus*; for the right discovery and distinction of the kinds of motions are the true bonds of Proteus. For according as motions, that is, inventions and restraints, can be spurred on, or tied up, so follows conversion and transformation of matter itself."

Here is a kind of prophetic hint, though a vague one, of the Hegelian dialectic; and this last idea would seem to have suggested the expression in the play —

"— a restraint
To a determin'd scope."

Mrs. Pott gives us this "Promus" entry (p. 281):
"Older than chaos. *Antiquior quam chaos*. — Eras. Ad. 573."

And she refers to the "Wisdom of the Ancients" on Cupid or the Atom, and to this line from the "Rom. and Jul." (*Act I. Sc. 3*): —

"Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms."

This "Wisdom of the Ancients" on "*Proteus or Matter*"¹ may show that Bacon conceived of matter as a one whole, capable of infinite changes of form:

"And whereas it is added in the fable that *Proteus was a prophet* and knew the three times [Past, Present, and Future]; this agrees well with the nature of matter: for if a man knew the conditions, affections, and processes of matter, he would certainly comprehend the sum and general issue (for I do not say that his knowledge would extend to the parts and singularities) of all things past, present, and to come."

¹ *Works* (Boston), XIII. 116-18.

The idea finds an echo in the play:—

"A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep: careless, reckless, and fearless of *what's past, present, or to come*: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal."—*Meas. for M.*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

And in another place,¹ he adds that, "by rigid experiment," we may "*succeed in handicuffing this Proteus of matter, and driving it to many transformations.*"

Mrs. Pott gives the "Promus" entry (p. 278): "Chameleon, Proteus, Euripus," and notices that in the "3 Hen. VI." (*Act III. Sc. 2*), we have these lines:—

"Glo. I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school."

And the "Promus" entry (Mrs. Pott, p. 470) reads thus: "The nature of everything is best consydered in the seed;" and she cites several passages from the plays, which illustrate the author's use of these same "seeds" in developing his poetical conceits.

Page 393. *Bacon a philosopher.*

Victor Cousin, speaking of Bacon's method in philosophy, quotes a passage from the Latin of the Preface to the "Instauratio Magna" (1620), which he translated into French to this effect: "I believe that I have forever and legitimately united the empirical and the rational methods, the divorce of which is fatal to science and humanity."² Mr. Spedding gives the following translation: "I have established forever a true and lawful marriage between the empirical and rational faculty, the unkind and ill-starred divorce and separation of which has thrown into confusion all the affairs of the human family."³

¹ *Ibid.*, IX. 82.

² *Hist. of Mod. Phil.*, transl. by O. W. Wight, II. 81.

³ *Works* (Boston), VIII. 34.

In an emphatic way, this passage marks a distinguishing peculiarity of the philosophy of Bacon. He would combine and unite the empirical and the logical (or metaphysical) methods into one. Plato had dwelt too exclusively upon the inward light, and so had given a theological and mystical direction to speculation. Democritus, on the other hand, had too exclusively pursued the empirical method, and fixed his attention on atoms as the ultimate forms of matter, and this had led to the equally delusive theory of a universe made up of atoms and a void. Bacon's method would go to neither of these extremes, but, holding a middle course, would investigate Nature scientifically to the bottom, until this changing Proteus of matter should be driven or followed through all its possible transformations in the Past, the Present, and the Future; and we were to have an observation and "Natural History" of facts, verified as it were upon oath, that should be as it were "another Scripture." It should take Metaphysic as handmaid, guide, and interpreter, until we should reach the highest "universals" at the top of Pan's pyramid, and enter the realm of universal and absolute truth. When the superstructure of philosophy itself should finally be raised in a future age, and the most inward and essential constitution, laws, and modes of action and operation of this strange Proteus should be adequately comprehended, it might be found to be a universal Ideality, knowable in its essential theory, though not in all the contingent details of its "parts and singularities" in the Three Times. And this would seem to have been the drift and substance of Bacon's philosophy. Proteus, we may be certain, was for him no empty fable.

Page 397. *Parca's fatal web.*

Mrs. Pott gives this from the "Promus:" "781. Penelope's web (Penelopes telam retexere). — Erasmus' Ad., 156," — and cites this passage from the "Coriolanus" (*Act I. Sc. 3*): —

"You should be another Penelope; yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca with moths."

Page 399. *Mind in Nature.*

I have quoted here from the translation of William Wood.¹ Bacon's Latin reads thus: "Homo enim naturæ minister et interpreter tantum facit et intelligit, quantum de naturæ ordine, opere vel mente, observaverit; nec amplius scit, aut potest."² Or, again, "quantum de Naturæ ordine re vel mente, observaverit."³ Mr. Spedding's translation is, *What he has observed of nature's order in fact or in thought*; that is, what man has observed, or thought, about the order of Nature. But this is neither the language nor the sense of Bacon. His words literally are *the order, work or mind of nature*, and *the order fact or mind of Nature*. His meaning obviously is, that the order, operation, and fact of Nature is identical with the mind of Nature: we may call it one or the other, it makes no difference in the thing or reality. And such I find to be the drift and essential character of his whole philosophy. How a man can observe Nature in thought, as well as in fact, is not very clear; but if it mean that he can observe the order, fact, and thought in Nature, it is intelligible, and amounts to something.

Page 419. *Leave not a rack behind.*

The language of the 63d Sonnet is noticeable in this connection: —

"Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now."

¹ *Works*, by Montagu (Philad., 1859), III. 342.

² *Nov. Org. — Distributio: Works* (Boston), I. 227.

³ *Ibid. — Aphorisms, I. : Vol. I. 241.*

Mr. Main¹ notes this word *rack* and quotes Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum" (c. ii. § 115) as saying, "*The winds in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below) pass without noise:*"—and he cites "Hamlet" (Act II. Sc. 2):—

"But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stood still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region."

Certainly, the idea is subtle here, and the language is very striking in all three passages. Can this be accidental, or common usage? Do such delicate identities mean nothing? Can they be paralleled out of any two different authors? *Me judice*, not. Mr. Main observes (p. 288) this "coincidence of the words *region* and *rack* in close proximity in Bacon and Shakespeare," and adds that "Prof. Holmes might have included it in his chapter of parallelisms (Authorship of Shakespeare, New York, 1866);" and so he will, now that it comes to his notice.

Mr. Main also cites passages from other poets, apparently with a view of showing that these peculiar words were in common use in the same sense:—

"And changing passions, like inconstant clouds, —
That, rackt upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase and die."

Edward III., Act II. Sc. 1-3.

"Driving along a rack of winged clouds."

Shelley.

"And all along a dismal rack of clouds."

Keats.

"The autumn storm-winds drive the rack."

M. Arnold.

"Part loosely wing the region."

Milton.

These passages, truly enough, may show that the words

¹ *Treasury of English Sonnets* (N. Y., 1881), p. 287.

rack and *region* were used in the same sense among poets, even in later times ; but this does not quite come up to the more significant fact that the three words *rack*, *region*, and *silence* ("without noise"), are used in all three distinct passages, one in prose and two in verse, alike and together : this is what signifies.

There is a like allusion in the "Ant. and Cleo." (*Act IV. Sc. 12*) : —

"Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water in water."

That is, *the winds moving the clouds*, what was the figure of a horse or a whale, is silently *dislimned*, and vanishes as if melting into water, or air.

Page 421. *The very centre of the Earth.*

Bacon alludes again to this idea of the centre of the earth *drawing all things to it*, in his Introduction to the "History of Heavy and Light : " ¹ "The ancients . . . added by way of seasoning the mathematical fancy that heavy bodies would adhere to the centre of the earth (*even if a hole were made through it*), together with the scholastic fiction of the motion of bodies to their own places. . . . Gilbert, therefore, has not unscientifically introduced the question of magnetic force, but he has himself become a magnet ; that is, he has ascribed too many things to that force, and built a ship out of a shell."

This was the force that drew Helena to Demetrius, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" (*Act II. Sc. 1*) : —

"Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as steel."

And this same hole through the centre of the earth appears again in the same play (*Act III. Sc. 2*), thus : —

¹ *Works* (Boston), IX. 468.

“*Her.* I’ll believe as soen,
 This whole Earth may be bor’d, and that the moon
 May through the centre creep, and so displease
 Her brother’s noontide with th’ Antipodes.”

Bacon’s objection to the theory of “a motion to the earth’s centre,” that it would be “a sort of *potent nothing*, dragging to itself large masses,” or (as it is said in the “*Troilus and Cressida*”): —

“Is as the very centre of the Earth
 Drawing all things to it,” —

has already been noticed (*ante*, p. 421); and that seemed to be sufficiently peculiar. It is possible that some similar notion of boring a hole through the earth to determine if a body would stop at the centre, or pass on to the Antipodes, might be discovered in the writings of some authentic fellow of the time, though gravity had not then been heard of; but if any learned critic should think it would much help the matter, if it were found; or if he could believe that William Shakespeare did, by some happy accident, or by mere dint of genius, hit upon the same idea (for this paper of Bacon on “Heavy and Light” was not printed until after his death); or that Francis Bacon borrowed his natural philosophy from William Shakespeare’s play (otherwise than as he was constantly borrowing from himself), I should make no further attempt to disturb his faith in this particular.

Page 440. *The table of my memory.*

In his “Redargutio” Bacon uses this same image: “For certainly we know that the tables of the mind differ from common tables. In these, you will not write other things unless you shall have erased the former: in those, you will scarcely *wipe out the former records* unless you shall have inscribed the new.”

And Theobald, in his notes, cites these lines: —

"Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,"

and says, "*Æschylus*, I remember, twice uses this very Metaphor: considering the *Mind* or *Memory* as a *Tablet* or *Writing-book*, on which we are to engrave Things worthy of Remembrance," and cites these words from the Greek: —

ἢν ἐγγράφου σὺ μνήμοσιν δόλοισι φρενῶν. — *Prometh.* 788.

μέγας γὰρ ἄιδης ἐστὶν εὐθύνος βροτῶν
ἐνερθε χθονός, δελτογράφος δὲ πάντ' ἐκπεπῆ φρενί. — *Ænem.* 272-3.

Page 441. *The truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one.*

The citations here are from the speech in "Praise of Knowledge," which is now known to have been a part of the *Masque* written by Francis Bacon for the revels at Court (most probably in 1592), and entitled "Of Tribute or Giving what is Due," and edited by Mr. Spedding, from the Northumberland MS., under the name of a "Conference of Pleasure" (London, 1870). From the doctrines maintained in it, one might infer that Bacon had already become a disciple of Parmenides. It opens in these words: "My praise shall be dedicated to the mind itself. The mind is the man and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth. The mind itself is but an accident to knowledge; for knowledge is a double of that which is; the truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one."¹

Without entering "into any discussions of the philosophical speculations" contained in this speech, Mr. Spedding contents himself with the remark that "the theory of the universe, which is here indicated is the same (I think), in substance, which Bacon held in his mature years, and belongs to the general consideration of his philosophy." And in this opinion I entirely concur.

¹ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, I. 123.

Page 444. *Creator in Nature and his Creatures.*

In the "2 Hen. VI." (*Act II. Sc. 1*), we have this line:

"To see how God in all his creatures works."

Page 444. "— into thin air."

In the "History of Winds," Bacon speaks of "air (which is a thin and rarified body)"; and of mountains and hills as "capped by clouds;" and uses the word *rack* in the sense of *reek*, vapor (A. Sax. *Rec*, smoke, steam, reak or reck, exhalation, foam. — *Richardson's Dic.*; Sax. *rec*, *recan*, steam, smoke. — *Webster*). And it is several times used in the plays, in this same sense.

Page 452. "*That all knowledge is but remembrance.*"

Bacon's interpretation of the doctrine comes very near the statement of Thomas Taylor: "That our soul essentially contains all knowledge, and whatever knowledge she acquires in the present life, is in reality nothing more than a recovery of what she once possessed, but had lost through her oblivious union with the body. And that Plato says, 'We know all things as in a dream, and are again ignorant of them according to vigilant perception.' . . . And it is requisite 'that the soul, entering within herself, should investigate in herself *the true* and *the good*, and the eternal reason of things.' " — *Taylor's Gen. Introd. to Plato*.

Page 453. *Despising the things which we now say are.*

Professor Jowett thinks the correct translation of the original of this word *despising* would be *looking down upon*, in the sense of *direction*, not of *contempt*; and this, I think, expresses the true meaning much better. He also observes that it is difficult to determine, always, whether Plato, when speaking of the soul, means the finite soul, or the universal soul.¹ In this, also, I entirely agree.

¹ Jowett's *Dialogues of Plato*, I. 375.

Page 456. *Illusions.*

Bacon seems to have been fully aware of the nature of these illusions (the *Maya* of the Hindus) as may appear by his third example of the "Idols of the Tribe," thus: "Man is as it were the common measure and mirror of Nature. For it is not credible (if all particulars be gone through and noted) what a troop of fictions and idols the reduction of the operations of Nature to the similitude of human actions has brought into natural philosophy; I mean the fancy that Nature acts as man does. Neither are these much better than the heresy of the Anthropomorphites, bred in the cells of gross and solitary books; or the opinions of Epicurus answering to the same in Heathenism, who supposed the gods to be of human shape. And therefore Velleius the Epicurean needed not to have asked, 'Why God should have adorned the heaven with stars and light, like an aedile?' [Cic. *de Not. Deor.* 1, c. 9]. For if that great workmaster had acted as an aedile, he would have cast the stars into some pleasant and beautiful order, like the frets in the roofs of palaces; whereas one can scarce find a posture in square or triangle or straight line amongst such an infinite number. So differing a harmony is there between the spirit of man and the spirit of Nature."¹ That is, man, in this way, makes himself (or rather his own superficial view of sensible and external Nature) the measure and mirror, which thereby becomes an "enchanted glass," instead of any true insight, or that perfect "marriage of the human mind to the universe," which was to have "the Divine goodness for bridesmaid."

Page 467. *The Globe above.*

In the "Description of the Intellectual Globe" we have the expression "*the observation of the affections and appetences of matter in either world*" ("*in utroque globo*"), as

¹ *De Aug.* (translation): *Works* (Boston), IX. 99.

"Mr. W. G. G." translates it,¹ or "*in both globes*," as it is translated by Spedding. It is further said that there is no reason why that part of matter which is assigned to "a particular world" should not have "the shape of a globe;" for "each one of those worlds must have received some shape; and although there can be no middle point in infinity, yet in the parts of infinity a round figure may exist, no less in a world than in a ball." Bacon seems to have considered the earth as one globe or world, and the starry heavens and the "interstellar aether" (which he thought might be "continuous") even to Jupiter's "palace crystalline," as the globe or world above: and the "universal appetences of matter" were "powerful in both globes."

With these passages, Mr. J. T. Cobb would compare these lines from the plays:

"But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer."

Macb., Act V. Sc. 2.

"*Laer.* I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence."

Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 5.

Page 587. "*I am as clay.*"

This is a frequent metaphor with Bacon, and in the plays. Mrs. Pott gives the following "Promus" entry (p. 264):—

"*Ollaris deus*, a man reputed for his profession without worth in himself.—Eras. Ad. 761. An earthenware god. Some of the minor deities were made of wood or clay, like pots (*ollae*)."

Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying, "Our ancestors were extreme gross as those that came newly from being moulded of clay, or some earthy substance."—"Interp. of Nature."²

"Men are but gilded loam and painted clay."—*Rich. II., Act I. Sc. 2.*

¹ *Works*, by Montagu (Philad.), II. 515.

² *Works* (Boston), X. 419.

³ *Works*, by Spedding (Boston), III. 225.

"This was now a King, and now is clay." — *K. John*, Act V. Sc. 7.

"Earthly man is but a substance that must yield." — *Cor.*, Act II. Sc. 1.

"Of what coarse metal are we moulded?" — *Hen. VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

"What a piece of work is man! . . . in apprehension, how like a god. . . . And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?" — *Ham.*, Act II. Sc. 2; Act V. Sc. 1.

"*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin."

Ham., Act IV. Sc. 2.

"When I perhaps compounded am with clay." — *Sonnet lxxvi.*

"And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all." — *Cymb.*, Act III. Sc. 5.

Page 605. *History of the Question.*

When the "Appendix" was written, it had not come to my knowledge that Col. Joseph C. Hart, U. S. Consul to Santa Cruz de Teneriffe (where he died in 1855), had emphatically raised the question of the authorship of the plays.¹ He does not believe it possible that William Shakespeare could have been the author of them, though he seems to think that as the *Factotum* of the theatre he may have altered and adapted plays to the stage, and added all "the obscenity and drollery;" and he quotes Cartwright as saying (thirty years after the death of Shakespeare), —

"Shakespeare, whose best jest lies
I' the lady's questions and the fool's replies;
Whose wit our nicer times would *obsceneness* call,
And which made the *bawdry* pass for *comical*."

He observes that neither Dugdale nor Anthony a Wood ever mentions Shakespeare. "The researches of Commentators," he says, "have only been the means of sending him to *quod*," and exclaims, "Alas, Shakespeare! Lethe is upon thee! But if it drown thee, it will give up and work

¹ *Romance of Yachting: Voyage the First*, by Joseph C. Hart, pp. 207-243. New York, 1848.

the resurrection of *better men and more worthy*." He adds that "the old joke '*Who wrote Shakespeare?*' is no longer a jest, but a real question;" and that "the enquiry will be, '*Who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him?*'" Whether or not this book of Mr. Hart had been 'seen by the writer in "Chambers' *Edinb. Journal*," or by Miss Delia Bacon, does not appear; nor is that, perhaps, a matter of much importance.

Page 619. *The "Matter."*

It will appear by reference to Bacon's Charge in the case of Oliver St. John,¹ that neither this "matter," nor the use of the word, had passed out of his memory, in 1615, when he was Att'y-General. These passages (to which my attention has been called by Mr. Jas. T. Cobb, of Salt Lake) occur in it.

"But (my lords) this is a sea of matter. . . . Your menace that if there were a Bollingbroke, or I cannot tell what, *there were matter for him*, is a very seditious passage. You know well, that howsoever Henry IV.'s act by secret providence of God prevailed, yet it was but an usurpation; and if it were possible for such an one to be at this day (wherewith it seems your dreams are troubled) I do not doubt his end would be upon the block; and that he would sooner have the ravens sit upon his head at London bridge, than the crown at Westminster."

"And for your comparison with Richard II., I see you follow the example of them that brought him upon the stage and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time; a most prudent and admirable Queen. But let me intreat you, that when you will speak of Queen Elizabeth or King James, you would compare them to King Henry VII. or King Edward I., or some other parallels to which they are alike. And this I would wish both you and all to take heed of, how you speak *seditious matter in parables; or by tropes*

¹ *Letters and Life*, by Spedding, V. 123-145. London, 1869.

or examples. There is a thing in an indictment called an *innuendo*; you must beware how you beckon, or make signs upon the King in a dangerous sense."

St. John, in his letter, has made allusion to the case of Henry IV. and Richard II., and his "breach of the laws," leading to an usurpation. In reply, Bacon makes an unmistakable reference "to the example of them that brought him upon the stage and in print in Q. Elizabeth's time," and warns St. John to take heed how he speaks "seditious matter in parables, or by tropes or examples." The "matter" was the important thing here, as it was there, viz., the suggestion of a deposition and usurpation. The "answer" was in the "matter;" and I am not sure I did not concede too much, when I agreed with Mr. Spedding in making the "which" refer to the "answer," and not to the "matter," in that case. Grammatically, the "which" would relate to the "matter," but it might refer to the answer, consistently with Bacon's manner of expressing himself. At any rate, the "matter" was clearly the important thing in both instances; and that the real matter was that same "seditious prelude," the play of Richard II., would seem to be still more certain: that was brought upon the stage as well as printed, while Hayward's book was printed only.

Page 632. *Timon's Tree.*

Mr. J. T. Cobb has called my attention to the following lines, just preceding those already cited above, in connection with the expression, "*like to knee timber, that is good for ships, that are ordained to be tossed:*" —

"*Tim.* And tell them, that to cure them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage." — *Tim. of A., Act V. Sc. 2.*

This resemblance of idea and simile, occurring in the same context in both writings, cannot fail to impress the mind of the critical reader.

The passage cited from the Essay first appeared in the edition of 1612, and considering that Shakespeare had retired to Stratford-on-Avon before that date, and that the play of the "Timon of Athens" is never mentioned in any record that has come down to us before its appearance in the Folio of 1623 (the older play of "Timon" not being the same at all), this parallelism must have the greater weight and significance. It might very well be taken as some evidence that the "Timon of Athens" was not written until after this addition to the Essay in 1612. The Essay was further enlarged in the edition of 1625.

Page 636. *As the gentle rain from heaven.*

Mr. J. T. Cobb has happily noted a similar idea and expression in Bacon's "Natural History:" "It hath been observed by the ancients that when a rainbow seemeth to hang over or to touch, there breatheth forth a sweet smell. The cause is, for that this happeneth but in certain matters which have in themselves some sweetness; which *the gentle dew of the rainbow doth draw forth*; and the like do soft showers; *for they also make the grounds sweet; but none are so delicate as the dew of the rainbow where it falleth*;" — (say, "upon the place beneath.")

The "Natural History" was not published until after Bacon's decease, and of course long after the play appeared; but the work of collecting materials for it had been going on for many years, and parts of it were written, doubtless, as early as the date of the play, in which we seem to have traces of his "Experiments solitary, touching sweetness of odors" and "the gentle dew of the rainbow" where it falleth.

Page 629-640. *His Learning in the Law.*

In addition to what was here said of Portia's law in the "Merchant of Venice," I reproduce in this place, as amended

¹ *Works* (Boston), V. 74.

from "Tullidge's Quar. Mag." (Vol. H. No. 1, p. 9, Salt Lake, U. T., 1882), a further consideration of *Shylock's Case* as follows.

"The Struggle for Law" is the title of a recent work by a German jurist,¹ which seems to have attracted much attention in Europe, having been translated into several foreign languages. Much of the reasoning is profound and excellent, though somewhat novel for a writer on law. The leading doctrine would seem to be that concrete law, or the legal right of the person, from the humblest individual up to the state itself, has to be struggled for; that it is the duty of the citizen to contend for his legal rights; and that the question of the legal right, properly conceived, involves not merely the money value in dispute, but the liberties of the citizen or the state, and not only that, but the existence, authority and certainty of the law itself. No one should lightly permit his legal rights to be trodden down. The strongest bulwark of a state lies in the strength of a people duly sensible of their rights and sufficiently vigorous in maintaining them. He regards law as having an objective and a subjective side: a proper sense of concrete law becomes a lofty impulse and a practical idealism.

The case of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice" (*Act IV.*), is cited in illustration, and it is confidently asserted, as matter of law, that "injustice was done to the Jew." In Shylock the author finds an example of that ideal sense of right and firmness of conviction that are properly characteristic of the man who is conscious that in what he claims there is question not only of his person but of the law itself; and it is his opinion (to which we make not the least objection) that "the poet has described the relation of law in the subjective to law in the objective sense of the term, and the meaning of the struggle for law, in a manner

¹ *The Struggle for Law*, by Dr. Rudolph von Ihering, professor of law at the University of Göttingen. Translated from the fifth German edition by John J. Lalor of the Chicago bar. Chicago, 1879.

better than any philosopher of the law could have done." He concedes that "the jurist can only say that the bond was null and void, because its provisions were contrary to good morals," but conceives that the court "recognized its validity," and then, "subsequently, invalidated it by base cunning," stratagem, and "a shocking piece of pleasantry."

It was a "wretched subterfuge to deny the man his right to cut a pound of flesh from the living body," since "the right to shed blood necessarily accompanied it;" and "both are denied the Jew." He puts the question, thus: "Do I say too much when I assert that here the Jew is cheated out of his legal right?" The general conclusion is that the fate of Shylock was "eminently tragic, not because his rights are denied him, but because he, a Jew of the middle ages, has faith in the law — one might say, just as if he were a Christian — a faith in the law, firm as a rock, which nothing can shake, and which the judge himself feeds, until the catastrophe breaks upon him like a clap of thunder, dispels the illusion, and teaches him that he is only the despised mediæval Jew, to whom justice is done by defrauding him." It was "hatred and revenge" that took Shylock before the court, but nevertheless, "even he is, without his knowledge or his will, lifted above himself and his legal right to that social eminence where he becomes the representative of the law." Such is the learned professor's view.

Now, let us see if there be any foundation in the play itself for so serious a reflection upon the justice of the poet, or upon the soundness of his law. If it were really true that the court annulled its own decision upon the legal right, it might be possible to have some sympathy with the firm faith and "lofty pathos" of the Jew, as a man conscious that the law itself was involved in the question of his personal right.

The poet is mainly concerned with the dramatic interest of the scene, and with the art and moral scope of his play. So far as he has occasion to make use of his knowledge of

law, it comes in as an incident of the Trial Act; yet it is a matter of interest to consider whether he uses it accurately or incorrectly, and still further, in this place, whether he exhibits the legal proceeding upon the stage in a manner suitable to the worth and dignity of justice, or in such way as to bring the law itself into disrespect. We need not suppose that he had in mind the actual law of the Italian city, but rather that he wrote from his knowledge of the laws of his own country. The scene, indeed, is laid in Venice, and the treatment is in some keeping with the time and place of the tale; but (as in many others of the plays) the ideas and more essential matters are those of the age and country in which the poet lived. If our learned jurist accepted the common opinion that William Shakespeare wrote the play, he might be justified in presuming that the author was nothing but a poet, and could have known but little of the law of Venice or of England either. The Göttingen professor writes from his knowledge of the positive law of Germany, and without special reference to the *common law* and *equity* of England. When Chief Justice Coke instituted a *premunire* against Lord Chancellor Ellesmere for undertaking to enjoin one of his judgments at law, the case came before the King in person as the head and fountain of justice in the kingdom. In like manner, Shylock's case was brought before the sovereign Duke.

The ethical interest of the Trial Act centres in the matter of tempering law with equity and seasoning justice with mercy. Mercy and hate are to be exhibited in strong contrast, and the key-notes are sounded in the opening speeches of the Act. An oral altercation begins, much after the manner of the ancient pleading to issue in open court, and ends with Shylock's peremptory demand for the extreme penalty of his bond:—

“*Shy.* If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?”

As King James had a prerogative to postpone the cause, so the Duke is made to say, —

“Upon my power, I may dismiss this Court,
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.”

Bellarion (being sick) sent in his stead “a young and learned Doctor” (Portia dressed as such) with a letter saying, —

“I have acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and the merchant, Antonio; we turned over many books together: he is furnished with my opinion. . . . I never knew so young a body with so old a head.”

On the trial before King James (as mentioned before), the attorney-general (Sir Francis Bacon) prepared the draft of the King’s speech. The passages cited from it (on pages 634–35) need to be carefully noted in this connection, and especially what is said of “mixing mercy with justice as it preserves men from destruction;” and that “they should not be abandoned and exposed to perish under the rigor and extremity of our law.”

Shylock is standing for strict law. Antonio confesses the bond; that is, he admits that he signed it.

“*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.”

(Compare the full speech as before cited on p. 636.)

It will be noticed here that the poet who wrote with such nice discrimination between strict law and the equity of seasoning justice with mercy, in 1597, appears to have been quite as familiar with this subject as the attorney-general himself was in 1615, and uses almost exactly the same phrases. At any rate, it is certain that by English justice the strict law, or that rigor of the law which might undo a subject, or expose him to perish under the extremity of the law, was to be so tempered with mercy and equity as to preserve men from destruction.

Moreover, it was a bond with a penalty to secure the

payment of money loaned. By the strict rule of the common law, the day of payment having passed, the bond was forfeited, and the penalty was due, but by English equity the penalty was regarded merely as a security, and when the party was ready to pay the principal, with interest by way of compensation for the delay, the plaintiff was bound to take it, or have nothing: the defendant was relieved against the penalty only. The strict law might say that it was the party's own folly to enter into such a stipulation, but equity said (in the language of Story) that "the folly of one man cannot authorize gross oppression on the other side, and that a party having a legal right shall not be permitted to avail himself of it for the purpose of injustice, fraud, oppression, or harsh and vindictive injury." Now this is exactly what Shylock was bent upon doing. Antonio stood ready to pay the money; but that was not what the Jew wanted.

"Por. Is he not able to discharge the money? "

Bass. Yes; here I tender it for him in the court; yea, twice the sum."

Here was a good defense in equity, with an actual tender, bringing the money into court according to English practice; and Bassanio very properly argues from the fact of refusal that it was made to appear

"That malice bears down truth."

And he prayed the court, not exactly for relief against the penalty, and that Shylock should be decreed to take his money, or depart without further remedy (as he might have done), but in terms for a decision contrary to the positive law:—

"Bass. I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will."

There is much in this play that is strongly suggestive of Bacon's "Essay on Usury." Mr. James T. Cobb of Salt Lake has noticed this passage (first printed in 1625): "I re-

member a cruel monied man in the country, that would say, the devil take this usury, it keeps us from forfeitures of mortgages and bonds :”—

“*Ant.* I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.”

And again (says Bacon) usury “doth dull and damp all industries,” as Polonius said in the “Hamlet” that “borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.”

Shylock’s chief grievance is, that Antonio

— “lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.”

He stands out for the utmost rigor of the law, claims the forfeiture, and will accept nothing but his pound of flesh. Bassanio makes the mistake of supposing that he had no other way of meeting the Jew’s demand than to call upon the judge for once to alter the law, or wrest it to his authority. To this appeal the judge replies (almost in the very language of the King’s speech in the Star-Chamber) :—

“*Por.* There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
’T will be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the State.”

The court could not wrest the law to its authority. The distinction here is very nice. Exactly stated, the true doctrine is, that a court of equity never alters, wrests, or contradicts the positive law, but may interfere, upon the circumstances of the case, acting upon general principles of justice and good conscience, to prevent the strict law, moving only in rigorous forms, from being made an instrument of fraud and injustice, contrary to the real intention of the law itself. The young Doctor, evidently well instructed, was acting upon these principles. He might, indeed, have disposed of the case at once upon the equity for relief, if the parties had put it before him on that ground. He had

not yet come to that : Shylock is still insisting upon the strict law of the penalty : —

“ *Shy.* I stand here for law.”

Shylock's conception of law is only some vague subjective notion of his own as to what the law ought to be : evidently, he has but little knowledge of what the law is. It appears to have suited the humor of the poet (and was agreeable enough with law) to consider the case, first, in its strictly legal aspects. It was not the business of the court to expound all the law of the case, before the argument was concluded. That would have been out of place : there was no time for that. Our question is, whether what was said and done by the judge was, on the whole, consistent with the state of the law as it then was in England. Turning to the scene (*Act I. Scene 3*) where the bond was given, we find it clearly shown in what manner this unusual compact was obtained. The Jew hates Antonio as he was a Christian, and still more that he had rated him in the Rialto for his “usuries ;” but now he proposes to accommodate his friend without interest : —

“ *Ant.* This were a kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.”

The exact purpose is thus concealed under the pretense of friendship and merry sport, until the ingenuous merchant is fairly entrapped. The fraudulent intent becomes more manifest as the drama proceeds, until the proof is complete. Bassanio is already more than suspicious : —

“ *Ant.* This Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.”

Reverting to the trial, it is to be observed that the judge, having before recommended to Shylock to be merciful, and season justice with mercy (in a manner gratuitously, for the plaintiff was bound to know the law of his case before he came into court with it) to no effect, the inexorable Jew still standing for judgment on the extreme penalty of his bond, now remarks further that the suit was "of a strange nature;" yet that "Venetian law cannot impugn" a plaintiff for going on with his case in his own way, if he be determined to do so. Then looking over the bond and seeing that the day of payment was past, the judge observes (as matter of strict law) that —

— "this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart."

Such was the tenor of the forfeited legal penalty: so much appeared on the face of the instrument. But the judge still warns him: —

"*Por.* Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond."

Shylock arrogantly assumes that he has a legal right to the penalty as named and as he conceives it, and calls for judgment: —

"*Shy.* I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond."

The hearing is now at an end, and the court proceeds to give judgment. As yet nothing has been decided, much less that Shylock has an absolute right to the penalty of his bond.

"*Por.* Why then thus it is; —

and first, the defendant is directed to prepare his bosom for the knife —

"*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond."

The impatient Jew interrupts the court : —

*“ Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond, — doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.”*

He insists on the very letter. On the point of law, the first question for the court here is, whether the penalty can be legally enforced. In the fierceness of his hate, Shylock has not dreamed but that the law must give him his pound of flesh and even the life of his victim, if that must follow, and he has his balance ready to weigh it. He imagines that he will have a right to cut away until he gets an “equal pound,” no matter how much more or less. The court suggests that he had better have a surgeon ready,

*“ To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. It is not so nominated in the bond.
Por. It is not so express'd, but what of that? ”*

Evidently Shylock was not a lawyer, but the poet was skillful enough to know that there are many legal incidents that are not usually expressed in the instrument. The suggestion of the judge is not exactly that the pound of flesh shall contain no blood, but that blood may flow from the wound, and death follow as a necessary consequence. The German professor seems to think that this consequence was also involved in the legal right to the penalty as named. As a matter of common acceptation, or of physical science, or of metaphysical logic, this might be true enough, but in contemplation of law it is quite otherwise. The law is not a science, nor a metaphysics, but a jurisprudence. It goes upon practical rules that may be wisely applied to actual human affairs. It regards neither common vagueness nor metaphysical extremes of nicety. If it had been once determined that such was the legal right, then the conclusion might be just; but it has not been so determined. It is the very question under consideration.

The parties here appeared in person, as the practice was in ancient times. They had no counsel, learned in the law,

to speak for them ; and when, at this stage of the proceeding, they and their friends are allowed to interpose, they break out in a sort of chorus of pathetic eloquence. The Christian husbands are willing to send their wives to heaven to

“Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.”

But the Jew is none the less immovable that he has a daughter married to a Christian husband. Here it is to be remembered that we are not really in a court of justice, but in a theatre, where eloquence and pathos are necessary for dramatic effect on the audience. Shylock begins to think they “trifle time,” and prays the court to “pursue sentence.”

The judge continues : —

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge ! — a sentence ! come, prepare.”

At this point Prof. Ihering falls into the same mistake that Shylock himself did of interrupting the court upon a presumption that the whole case was now decided. Shylock brandishes his knife, — “not a word more could be said,” says the learned professor.

Por. Tarry a little : there is something else, —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood :

The words expressly are a pound of flesh :

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are by the laws of Venice confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the Act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.”

The story of the pound of flesh seems to have been taken

from the "Il Pecorone" of Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino (1378-1400). There was no English translation (says Hazlitt) until 1755. In the original Italian, there is not a word about *mercy*, or the *strict law*. There was no hint of any distinction between *law* and *equity*: none existed in Italy at that day. The English translation, however, borrowed from this very play a number of English phrases, for which there are no corresponding words in the Italian; such as "*strictly administered*" and "*but says expressly*." But this young Doctor of Laws was so well posted on English law phrases that he took care to say "*The words expressly are*."

By the law of England, if the cutting of a pound of flesh would be against law, or would necessarily be also a criminal offense, the penalty of the bond would be void as stipulating for the doing of a thing contrary to law, or as against public policy; or if the cutting of a pound of flesh, without blood and life going with it, were a thing impossible to be done, and were known on both sides to be so (as must have been the case here), the stipulated penalty would be treated as a nullity even at law, and as "never intended by the parties themselves to have any validity." It would, moreover, be void in equity on the ground of "injustice, fraud, or oppression, or harsh and vindictive injury."¹

¹ 2 Story's Eq. Jur., §§ 1311-1316. It was recently reported that Sir William Harcourt remarked of Lord Justice Bramwell that such was his regard for all rights of property, that he would have infallibly given Shylock judgment for his pound of flesh; to which his Lordship is said to have taken occasion to reply that "Portia's statement of the case might have induced him to give such judgment but for one little flaw in the argument" (not, however, any mistake of Portia, but rather the very mistake into which Prof. Ihering and Shylock himself fell), viz., that "the flesh had not been appropriated," and could not, therefore, be regarded as property to which Shylock had a good legal right, until it had been cut off; but then, in order to get the flesh, "an assault, and even murder, would have to be committed, and therefore the contract was null and void from the beginning:" and that, "if Shylock had advanced knife in hand, it would have been an assault with intent," and he "would have been turned over to the police court for trial the next morning." (From the *London Telegraph*, *Boston Advertiser* of June 18th, 1885.)

The old Roman law of the Twelve Tables gave the creditor a right to take the life of his debtor: he might cut him all to pieces, if he pleased. Under that law, the size of the piece the creditor might cut would be left to his own free choice, regardless of consequences. The story came down from very early times. Mr. Conway, in his "Wandering Jew," traces it back to the Buddhistic myths of ancient India. But long before the time of Shakespeare, the law had changed as well for Venice as for England. Shylock is represented as entirely ignorant of the laws of the country in which he lived. He is indeed the mythical Jew of the Middle Ages; and his ideas about law are those of the barbarous times. He had deliberately contrived this bond for the very purpose of entrapping his hated enemy. A stipulation so obtained would be held void as such in any English court, on the ground of fraud, when the proof should be made clear. His house had "been troubled with a rat," and it is simply the humor of his will (which he thinks no man may question), if he

... "be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned."

Without legal advice, he proceeds upon his own subjective notions of what the law ought to be. It is sometimes said that the law is a code of reason; but Lord Coke says, "it is not every man's reason, but the artificial reason of a man well instructed in the wisdom of the law." Of this kind of law the Jew of the popular mind, in that age, had little conception; but we are not to infer that the poet was equally ignorant of the laws of his own time and country. The court admits that the bond is forfeited, and that the penalty of a pound of flesh, but nothing more, is due by strict law. By the old rule of the common law (and if there were nothing more in the case), this might be so. It is true that the court might have decided at once that the penalty was void as against law, or against the policy of the law; but it seems to have suited the humor of the poet,

or the purpose of the drama, to take the presumptuous Jew through a complete course of legal dialectics. It may fairly be inferred that the judge, in delivering judgment, is endeavoring to make the hard-hearted Shylock himself see the utter impossibility, illegality, iniquity, and criminality of his claim. He proceeds to demonstrate the impossible nature of the contract which the parties have inconsiderately made for themselves, by showing that the literal execution of it, besides consummating a fraud, must necessarily involve a crime. Shylock now begins to realize that he cannot have his penalty as he had conceived it, without making himself amenable to the criminal law, and he is ready to take "thrice" his money and depart. The court declares that he shall have nothing but the penalty:—

"*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; *nor cut thou less, nor more,*
But just a pound of flesh: *if thou tak'st more,*
Or less, than a just pound, — be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, — if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate."

Here the poet seems to leave the sober maxims of the law to follow the points and even the very words of the Italian tale, and becomes himself quite metaphysical; or it suits his humor to add a climax of stage eloquence. It certainly looks like a willingness to perplex the poor Jew to the extreme verge of his endurance. Shylock has claimed the strict law and "the very words" of his bond. He has pushed the rigor of his demand to the sharpest edge; and though already self-convicted of such fraud as leaves him no standing in a court of justice, and of such an offense as works a forfeiture of his goods and life, his stubbornness does not yield. Our learned professor seems to think that the court had nothing to do with all this: the bond should have been declared void at once "as contrary to good morals." If this would be so by German law, it

certainly would not be exactly so by the law of England. It is only the penalty, not necessarily the bond itself, that would be held void in an English court, the penalty being an independent stipulation and, in a case like this, not strictly as immoral (*ex turpi causa*), but as illegal (*contra leges*), or as against public policy (*ex dolo malo*), or as simply impossible of execution. When the defendant asked to be relieved against the penalty on the ground of equity, he had to tender the money due on the bond. When the plaintiff insisted upon his penalty, not only the legality and the possibility of it, but his own evil purpose in obtaining it, came in question. His own iniquity might preclude all remedy for him: the law would simply leave him to lose his money, without its aid. In this respect, the defendant as the party imposed on and oppressed in his need is not regarded by the law as equally culpable, though he agreed to the obnoxious penalty: he does not stand *in pari delicto*. Only by some misconception of the meaning and scope of the play, or by overlooking the peculiar jurisprudence of the poet's own country, and interrupting the judge in the midst of his judgment, could any jurist reasonably come to the conclusion that a decision had been made, and then subsequently annulled. In one sense, indeed, that of the old Roman law, there might be no impossibility in executing the penalty, physical or metaphysical: he might easily cut a pound of flesh, even if blood or life did go with it. But in the sense of English law, a legal impossibility of this kind is as absolute in a court of justice as any physical fact or necessity in the sphere of nature. In a fair construction, it may be said that the court grants that the strict law would award the penalty as named, if nothing more than its literal terms were to be considered. These terms are a pound of flesh, and neither more nor less. The shedding of blood, or the loss of life as a consequence of the cutting, the evil intention and deceit in violation of public policy, the assault and the criminal statute as legal incidents, still

remain for consideration. And here it is to be remembered that we are not in an actual court, but in a theatre; and that the dramatic purpose carries the poet beyond the pale of the civil law proper, and lifts him into the higher sphere of the ideal and moral law of the universal stage, where the Nemesis of correction may very well precede pardon, restitution, and the seasoning of justice with mercy, even for an erring Jew.

Shylock is now willing to accept what equity might have given him if he had put his case on that ground when the tender was made, but that relief is now precluded: —

Por. He hath refused it in the open court.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, *the Devil give him good of it!*

I'll stay no longer question."

In a paper on *Usury*,¹ written to be laid before the King (March, 1623), Bacon insists on these points: —

- (1.) "That it is a pity the Devil should have God's part;"
- (2.) "That usurers should have orange-tawney bonnets, because they do Judaize;"
- (3.) "That it beats down the price of land;"
- (4.) "That it doth dull and damp all industries;"
- (5.) "That it is the canker and ruin of men's estates;"
- (6.) "That the teeth of Usury are to be grinded that it bite not too much."

And in another paper he says it should be provided "that all bonds and assurances whatever made for that purpose, *directly or indirectly*, shall be utterly void."

And the Devil is into the play in other places thus: —

Launcelot. I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark) is a kind of Devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who (saving your conscience) is the Devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very Devil incarnation; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew." — *Act II. Sc. 2.*

Bass. And curb this cruel devil of his will." — *Act. IV. Sc. 1.*

¹ *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*, by James Spedding, VII. 415-19. London, 1861-1874.

"*Ant.* He seeks my life ; his reason well I know .
 I oft delivered from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me :
 Therefore he hates me." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

"*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet,
 the Nazarite, conjured the devil into.

I hate him, for he is a Christian ;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice." — *Act I. Sc. 3.*

In a letter (March 29th, 1623)¹ Bacon says, "I was looking over some short papers of mine touching Usury, how to grind the teeth of it, and yet to make it grind his Majesty's mill in good sort, without discontent or perturbation. If you think good, I will perfit it and send it to his Majesty as some fruits of my leisure." This paper was for the most part (says Mr. Spedding) "the same as that which was afterwards printed among his *Essays*" (edition of 1625). And of course William Shakespeare could never have seen any of these papers.

The devilish Jew in the play, fully realizing, at last, his true position under the law, turns to depart, in a high state of "wounded feeling of legal right denied" (no doubt) as he had conceived that right ; not so much on that account, however, or for the loss of the money, as because he has failed of his extreme vengeance against the merchant. But the court is not yet done with his case : —

"*Por.* Tarry, Jew ;
 The law hath yet another hold on you."

Shylock has never imagined that such an attempt as he has been contriving against the life of Antonio would, by the laws of Venice, be a crime punishable with death and confiscation. He is now condemned, on his own confession in open court, for that offense. It is not merely a fraud that he has been perpetrating, nor merely an act of evil

¹ *Ibid.* p. 410.

intention which would be against public policy only, but an attempt upon the life of his victim, which, if done, would be murder by English law, and was a capital offense by the statute of Venice, though not yet accomplished: —

“*Por.* For it appears by manifest proceeding
That *indirectly*, and *directly* too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant.”

Under the statute the confiscation of all his goods would of itself alone preclude all equity for the recovery of the principal of the bond, even if the mere fraud and evil intention in obtaining the penalty would not; and his life now “*lies in the mercy of the Duke.*”

Where the poet found the Act which made such an attempt as this was upon the life of a citizen a capital offense, must be left to conjecture. Perhaps in Venice, but we may more than half suspect that he invented it for his dramatic purposes. By means of it, the *dénouement* is worked out, and, with the help of the Duke's mercy and the consent of the merchant, Shylock's life is spared on condition of his becoming a Christian; and one half of his property is given immediately, and the other half upon his decease, together with all he shall die possessed of (whereof a “deed of gift” is to be “recorded here in court”) to Lorenzo and his daughter; on the whole a pretty fair seasoning of justice with mercy.

As bearing upon the ethical justice of this final disposition of the case, it is interesting to observe that a similar case once came before Pope Sixtus V., as related by Mr. Conway. A Jew named Ceneda had forfeited a pound of his flesh to a Christian merchant on a wager. The Pope's judgment was, that the Christian must pay two thousand *scudi* into his treasury for attempting manslaughter, and that the Jew should pay an equal sum for having hazarded his life, that being a taxable property belonging to the Pope. This may have been such a wager as would be

against public policy, and in respect of which the parties might, perhaps, be considered as standing *in pari delicto*.

It would thus seem clear that the play was written in view of the English law. There is, indeed, in the long dialogue, some appearance of banter for dramatic effect; but a strong basis of sound law underlies it all. Professor Ihering would seem to have incautiously assumed that the law of the play was that of Germany, or some country where none but the strict or positive law existed. Under such a system of law, if the strictly legal right were once determined, and the winning party were not allowed to have the fruits of the decision, it might very well be said that injustice would be done him. But here, according to English justice, many points were properly to be considered — the precise scope of the forfeited penalty itself, the possibility of enforcing it, the legal aspects which might make it void as against law, or against public policy, the fraud in obtaining it, the equity for relief against it, if ever so valid at law (for the Duke's court, like that of King James, had full jurisdiction), and finally, the criminal character of the transaction on the part of the Jew. The legal dialectic of the judge runs through this whole gamut. The decision of one point does not always determine the case. Certainly, upon this showing of the play, no English jurist could well say that the decision had been once made, and then annulled or evaded, or that the Jew was denied his legal rights.

It is true enough that concrete law, or the legal right of the citizen, as given by the constitution of civil government under which he lives, becomes an essential part and condition of his civil liberties; and a proper sense of this truth may very well be said to lift him above the earth and the mere necessities upon it into an ideal realm, which is none the less ideal that it is also real. The doctrine is excellent, but the case of Shylock, properly understood, is not, in all respects, well chosen to illustrate it. Shylock may have thought, or assumed, that in what he claimed there was

question, not only of his person, but of the law itself. While believing that his legal rights were denied him, his ideal sense of concrete law may truly be said to have grown to "giant dimensions," and it is scarcely possible to withhold all sympathy from the Jew in the tragic elements of his faith and his fate. We may certainly give the poet credit for high imaginative power in portraying the firmness of conviction and the lofty pathos of a man who conceives himself to be the ideal representative of the worth and majesty of the law. But we cannot concede to the learned professor that it was in fact "no longer the Jew demanding his pound of flesh," nor that "really the law of Venice was knocking at the door of justice" in his behalf. His fate became tragic, not exactly because he had faith in the law, but rather because he had erroneously conceived that the law would minister to his extreme hatred and revenge; and we think it an entire mistake to suppose that he was taught by the judge that he was only "the despised medieval Jew, to whom justice is done by defrauding him." We rather incline to believe that these erroneous impressions do injustice to the learned Bellario, the young doctor, and the poet himself. And, on the whole, we have a strong conviction that the imaginary Jew of the Middle Ages (as the mythical type of him had become fixed in the popular mind of that age), not merely as Jew, but as another name for the unconscionable usurer and soulless money-getter of all sects and ages, really got his deserts from first to last at the hands of both judge and poet, and that the ideal Judge intended to teach the ideal Jew that there was in the Poet's Venice both law and equity, that strict law was not always justice, and that it was better for all men to season justice with mercy than to contrive a wicked fraud, in a relentless spirit of revenge, against an unsuspecting debtor, under pretense of kindness, and under cover of getting a security, but really intending to take his life under color of law, but contrary to law, justice, and mercy, — as the Duke said, —

"A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy."

The story of the pound of flesh is older than the Twelve Tables of the Roman Law, which gave the creditor a right to take the life of his debtor. Mr. Conway¹ traces it back to the Buddhistic myths of India. Niebuhr² mentions a novel of "Shylock" of the 16th century, which represented the hero as a Christian, not as a Jew, and was founded upon a like story; and he says that "the sagacious judge was Pope Sixtus V." Mr. Conway seems to allude to this same case. There were many ways in which this tale may have come to the knowledge of the author of this play; but it is highly probable that he took it more especially from the novel of Giovanni Fiorentino, called "*Il Pecorone*" (1378-1400).³ Miss Toulmin Smith (it seems) has discovered a similar story in an English poem of the 13th century. The play itself contains traces of the Italian source of its tale.

In Hazlitt's *Shakes. Library*⁴ will be found printed an extract from the Italian of "*Il Pecorone*," from which it is supposed that Shakespeare borrowed the story of the merchant and the Jew for this play. The English version (also given by Hazlitt) was not made until 1755; and no English translation is known before that. In the original Italian none of the legal terms and phrases here alluded to are to be found at all. There is not a word in it about *usury*, or about the *strict law*. But the translator of 1755 (whoever he was) evidently takes a number of English words and expressions from the Shakespeare play itself, for which there is no warrant in the Italian; as, for example, these two, "Venice was a place where justice was *strictly*

¹ *The Wandering Jew*, by M. D. Conway (New York, 1881), p. 122.

² *Hist. of Rome*, I. 40, n. 6.

³ *Renaissance in Italy*, by Symonds (London, 1881), p. 150.

⁴ Vol. I. p. 318, 2d ed. London, 1875.

administered," and "but says expressly." The Italian words are, "*pero che le carte tue non fanno mentione di spargimento di sangue, anzi dicono che tu gli debba levare una libra di carne, e non dice ne più ne meno.*" ("In short, your bond makes no mention of the shedding of blood, but says rather that you may take a pound of flesh, and does not say either more or less.") The author of the play did not fail to put it thus : —

"The words expressly are a pound of flesh."

This was a peculiar expression of the lawyers in the interpretation of statutes and contracts. English lawyers also observe a marked distinction between *strict law* and *equity law*. There was no such distinction in Italy, and none is made in the novel. The play follows the principles and terms of the English law, and supposes that there was *strict law* and *equity* in Venice as in England; and the English translation of 1755 follows the play, not the Italian original. But the author of the play makes the exact point (and almost in the very words) of the Italian, in these lines : —

*"Por. Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound," . . .*

And this, like many other instances already given, may go to show that the real author of the play was both a lawyer and a scholar in Italian.

For Mr. Collier this particular passage of "*Il Pecorone*" was so nearly like the words of the play as to lead him to believe that William Shakespeare had followed some literal translation of it. He seems to have supposed an English translation necessary, because he believed that Shakespeare could not read Italian. We have seen that Mr. Richard Grant White was so troubled by this consideration that he was ready to infer, from the bare fact that the plays contain so many passages that must have come from the original Italian, never translated into English, that

William Shakespeare must have been somehow a scholar in Italian.

That the author of those plays was familiar with Italian literature, has already been sufficiently shown; but some further proofs of it may be added here.

An Italian scholar of Rome (Signor A. R. Levi) has recently adduced a comparison of the following passages of the "Othello" with Ariosto and Berni, as proof that William Shakespeare was acquainted with the Italian authors: they certainly have a strong tendency to prove that the author of the plays was a scholar in Italian.

Let us begin with Othello's description of the magic handkerchief: —

— "That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirit should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it to me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't:
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true: there 's magic in the web of it
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts." — *Act III. Sc. 4.*

It will scarcely be doubted (unless accidental coincidences of thought and word are to explain very wonderful miracles) that the writer of this had read the following stanza of Ariosto: —

"Eran degli anni appressochè due milla
Che fu quel ricco padiglion trapunto.

Una donzella della terra d' Ilia,
 Ch' avea il furor profetico congiunto
 Con studio di gran tempo e con vigilia,
 Lo fece di sua man di tutto punto.
 Cassandra fu nomata, ed al fratello,
 Inclito Ettor, fece un bel don di quello." ¹

[Literally translated thus: — "Nearly two thousand years ago was wrought this rich pavilion. A damsel of the land of Ilion, who had joined the prophetic fury with study and long vigils, made every stitch of it with her own hand. Her name was Cassandra, and it was a beautiful gift to her brother, renowned Hector."]

The "Sibyl" was plainly another Cassandra, inspired with prophetic fury, and there was magic in the web of it. For further mysterious circumstance, it is added that the work was dyed in mummy of maidens' hearts. Particular emphasis is laid on the fact of its being the "gift" of an "Egyptian" (that is, a gipsy) and "a charmer" to his mother, who gave it to him, and bid him give it to his wife, if "fate" would have him wived; as Cassandra's magical tent was a gift to her brother Hector.

Not only this; but still another passage of this same play appears to have been taken from Berni's "Orlando Innamorato," which reads thus: —

"Chi ruba un corno, un cavallo, un anello,
 E simil cosa, ha qualche discrezione
 E potrebbe chiamarsi ladroncello;
 Ma quel che ruba la reputazione
 E de l' altrui fatiche si fa bello,
 Si puo chiamare assassino e ladrone."

[Literally (as translated by Signor A. R. Levi): "Who steals a horn, a horse, a ring, or such things, has some discretion, and might be called a thief; but he that robs of reputation, and adorns himself with the labor of others, may be called a robber and an assassin."]

With which compare the following passages from the play: —

"Iago. Good name, in man, or woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;

¹ Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 46, Stanza 80.

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

Several citations have already been made, both from the plays and from Bacon's works, showing that the writer laid much stress on the matter of *reputation*. And here is another in this immediate connection :—

"*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser." — *Act II. Sc. 3.*

Signor A. R. Levi does not doubt that the author of the "Othello" had read these Italian authors. There is, of course, not a particle of proof in that to show that William Shakespeare was that author. Like many other critics of the day, he takes that fact for granted; but he observes that this particular stanza of Ariosto was omitted in Harrington's translation, the only one known in English during Shakespeare's time, and that Berni's "Orlando Innamorato" had never been translated into English at all. And so, like Mr. White (in a similar perplexity), he is driven to infer that William Shakespeare could read Italian. The logic is pretty good to the point that the real author of the play was a scholar in Italian as well as in much other literature; but as an argument to prove that William Shakespeare knew Italian, or was any scholar at all, it amounts to little or nothing.¹

Signor Levi further seems to think that it was the brilliant poetic fancy of Mr. William Shakespeare that led him (so great an artist and poet was he) to translate "*furor profetico*" into "*prophetic fury*," when pure literary English

¹ See Article of Signor A. R. Levi in *La Domenica Letteraria* of July 12th, 1885. Rome.

would have said "*fire*" or "*heat*." A common-place editor might indeed say that. But a classical scholar would remember that the Greek *Ἐπίθυος* and the Latin *Furiae* are usually translated into *Furies* in English. Indeed, the English word *fury*, like the Italian *furor*, is simply identical with the Latin *furor*, meaning *rage, madness, inspiration*; and if this learned critic had been familiar with the writings of Francis Bacon, he might have seen that "*prophetic fury*" was precisely the most classical and fit English, not only for the Italian *furor*, but for the exact character of the person to whom it was applied by the real author of the play; for, says Bacon, "in divinations by influxion the mind is seized with a kind of fervency and impatience as it were of the present Deity (a state which the ancients noted by the name of divine fury); while in primitive divination it is more in a state of quiet and repose."

"Fascination is the power and act of imagination intensive upon the body of another . . . : wherein the school of Paracelsus and the disciples of pretended natural magic have been so intemperate that they have exalted the power and apprehension of the imagination to be much one with the power of miracle-working faith. . . . Whence have arisen those conceits (now become as it were popular) of the mastering spirit, of men unlucky and ill-omened, of the glances of love, envy and the like. With this is joined the inquiry how to raise and fortify the imagination; for if the imagination fortified have so much power, it is worth while to know how to fortify and exalt it. And here comes in crookedly and dangerously a palliation and defense of a great part of ceremonial magic. For it may be speciously pretended that ceremonies, characters, charms, gesticulations, amulets and the like, do not derive their power from any tacit or sacramental contract with evil spirits, but serve only to strengthen and exalt the imagination in him who uses them."¹

¹ *Adv. of Learn* — *Works* (Boston), VI. 256; Transl. of the *De Aug.* by Spedding, IX. 53, 54. Boston, 1864.

The "Advancement" was written before the "Othello," and the "De Augmentis" after it. In both Bacon was treating of the same subject, at different times, and his mind was full of the lore of divination, ancient furies, Sibylline prophets, gypsy charmers, sorcerers, magic arts, and other necromantic fancies of exalted imaginations. Nor need it be at all surprising that he should exhibit, in the same play, reminiscences of his reading in different Italian authors; for he certainly knew Italian well.

Page 642. *Classical attainments.*

Gibbon¹ cites this passage from Gregory Nazianzen's poem on his own life:—

. . . πόνοι κοῖνοι λόγων
 Ὁμόστυγός τε καὶ συνίστιος βίος,
 Νεὺς εἰς ἐν ἀμφοῖν . . .
 Διςκέδασται πάντα κάμῃνται χαμαί,
 Ἀδραὶ φέρουσι τὰς παλαιὰς ἐλπίδας.

And he observes that, "in the 'Midsummer-N.'s Dream,' Helena addresses the same pathetic complaint to her friend Hermia," in these lines:—

"Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us, — O! is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?" — *Act III. Sc. 2.*

¹ *Hist. of Dec. and Fall of the Rom. Emp.*, III. 222, n. London, 1854.

Gibbon remarks that "Shakespeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen; but his mother-tongue, the language of nature, was the same in Cappadocia and in Britain." And this may be true enough of Nature's language and Shakespeare's Greek; but Francis Bacon could read Greek, and may even have seen Gregory's poem. There are many passages in these plays that seem to be amplifications, imitations, sometimes even versions, of classical authors, or even of notes and excerpts, such as he was in the habit of extracting into his "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," in his earlier period. Some of these were "not to be cited" (he said) "but to be as skeins or bottoms of thread to be unwinded at large, when they come to be used."¹

In this instance, not only a general resemblance in idea and in some particulars of expression, but the like order in which they appear, is singularly suggestive of a possible imitation. For we have, first, the *counsel one* (λόγων), then the *common toil* (πόννοι κοίνοι), specified more at large, then the "*minds incorporate*" (νοῦς εἰς ἐν ἀμφοῖν), and lastly, "*will you rend our ancient love asunder*" (διεκδέσται πάντα . . . τὰς παλαιάς ἑλπίδας. And it is *ancient love* (παλαιάς). One would be inclined to translate this word *former* or *early*, if our poet here had not ventured on the bolder term *ancient*, and perhaps, because he was a poet, and spoke Nature's language, and was not a mere prosier, as some literary critic might suggest.

Out of the few pages of this "Promus" that were printed by Mr. Spedding, I had noticed but few that I could venture to cite as parallelisms. In fact, Mr. Spedding had given but a few extracts only by way of specimen, and those few were not selected with any view to an inquiry of this kind. He tells us that he found one MS. containing forty pages of them, and that "it seemed by various marks

¹ *De Aug.*, Bk. VI. cap. III.; Transl. by Spedding, *Works* (Boston), IX. 136.

to have been afterwards digested into other collections which are lost." He informs us that Dr. Tenison said he had seen a MS. of this kind in the hands of Dr. Rawley's son, consisting of "divers short sayings aptly and smartly expressed," with "much good sense in a little room," and "gathered partly out of his own store and partly from the ancients."¹ Mr. Spedding does not mention that any he saw were in Greek. Nevertheless, I cannot help imagining that this striking passage from the "Mids.-N. Dream" may be an unwinding of one of those "skeins or bottom-threads," which he had picked up somewhere, and perhaps even from the Greek of Gregory Nazianzen's poem.

Since the above was noted, Mrs. Pott's publication of the "Promus" MS. now existing in the British Museum has appeared. She makes no particular mention of entries in Greek, and I have found but few instances in her book. Nor does Mr. Spedding notice any in those portions of this "Preparatory Store," which came under his inspection. These facts are a little disappointing, when it is considered that Bacon was as familiar with the Greek as with the Latin authors, and that so many parallelisms, imitations, and even direct versions, from the Greek dramatists, appear in the plays, as already sufficiently shown elsewhere. Theobald gave very many of them in the Notes to his edition of the plays (London, 1733); and it was this circumstance that first led Mr. Wm. Henry Smith to doubt of the authorship of William Shakespeare.

But here is a significant instance from Mrs. Pott's "Promus:" —

"1455. *παθηματα μαθηματα*. (Our sufferings are our schoolmasters.)

. . . To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters." — *Lear*, Act II. Sc. 4.

One other instance (p. 301) is somewhat remarkable, also, as follows: —

¹ *Works* (Boston), XIV. 9–37.

“Πόρρω Διόσσε καὶ κεραυνῷ. *Porro a Jove atque fulmina.*
— Eras. Ad. 131. (*Far from Jove and his thunder-bolt.*
Beware how you deal with autocrats and tyrants, who have
your life at their disposal.) ”

And she refers to the following passage, in which Lord Angelo, reigning as the Duke's substitute, pronounces sentence upon the brother of Isabella : —

“*Ang.* . . . Be satisfied :
Your brother dies to-morrow : be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O ! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside.*] That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven !
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.” — *Mea. for Mea., Act II. Sc. 2.*

She cites also the “*Coriolanus*” (*Act III. Sc. 1*) : —

“*1 Patrician.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder.”

This may have been a common proverb, which any poet might make use of ; but here (as in many other instances of like kind) we see that it had, in fact, impressed the mind of Francis Bacon ; and this emphatic and particular reproduction if it, in all its fit relations, and (as usual) with some poetical amplification in the verse, is peculiarly significant and impressive.

In the above instance from Gibbon, there is some difference in the subject, and in the amplification of the particulars, but the movement of the thought, the order of ideas, and the nature of those particulars, are alike in both ; and this near affinity in both thought and word may afford some

evidence, though slight, that the passage in the play was prompted by some reminiscence of the Greek poem. Still, it is possible that such ideas, sentiments and images, belonging to the order of things in human nature, might spontaneously occur to one poet as well as to another; and the same most fit words, or a like order and succession of ideas, might happen to be used by more than one. As proof of a borrowing of one writer from another, the resemblance here would be too remote and uncertain, perhaps, to have much weight; and as evidence, if it stood by itself alone, that either William Shakespeare or Francis Bacon wrote the play, it would amount to very little. There is here no other particular circumstance, nor any individual earmark to connect the passage with either of them, unless it be the simple fact that Bacon understood Greek, and may have seen Gregory's poem, and that William Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek," and was much less likely ever to have seen or heard of it. It is one of those instances that may fairly be set down to the account of accidental coincidence.

A great number of instances may be cited from the plays, no doubt, which will bear some similitude or analogy, more or less remote, with the writings of Francis Bacon, or with those of other persons, and in respect of which the similarity might reasonably be explained on the score of common usage. But besides these, there are also the numerous parallelisms which are distinctly brought home to Francis Bacon in person by some significant fact, circumstance, or peculiarity, aside from more general considerations, and which do not admit of explanation on any other theory than that which concludes that his prose writings and the plays were written by one and the same author. In view of these more certain demonstrations, the many other instances of striking similarity that are sure to be found on any critical comparison of the plays with Bacon's writings, but with regard to which there is nothing

otherwise to indicate the particular author, or to connect Bacon with them more than any other writer of the time, may justly be allowed to have the more weight, inasmuch as the more palpable identities may properly furnish some ground for the further inference that the less palpable came from the same hand.

Page 679. *The Eye.*

In this connection, it may be worth while to remark further that in the "Promus" as given by Mrs. Pott (p. 366), we have this entry:—

"The eye is the gate of the affection, but the ear of the understanding."

Mrs. Pott cites several passages from the plays in illustration of the poet's use of the same idea: that from the "Troilus and Cressida," where the eye is spoken of as *that most pure spirit of sense*, is particularly striking when compared with the Masque, where it is said that *the eye is the most affecting sense*.

In the "Henry VIII.," Queen Elizabeth is described as "the bird of wonder" and "the maiden phoenix." To the several passages already cited in which Bacon has portrayed her excellences and felicities in poetical prose, I will add another here from the Masque of 1592 in her praise, entitled "Mr. Frauncis Bacon, Of Tribute, or Giving What is Dew,"¹ in which the prose runs, if not into poetry, at least into scraps of Latin verse, thus:—

"Now to pass to the excellences of her person; the view of them wholly and not severally do make so sweet a wonder as I fear to divide them again: nobility extracted out of the royal and victorious line of the kings of England; yea both roses white and red do as well flourish in her nobility as in her beauty: a health such as is like she should have, that was brought forth between two of the goodliest

¹ *A Conference of Pleasure*, etc., edited from the MS. of Northumberland House, by James Spedding (London, 1870), p. 23.

princes of the world, in strength of their years, in heat of their love; that hath not been injured neither with an over liberal nor an over curious diet; that hath not been softened by an umbratile life still under the roof, but strengthened by use of the pure and open air, that still retaineth flower and vigor of youth. For the beauty and many graces of her presence what colors are fine enough for such a portraiture? Let no light Poet be used for such a description but the chastest and the royallest:

of her gait

et vera incessu patuit dea

of her voice

nec vox hominem sonat

of her eye

et laetos oculis afflarat honores

of her color

Indu sanguinea veluti violaverit oetro, aiquis Ebur

of her neck

et rosea cervice refulsit

of her breast

veste sinus collecta fluentes

of her hair

ambrosiaequs comas divinâ vertice odorem spiravers

If this be presumption let him bear the blame that oweth the verses."

Page 689. *King in a hive of bees.*

My attention has been called (by Mrs. C. F. A. Windle of San Francisco, Cal.) to the following lines from the "Henry V." in connection with Bacon's "History of Henry VII." and the passage above cited from the speech on the *Postnati*:—

"*Cant.* Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom :
They have a king and officers of sorts." — *Act I. Sc. 2.*

Mrs. Windle makes the acute observation that the sovereign in a hive of bees is not a *king*, but a *queen*, and that *king*, here, is put generically for one exercising a supreme authority, as it is said in the "History of Henry VII." that "Ferdinando and Isabella" were "Kings of Spain."

Emma Phipson¹ informs us that "the idea of a king bee instead of a queen prevailed at a time much later than that of Shakespeare." She thinks that "the poetical description of the economy of the bee-hive in the same play ('Hen. V.,' *Act I. Sc. 2*) is not necessarily drawn from personal observation," and cites in comparison Virgil's description in his *Georgics*, and another from Lyly, for which he was "apparently indebted to Virgil;" and she notices, also, that Prof. Paul Stapfer² had observed that "the comparison of a well-governed State to the monarchy of the bees" is met with in Plato's "Republic" and in a fragment of Cicero's lost treatise "De Republica," and the idea had "long since become a common place in literature." Neither of them makes any reference to Bacon on bees, or on government. But Dr. E. A. Abbott, after citing some extracts from Bacon to show his opinions on war and government, makes this observation: "No passage that I know of expresses that multiplicity in unity, that identity of object amid diversity of agents and means, which was to characterize Bacon's ideal English nation, so aptly as the well-known extract from the council scene in Henry V.": —

"*Exeter.* For government, though high and low and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congressing in a full and natural close
 Like music.

Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide," etc.³

¹ *The Animal Lore of Shakes. Time*, by Emma Phipson (London, 1883), p. 411.

² *Shakes. and Class. Antiquity*, p. 88.

³ *Introd. to Bacon's Essays*, I. p. cxxii. London, 1882.

But, of course, Dr. Abbott gives no hint of an opinion that Francis Bacon wrote the poetry as well as the prose; nor does he say that he supposes that Bacon got his notion of an "ideal English nation" from William Shakespeare.

This speech on the *Postnati* was delivered, in 1608, in *Calvin's Case* (7 Coke, Rep. 1), and was first printed in 1641.¹ The play of "Henry V." appeared in 1599. There was, of course, no possibility of Wm. Shakespeare borrowing from Bacon's speech; but it is not only possible, but quite probable, that reminiscences of thoughts and images which he had himself written into the play, a few years before, or that the like habitual ideas and expressions, should be reproduced (all unconsciously, perhaps) in the later legal argument.

Now, it was precisely in this same year (1608), that the "Troilus and Cressida" was first printed as a new play; from which the following lines may be compared with other passages, both from the same page of the *Postnati* speech and from the "Advancement" (1605), thus:—

"The providence that's in a watchful State
Knows almost every grain of *Plutus'* gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom *relation*
Durst never meddle) *in the soul of State,*
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expression to." — *Act III. Sc. 3.*

This use of the word *relation* may remind us of that "relation" which Bacon sent to Mr. Tobie Matthew about the Gunpowder Plot. The *Postnati* speech continues: "For shepherds are not owners of the sheep; but their office is to feed and govern: no more are kings proprietors or owners of the people: for God is sole owner of the people. The nations, as the Scripture saith, are his inheritance; but the office of kings is to govern, maintain, and

¹ *Works* (Boston), XV. 191.

protect the people. *And it is not without a mystery, that the first king that was instituted by God, David (for Saul was but an untimely fruit), was translated from a shepherd, as you have it in Psalm LXXVIII. . . . This is the second platform ; a work likewise of nature. . . .*

"The third platform is the government of God himself over the world, whereof lawful *monarchies* are a shadow."¹

Here, evidently, is that same "*providence*," "*mystery*," and "*soul of State*;" and the speech emphasizes, also, this same *obedience* to the king as in a hive of bees, proceeding thus: "Which second families could not by a natural instinct and inclination but bear a reverence, and yield *obeisance* to the eldest line of the ancient family from which they were derived. . . . Yet no man will affirm, that the *obedience* of the child is by law, though laws in some points do make it more positivo" (p. 199), "and even so it is of allegiance of subjects to hereditary monarchs, which is corroborated and confirmed by law, *but is the work of the law of nature*" (p. 201).

This *mystery in State*, which admits of no *relation*, is spoken of again, in the "Advancement," thus: "Concerning government, it is a part of knowledge *secret and retired*, in both these respects in which things are deemed secret; for some things are secret because they are hard to know, and some *because they are not fit to utter*. We see all governments are *obscure and invisible*;" and *relation* "*durst never meddle with them*."

Mrs. Windle insisted that instead of "*Plutus' gold*," we ought to read "*Pluto's gold*," in this passage from the "Trois. and Cress.;" and I am inclined to be of her opinion for these reasons. First, the Folio of 1623 reads, —

"Knows almost every graine of *Plutoes gold*."

And in the "Jul. Cæsar," the same Folio reads, —

"Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's Mine*, *Richer than Gold*."

¹ *Works* (Boston), XV. 198.

Bacon's "History of Henry VII." says, "That in all those things (though wisely laid down and considered) Ferdinando failed, *but that Pluto was better to him than Pallas.*" Here Pluto is plainly the god of gold mines.

Lemprière's "Class. Dic." says that "Plutus and Pluto were often confounded, and that Pluto was god of gold, because he worked the gold and silver mines of Spain."

In his "Essay of Riches,"¹ Bacon observes that "the poets feign, that when Plutus (which is Riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs and is swift of foot. Meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others (as by course of inheritance, testament, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man [as when a miner hits a *bonanza*, perhaps]. But this might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For where riches come from the devil (as by fraud, etc.), they come with speed."

Pluto's mine (as in the Folio) is not only more in accordance with the ancient fable of Pluto working mines in Spain, but is also in agreement with Bacon's interpretation of the meaning of Pluto as compared with Plutus (the riches that fall slowly from Jupiter); for it is Pluto in the better sense of the miner, not in the worse sense of fraud and the devil, that is evidently intended in the "Julius Cæsar," where the comparison is with "*constancy of heart.*" "*Plutus' mine,*" and "*Plutus' gold*" (as in Malone and White), would not be correct, either according to the fable or according to Bacon's interpretation in the "Essay," or according to the Folio of 1623. In the "Troilus and Cressida," a watchful state might be supposed to know concerning the slow process of acquiring riches, or of *Plutus' gold*; but the imagery of the next line, —

"Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps," —

would rather seem to indicate that the writer had in his

¹ *Works* (Boston), XII. 199.

thought the bottom of a deep mine; and this would be quite in keeping with what Bacon said in his letter to Burleigh, when he thought of becoming "some sorry book-maker, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth which (he [Anaxagoras] said) lay so deep." (*Ante*, p. 86.) Nor is there anything in the context that would intimate that he was thinking of Plato's gold in that worse sense (which would make it come from the devil, rather than in the other and better way of honest mining). Theobald reads *Pluto's gold* in this play, but *Plutus' gold* in the "Julius Cæsar," without comment. I think we should read *Pluto* in both places, with the Folio.

There is another word in these lines from the "Troilus and Cressida," which I strongly suspect may be a misprint of *place* for *pace*; since *keeps pace with thought* would be quite as much in conformity with the sense of the context as *keeps place with thought*; and it would agree with the language used in the "Essay" on the same topic, where "riches gotten by good means . . . *pace slowly*."

Again, in the "Timon of Athens" (*Act I. Sc. 1*), both Theobald and White make the play read thus (speaking of Timon's bounty):—

"2 *Lord*. He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward."

And so it is in the Folio of 1623. In reference to the bounty of Timon, and to Plutus as his steward, the idea of *riches* would naturally be uppermost in the writer's mind. On the other hand, in relation to those who were receiving so much sudden wealth, the idea of Pluto as the god of gold would most likely be suggested. At any rate, *Plutus* is here called "the god of gold." In any of these places, indeed, the poet may very well have used either word as the exigencies of his verse, the proper sense, or good taste, or the present fancy, may have demanded. Either way, the Baconian origin of these passages would be scarcely the less apparent.

In connection with the other words of the passage referred to, "*even from the monarch of heaven and earth to the king (if you will) in a hive of bees,*" the following "Promus" entry (Mrs. Pott, p. 262) may also be mentioned:—

"To mingle heaven and earth together. *Mars coelo miscere.* — *Eras. Ad. 124.*"

It bears some resemblance to the phrases already quoted:—

"Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated." — *Ham., Act I. Sc. 2.*

"Knit earth and heaven together!" — *2 Hen. VI., Act V. Sc. 3.*

Any one who will study and compare the "*Troilus and Cressida*" with the "*Dialogue Touching a Holy War*" may discover a near kinship between them. In both, there is high and large discourse on the foundations of civil society and government, and upon the right and justice of war. In either, we may be reminded of the lofty disquisitions of Hooker or Jeremy Taylor, as Mr. Verplanck said of the play. The moral and political philosophy of Aristotle, and the law of nations and of nature (whereof he is said to be "no ill interpreter"), appear in both. In the Grecian camps and Trojan councils, we are lifted into the higher spheres of policy and war: in the underplot, we are made to see the connection between private and public affairs. The Dialogue, an unfinished paper, but enough (thinks Mr. Spedding) "to show how skilfully he could handle that fine but difficult instrument," was written in 1622, and dedicated to his "ancient and private friend," Bishop Andrews. In the Dedication, speaking of his own writings, he says, "methought they all went into the city, and none into the temple." The dedication of the Folio of 1623 must have been written in the same year; and that volume was certainly consecrated to the Temple also; and this would seem to have been that same Temple to which the swans of Ariosto carried the medals snatched from the river of Lethe, if not the same as that mentioned in the "*Novum Organum*" as "a holy temple after the model of the world."

Such a linked concatenation of identities in thought and word would seem to be incredible, unless they came from one and the same author. Whether we shall call him "Mr. William Shakespeare," or Francis Bacon, — whether we shall say (with Dr. James Freeman Clarke) that Shakespeare wrote Bacon, or that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, — is more important in the thing than in the name. The importance of the thing consists chiefly in knowing in what sort of man, life, and genius we are to look for such dramas as these were, and still are, and (as a first step towards this knowledge) in learning to know that Francis Bacon was no mere "crabbed lawyer," pragmatist statesman, materialist in philosophy, or worshiper of Mammon as the chief end of man, and no such base character, "meanest of mankind," or crude apostle of positive science, as our popular literature is much in the habit of representing him, but (as Prof. Craik said) rather "belonged to literature and metaphysics," and was, in truth, one of the greatest and noblest of men, — was, in short, all that we require for a correct understanding and a just appreciation of "our Shakespeare."

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